T

ILIAD

OF

HOMER.

825

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK

BY

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VOLUME THE SECOND.

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THE

ILIAD.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Episodes of Glaucus and Diomed, and of Hector and Andromache.

THE Gods having left the field, the Grecians prevail. Helenus, the chief augur of Troy, commands Hector to return to the city, in order to appoint a solemn procession of the queen and the Trojan matrons to the temple of Minerva, to entreat her to remove Diomed from the fight. The battle relaxing during the absence of Hector, Glaucus and Diomed have an interview between the two armies; where coming to the knowlege of the friendship and hospitality past between their ancestors, they make exchange of their arms. Hector, having performed the orders of Helenus, prevailed upon Paris to return to the battle, and taken a tender leave of his wife Andromache, hastens again to the field.

The scene is first in the field of battel, between the rivers Simois and Scamander, and then changes to Troy.

NOW heav'n forsakes the fight: th' immortals yield
To human force and human skill, the field:
Dark show'rs of jav'lins fly from foes to foes;
Now here, now there, the tide of combate flows;

While Troy's fam'd * ſtreams that bound the deathful
On either ſide run purple to the main. [plain

Great Ajax firſt to conqueſt led the way,
Broke the thick ranks, and turn'd the doubtful day.
The Thracian Acamas his faulchion found,
And hew'd th' enormous giant to the ground;
His thund'ring arm a deadly ſtroke impreſt
Where the black horſe-hair nodded o'er his creſt:
Fix'd in his front the brazen weapon lies,
And ſeals in endleſs ſhades his ſwimming eyes.
Next Teuthras' ſon diſtain'd the ſands with blood,
Axylus, hoſpitable, rich and good:

* Scamander and Simois.

℣. 7. *Firſt Ajax.*] Ajax performs his exploits immediately upon the departure of the Gods from the battle. It is obſerved that this hero is never aſſiſted by the deities, as moſt of the reſt are: ſee his character in the notes on the ſeventh book. The expreſſion in the Greek is, that he *brought light to his troops*, which M. Dacier takes to be metaphorical: I do not ſee but it may be literal; he broke the thick ſquadrons of the enemy, and opened a paſſage for the light.

℣. 9. *The Thracian Acamas.*] This Thracian prince is the ſame in whoſe likeneſs Mars appears in the preceding book, rallying the Trojans, and forcing the Greeks to retire. In the preſent deſcription of his ſtrength and ſize, we ſee with what propriety this perſonage was ſelected by the poet, as fit to be aſſumed by the God of war.

℣. 16. *Axylus, hoſpitable.*] This beautiful character of Axylus has not been able to eſcape the miſunderſtanding of ſome of the commentators, who thought

In fair Arisba's walls (his native place)
He held his seat; a friend to human race.

Homer designed it as a reproof of an undistinguished generosity. It is evidently a panegyric on that virtue, and not improbably on the memory of some excellent, but unfortunate man in that country, whom the poet honours with the noble title of *A friend to mankind*. It is indeed a severe reproof of the ingratitude of men, and a kind of satire on human race, while he represents this lover of his species miserably perishing without assistance from any of those numbers he had obliged. This death is very moving, and the circumstance of a faithful servant's dying by his side, well imagined, and natural to such a character. His manner of keeping house near a frequented highway, and relieving all travellers, is agreeable to that ancient hospitality which we now only read of. There is abundance of this spirit every where in the Odyssey. The patriarchs in the old testament sit at their gates to see those who pass by, and intreat them to enter into their houses: this cordial manner of invitation is particularly described in the 18th and 19th chapters of Genesis. The Eastern nations seem to have had a peculiar disposition to these exercises of humanity, which continues in a great measure to this day. It is yet a piece of charity frequent with the Turks, to erect Caravanserahs, or inns for the reception of travellers. Since I am upon this head, I must mention one or two extraordinary examples of ancient hospitality. Diodorus Siculus writes of Gallias of Agrigentum, that having built several inns for the relief of strangers, he appointed persons at the gates to invite all who travelled to make use of them; and that this example was followed by many others who were inclined after the ancient manner to live in a humane and beneficent correspondence with mankind. That this Gallias entertained and clothed at one time no less than five hundred horsemen; and that there were in his cellars three

Fast by the road, his ever-open door
Oblig'd the wealthy, and reliev'd the poor.

hundred vessels, each of which contained an hundred hogsheads of wine. The same author tells us of another Agrigentine, that at the marriage of his daughter feasted all the people of his city, who at that time were above twenty thousand.

Herodotus in his seventh book has a story of this kind, which is prodigious, being of a private man so immensely rich as to entertain Xerxes and his whole army. I shall transcribe the passage as I find it translated to my hand.

" Pythius the son of Atys, a Lydian, then residing in
" Caelene, entertained the king and all his army with
" great magnificence, and offered him his treasures to-
" wards the expence of the war; which liberality Xer-
" xes communicating to the Persians about him, and
" asking who this Pythius was, and what riches he might
" have, to enable him to make such an offer? received
" this answer: Pythius, saith they, is the person who
" presented your father Darius with a plane-tree and
" vine of gold; and after you, is the richest man we
" know in the world. Xerxes, surprized with these
" last words, asked him to what sum his treasures might
" amount. I shall conceal nothing from you, said Py-
" thius, nor pretend to be ignorant of my own wealth;
" but being perfectly informed of the state of my ac-
" compts, shall tell you the truth with sincerity. When
" I heard you was ready to begin the march towards
" the Grecian sea, I resolved to present you with a sum
" of money towards the charge of the war; and to that
" end having taken an account of my riches, I found by
" computation that I had two thousand talents of silver,
" and three millions nine hundred ninety-three thousand
" pieces of gold, bearing the stamp of Darius. These
" treasures I freely give you, because I shall be suffici-

To ſtern Tydides now he falls a prey,
No friend to guard him in the dreadful day!
Breathleſs the good man fell, and by his ſide
His faithful ſervant, old Caleſius dy'd.
  By great Euryalus was Dreſus ſlain,
And next he laid Opheltius on the plain.
Two twins were near, bold, beautiful and young,
From a fair Naiad and Bucolion ſprung:
(Laomedon's white flocks Bucolion fed,
That monarch's firſt-born by a foreign bed;

" ently furniſhed with whatever is neceſſary to life by " the labour of my ſervants and huſbandmen.

" Xerxes heard theſe words with pleaſure, and in " anſwer to Pythius, ſaid; My Lydian hoſt, ſince I " parted from Suſa I have not found a man beſide your- " ſelf, who has offered to entertain my army, or vo- " luntarily to contribute his treaſures to promote the " preſent expedition. You alone have treated my ar- " my magnificently, and readily offered me immenſe " riches: therefore, in return of your kindneſs, I make " you my hoſt; and that you may be maſter of the in- " tire ſum of four millions of gold, I will give you " ſeven thouſand Darian pieces out of my own treaſure. " Keep then all the riches you now poſſeſs; and if you " know how to continue always in the ſame good diſ- " poſition, you ſhall never have reaſon to repent of " your affection to me, either now or in future time."

The ſum here offered by Pythius amounts by Brere-wood's computation, to three millions three hundred ſe-venty five thouſand pounds ſterling, according to the leſſer valuation of talents. I make no apology for inſerting ſo remarkable a paſſage at length, but ſhall only add, that it was at laſt the fate of this Pythius (like our Axylus) to experience the ingratitude of man; his eldeſt ſon being afterwards cut in pieces by the ſame Xerxes.

In ſecret woods he won the Naiad's grace,
And two fair infants crown'd his ſtrong embrace.)
Here dead they lay in all their youthful charms;
The ruthleſs victor ſtripp'd their ſhining arms.
Aſtyalus by Polypaetes fell;
Ulyſſes' ſpear Pidytes ſent to hell;
By Teucer's ſhaft brave Aretaon bled,
And Neſtor's ſon laid ſtern Ablerus dead;
Great Agamemnon, leader of the brave,
The mortal wound of rich Elatus gave,
Who held in Pedaſus his proud abode,
And till'd the banks where ſilver Satnio flow'd.
Melanthius by Eurypylus was ſlain;
And Phylacus from Leitus flies in vain.
Unbleſt Adraſtus next at mercy lies
Beneath the Spartan ſpear, a living prize.
Scar'd with the din and tumult of the fight,
His headlong ſteeds, precipitate in flight,
Ruſh'd on a Tamariſk's ſtrong trunk, and broke
The ſhatter'd chariot from the crooked yoke;
Wide o'er the field, reſiſtleſs as the wind,
For Troy they fly, and leave their lord behind.
Prone on his face he ſinks beſide the wheel:
Atrides o'er him ſhakes his vengeful ſteel;
The fallen chief in ſuppliant poſture preſs'd
The victor's knees, and thus his pray'r addreſs'd.
Oh ſpare my youth, and for the life I owe
Large gifts of price my father ſhall beſtow;

℣. 57. *Oh ſpare my youth*, etc.] This paſſage, where

When fame ſhall tell, that not in battle ſlain
Thy hollow ſhips his captive ſon detain,

Agamemnon takes away that Trojan's life whom Menelaus had pardoned, and is not blamed by Homer for ſo doing, muſt be aſcribed to the uncivilized manners of thoſe times, when mankind was not united by the bonds of a rational ſociety, and is not therefore to be imputed to the poet, who followed nature as it was in his days. The hiſtorical books of the old teſtament abound in inſtances of the like cruelty to conquered enemies.

Virgil had this part of Homer in his view, when he deſcribed the death of Magus in the tenth Æneid. Thoſe lines of his prayer, where he offers a ranſom, are tranſlated from this of Adraſtus; but both the prayer and the anſwer Æneas makes when he refuſes him mercy, alſo receive a great addition of beauty and propriety from the occaſion on which he inſerts them: young Pallas is juſt killed, and Æneas ſeeking to be revenged upon Turnus, meets this Magus. Nothing can be a more artful piece of addreſs than the firſt lines of that ſupplication, if we conſider the character of Æneas, to whom it is made?

Per patrios manes, per ſpes ſurgentis Iuli,
Te precor, hanc animam ſerves natoque, patrique.

And what can exceed the cloſeneſs and fulneſs of that reply to it?

——————*Belli commercia Turnus*
Suſtulit iſta prior, jam tum Pallante perempto.
Hoc patris Anchiſæ manes, hoc ſentit Iulus.

This removes the imputation of cruelty from Æneas, which had leſs agreed with his character than it does with Agamemnon's; whoſe reproof to Menelaus in this place is not unlike that of Samuel to Saul, for not killing Agag.

Rich heaps of braſs ſhall in thy tent be told;
And ſteel well-temper'd, and perſuaſive gold.
He ſaid: compaſſion touch'd the hero's heart,
He ſtood ſuſpended with the lifted dart:
As pity pleaded for his vanquiſh'd prize,
Stern Agamemnon ſwift to vengeance flies,
And furious, thus. Oh impotent of mind!
Shall theſe, ſhall theſe Atrides' mercy find?
Well haſt thou known proud Troy's perfidious land,
And well her natives merit at thy hand!
Not one of all the race, nor ſex, nor age,
Shall ſave a Trojan from our boundleſs rage:
Ilion ſhall periſh whole, and bury all;
Her babes, her infants at the breaſt, ſhall fall.
A dreadful leſſon of exampled fate,
To warn the nations, and to curb the great!
The monarch ſpoke; the words with warmth addreſt
To rigid juſtice ſteel'd his brother's breaſt.
Fierce from his knees the hapleſs chief he thruſt;
The monarch's jav'lin ſtretch'd him in the duſt.

ỳ. 74. *Her infants at the breaſt ſhall fall.*] Or, her infants *yet in the womb*, for it will bear either ſenſe. But I think madam Dacier in the right, in her affirmation that the Greeks were not arrived to that pitch of cruelty to rip up the wombs of women with child. Homer (ſays ſhe) to remove all equivocal meaning from this phraſe, adds the words κῦρον ἐόντα, *juvenem puerulum exiſtentem*, which would be ridiculous, were it ſaid of a child yet unborn. Beſides, he would never have repreſented one of his firſt heroes capable of ſo barbarous

Then preſſing with his foot his panting heart,
Forth from the ſlain he tugg'd the reeking dart.
Old Neſtor ſaw, and rouz'd the warrior's rage;
Thus, heroes! thus the vig'rous combate wage!
No ſon of Mars deſcend, for ſervile gains,
To touch the booty, while a foe remains.
Behold yon' glitt'ring hoſt, your future ſpoil!
Firſt gain the conqueſt, then reward the toil.
  And now had Greece eternal fame acquir'd,
And frighted Troy within her walls retir'd;
Had not ſage Helenus her ſtate redreſt,
Taught by the Gods that mov'd his ſacred breaſt;
Where Hector ſtood, with great Æneas join'd,
The ſeer reveal'd the counſels of his mind.
  Ye gen'rous chiefs! on whom th' immortals lay
The cares and glories of this doubtful day,

a crime, or at leaſt would not have commended him (as he does juſt after) for ſuch a wicked exhortation.

ỷ 88. *Firſt gain the conqueſt, then reward the toil.*] This important maxim of war is very naturally introduced, upon Neſtor's having ſeen Menelaus ready to ſpare an enemy for the ſake of a ranſome. It was for ſuch leſſons as theſe (ſays M. Dacier) that Alexander ſo much eſteemed Homer, and ſtudied his poem. He made his uſe of this precept in the battel of Arbela, when Parmenio being in danger of weakening the main body to defend the baggage, he ſent this meſſage to him: leave the baggage there; for if we gain the victory, we ſhall not only recover what is our own, but be maſters of all that is the enemy's. Hiſtories ancient and modern are filled with examples of enterprizes that have miſcarried, and battels that have been loſt, by the greedineſs of ſoldiers for pillage.

On whom your aids, your country's hopes depend,
Wise to consult, and active to defend!
Here, at our gates, your brave efforts unite,
Turn back the routed, and forbid the flight;
Ere yet their wives soft arms the cowards gain,
The sport and insult of the hostile train.
When your commands have hearten'd ev'ry band,
Ourselves, here fix'd, will make the dang'rous stand;
Press'd as we are, and sore of former fight,
These straits demand our last remains of might.
Meanwhile, thou Hector to the town retire,
And teach our mother what the Gods require:

ỳ. 98. *Wise to consult, and active to defend.*] This is a two-fold branch of praise, expressing the excellence of these princes both in council and in battel. I think madam Dacier's translation does not come up to the sense of the original. *Les plus hardis et les plus experimentez des nos capitains.*

ỳ. 107. *Thou Hector to the town.*] It has been a modern objection to Homer's conduct, that Hector, upon whom the whole fate of the day depended, is made to retire from the battel only to carry a message to Troy concerning a sacrifice, which might have been done as well by any other. They think it absurd in Helenus to advise this, and in Hector to comply with it. What occasioned this false criticism, was, that they imagined it to be a piece of advice, and not a command. Helenus was a priest and augur of the highest rank, he enjoins it as a point of religion, and Hector obeys him as one inspired from heaven. The Trojan army was in the utmost distress, occasioned by the prodigious slaughter made by Diomed: there was therefore more reason and necessity to propitiate Minerva who assisted that hero; which Helenus might know, tho' Hector would have

chosen

Direct the queen to lead th' assembled train
Of Troy's chief matrons to Minerva's fane;

chosen to have stayed and trusted to the arm of flesh. Here is nothing but what may agree with each of their characters. Hector goes as he was obliged in religion, but not before he has animated the troops, re-established the combate, repulsed the Greeks to some distance, received a promise from Helenus that they would make a stand at the gates, and given one himself to the army that he would soon return to the fight: all which Homer has been careful to specify, to save the honour, and preserve the character, of this hero. As to Helenus's part, he saw the straits his countrymen were reduced to, he knew his authority as a priest, and designed to revive the courage of the troops by a promise of divine assistance. Nothing adds more courage to the minds of men than superstition, and perhaps it was the only expedient then left; much like a modern practice in the army, to enjoin a fast when they wanted provision. Helenus could no way have made his promise more credible, than by sending away Hector; which looked like an assurance that nothing could prejudice them during his absence on such a religious account. No leader of less authority than Hector could so properly have enjoined this solemn act of religion; and lastly, no other, whose valour was less known than his, could have left the army in this juncture without a taint upon his honour. Homer makes this piety succeed; Paris is brought back to the fight, the Trojans afterwards prevail, and Jupiter appears openly in their favour, *l.* 8. Though after all, I cannot dissemble my opinion, that the poet's chief intention in this, was to introduce that fine episode of the parting of Hector and Andromache. This change of the scene to Troy furnishes him with a great number of beauties. *By this means* (says Eustathius) *his poem is for a time divested of the fierceness and violence of battels, and being as it were washed from slaugh-*

Unbar the ſacred gates, and ſeek the pow'r
With offer'd vows, in Ilion's topmoſt tow'r.
The largeſt mantle her rich wardrobes hold,
Moſt priz'd for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,
Before the goddeſs' honour'd knees be ſpread;
And twelve young heifers to her altars led.
If ſo the pow'r, atton'd by fervent pray'r,
Our wives, our infants, and our city ſpare,

ter and blood, becomes calm and ſmiling by the beauty of theſe various epiſodes.

℣. 117. *If ſo the pow'r, atton'd*, etc.] The poet here plainly ſuppoſes Helenus, by his ſkill in augury or ſome other divine inſpiration, well informed that the might of Diomed, which wrought ſuch great deſtruction among the Trojans, was the gift of Pallas incenſed againſt them. The prophet therefore directs prayers, offerings and ſacrifices to be made to appeaſe the anger of this offended goddeſs; not to invoke the mercy of any propitious deity. This is conformable to the whole ſyſtem of Pagan ſuperſtition, the worſhip whereof being grounded, not on love but fear, ſeems directed rather to avert the malice and anger of a wrathful and miſchievous daemon, than to implore the aſſiſtance and protection of a benevolent being. In this ſtrain of religion this ſame prophet is introduced by Virgil in the third Æneid, giving particular direction to Æneas to appeaſe the indignation of Juno, as the only means which could bring his labours to a proſperous end.

Unum illud tibi, nate Dea, præque omnibus unum
Prædicam, et repetens iterumque iterumque monebo:
Junonis magnæ primum prece numen adora;
Junoni cane vota libens, dominamque potentem
Supplicibus ſupera donis.——

And far avert Tydides' waſteful ire,
That mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire.
Not thus Achilles taught our hoſts to dread,
Sprung tho' he was from more than mortal bed;
Not thus reſiſtleſs rul'd the ſtream of fight,
In rage unbounded, and unmatch'd in might.
Hector obedient heard; and, with a bound,
Leap'd from his trembling chariot to the ground;
Thro' all his hoſt, inſpiring force, he flies,
And bids the thunder of the battel riſe.
With rage recruited the bold Trojans glow,
And turn the tyde of conflict on the foe:
Fierce in the front he ſhakes two dazling ſpears:
All Greece recedes, and midſt her triumph fears.
Some God, they thought, who rul'd the fate of wars,
Shot down avenging, from the vault of ſtars.
Then thus, aloud. Ye dauntleſs Dardans hear!
And you whom diſtant nations ſend to war!
Be mindful of the ſtrength your fathers bore;
Be ſtill yourſelves, and Hector aſks no more.
One hour demands me in the Trojan wall,
To bid our altars flame, and victims fall:
Nor ſhall, I truſt, the matrons holy train
And rev'rend elders, ſeek the Gods in vain.
This ſaid, with ample ſtrides the hero paſt;
The ſhield's large orb behind his ſhoulder caſt,
His neck o'erſhading, to his ancle hung;
And as he march'd, the brazen buckler rung.

Now paus'd the battel, (godlike Hector gone)
When daring Glaucus and great Tydeus' son

℣. 147. *The interview of Glaucus and Diomed.*] No passage in our author has been the subject of more severe and groundless criticisms than this, where these two heroes enter into a long conversation (as they will have it) in the heat of a battel. Monsieur Dacier's answer in defence of Homer is so full, that I cannot do better than to translate it from his remarks on the 26th chapter of Aristotle's Poetic. There can be nothing more unjust than the criticisms past upon things that are the effect of custom. It was usual in ancient times for soldiers to talk together before they encountered. Homer is full of examples of this sort, and he very well deserves we should be so just as to believe, he had never done it so often, but that it was agreeable to the manners of his age. But this is not only a thing of custom, but founded on reason itself. The ties of hospitality in those times were held more sacred than those of blood; and it is on that account Diomed gives so long an audience to Glaucus, whom he acknowleges to be his guest, with whom it was not lawful to engage in combate. Homer makes an admirable use of this conjuncture, to introduce an entertaining history after so many battels as he has been describing, and to unbend the mind of his reader by a recital of so much variety as the story of the family of Sisyphus. It may be farther observed, with what address and management he places this long conversation; it is not during the heat of an obstinate battel, which had been too unseasonable to be excused by any custom whatever; but he brings it in after he has made Hector retire into Troy, when the absence of so powerful an enemy had given Diomed that leisure which he could not have had otherwise. One need only read the judicious remark of Eustathius upon this place. *The poet (says he) after having caused Hector to go out of the fight, interrupts the violence of*

Between both armies met: the chiefs from far
Observ'd each other, and had mark'd for war.

war, and gives some relaxation to the reader, in causing him to pass from the confusion and disorder of the action to the tranquillity and security of an historical narration. For by means of the happy episode of Glaucus, he casts a thousand pleasing wonders into his poem; as fables, that include beautiful allegories, histories, genealogies, sentences, ancient customs, and several other graces that tend to the diversifying of his work, and which by breaking (as one may say) the monotony of it, agreeably instruct the reader. Let us observe in how fine a manner Homer has hereby praised both Diomed and Hector. For he makes us know, that as long as Hector is in the field, the Greeks have not the least leisure to take breath; and that as soon as he quits it, all the Trojans, however they had regained all their advantages, were not able to employ Diomed so far as to prevent his entertaining himself with Glaucus without any danger to his party. Some may think after all, that though we may justify Homer, yet we cannot excuse the manners of his time; it not being natural for men with swords in their hands to dialogue together in cool blood just before they engage. But not to allege, that these very manners yet remain in those countries, which have not been corrupted by the commerce of other nations, (which is a great sign of their being natural) what reason can be offered that it is more natural to fall on at first sight with rage and fierceness, than to speak to an enemy before the encounter? Thus far monsieur Dacier; and St. Evremont asks humorously, if it might not be as proper in that country for men to harangue before they fought, as it is in England to make speeches before they are hanged?

That Homer is not in general apt to make unseasonable harangues (as these censurers would represent) may appear from that remarkable care he has shewn in many places to avoid them: as when in the fifth book

Near as they drew, Tydides thus began.

What art thou, boldeſt of the race of man?

Æneas, being cured on a ſudden in the middle of the fight, is ſeen with ſurprize by his ſoldiers; he ſpecifies with particular caution, that they *aſked him no queſtions how he became cured*, in a time of ſo much buſineſs and action. Again, when there is a neceſſity in the ſame book that Minerva ſhould have a conference with Diomed, in order to engage him againſt Mars (after her prohibition to him to fight with the gods) Homer chuſes a time for that ſpeech, juſt when the hero is retired behind his chariot to take breath, which was the only moment that could be ſpared during the hurry of that whole engagement. One might produce many inſtances of the ſame kind.

The diſcourſe of Glaucus to Diomed is ſeverely cenſured, not only on account of the circumſtance of time and place, but likewiſe on the ſcore of the end and deſign of the poem. But the critics, who have made this objection, ſeem neither to comprehend the deſign of the poet in general, nor the particular aim of this diſcourſe. Many paſſages in the beſt ancient poets appear unaffecting at preſent, which probably gave the greateſt delight to their firſt readers, becauſe they were nearly intereſted in what was there related. It is very plain that Homer deſigned this poem as a monument to the honour of the Greeks, who, though conſiſting of ſeveral independent ſocieties, were yet very national in point of glory, being ſtrongly affected with every thing that ſeemed to advance the honour of their common country, and reſentful of any indignity offered to it. This diſpoſition was the ground of that grand alliance which is the ſubject of this poem. To men ſo fond of their country's glory, what could be more agreeable than to read a hiſtory filled with wonders of a noble family tranſplanted from Greece into Aſia? They might here learn with pleaſure that the Grecian virtues did not degenerate

Our eyes, 'till now, that aspect ne'er beheld,
Where fame is reap'd amid th' embattel'd field;
Yet far before the troops thou dar'st appear,
And meet a lance the fiercest heroes fear.
Unhappy they, and born of luckless sires,
Who tempt our fury when Minerva fires!
But if from heav'n, celestial thou descend;
Know, with immortals we no more contend.

by removing into distant climes: but especially they must be affected with uncommon delight to find that Sarpedon and Glaucus, the bravest of the Trojan auxiliaries, were originally Greeks.

Tasso in this manner has introduced an agreeable episode, which shews Clorinda the offspring of Christian parents, though engaged in the service of the Infidels, Cant. 12.

℣. 149. *Between both armies met*, etc.] It is usual with Homer, before he introduces a hero, to make as it were a halt, to render him the more remarkable. Nothing could more prepare the attention and expectation of the reader, than this circumstance at the first meeting of Diomed and Glaucus. Just at the time when the mind begins to be weary with the battel, it is diverted with the prospect of a single combate, which of a sudden turns to an interview of friendship, and an unexpected scene of sociable virtue. The whole air of the conversation between these two heroes has something heroically solemn in it.

℣. 159. *But if from heav'n*, etc.] A quick change of mind from the greatest impiety to as great superstition, is frequently observable in men, who having been guilty of the most heinous crimes without any remorse, on the sudden are filled with doubts and scruples about the most lawful or indifferent actions. This seems the present case of Diomed, who having knowingly wound-

Not long Lycurgus view'd the golden light,
That daring man who mix'd with gods in fight;
Bacchus, and Bacchus' votaries, he drove
With brandiſh'd ſteel from Nyſſa's ſacred grove,
Their conſecrated ſpears lay ſcatter'd round,
With curling vines and twiſted ivy bound;
While Bacchus headlong ſought the briny flood,
And Thetis' arms receiv'd the trembling God.
Nor fail'd the crime th' immortals wrath to move,
(Th' immortals bleſt with endleſs eaſe above)

ed and inſulted the deities, is now afraid to engage the firſt man he meets, leſt perhaps a God might be concealed in that ſhape. This diſpoſition of Diomed produces the queſtion he puts to Glaucus, which without this conſideration will appear impertinent, and ſo naturally occaſions that agreeable epiſode of Bellerophon, which Glaucus relates in anſwer to Diomed.

ỳ. 161. *Not long Lycurgus*, etc.] What Diomed here ſays is the effect of remorſe, as if he had exceeded the commiſſion of Pallas in encountering with the Gods, and dreaded the conſequences of proceeding too far. At leaſt he had no ſuch commiſſion now, and beſides, was no longer capable of diſtinguiſhing them from men, (a faculty ſhe had given him in the foregoing book:) he therefore mentions this ſtory of Lycurgus as an example that ſufficed to terrify him from ſo raſh an undertaking. The ground of the fable they ſay is this: Lycurgus cauſed moſt of the vines of his country to be rooted up, ſo that his ſubjects were obliged to mix it with water, when it was leſs plentiful: hence it was feigned that Thetis received Bacchus into her boſom.

ỳ. 170. *Immortals bleſt with endleſs eaſe.*] Though Dacier's and moſt of the verſions take no notice of the epithets uſed in this place, Θεοὶ ῥεῖα ζώοντες, *Dii facile*

Depriv'd of ſight by their avenging doom,
Chearleſs he breath'd, and wander'd in the gloom:
Then ſunk unpity'd to the dire abodes,
A wretch accurſt, and hated by the Gods!
I brave not heav'n: but if the fruits of earth
Suſtain thy life, and human be thy birth;
Bold as thou art, too prodigal of breath,
Approach, and enter the dark gates of death.

What, or from whence I am, or who my ſire,
(Reply'd the chief) can Tydeus' ſon inquire?
Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now with'ring on the ground;

ſeu beate viventes; the tranſlator thought it a beauty which he could not but endeavour to preſerve. Milton ſeems to have had this in his eye in his ſecond book;

———*Thou wilt bring me ſoon*
To that new world of light and bliſs, among
The Gods who live at eaſe———

ỳ. 178. *Approach, and enter the dark gates of death.*] This haughty air which Homer gives his heroes was doubtleſs a copy of the manners and hyperbolical ſpeeches of thoſe times. Thus Goliah to David, 1 Sam. ch. 17. *Approach, and I will give thy fleſh to the fowls of the air and the beaſts of the field.* The Orientals ſpeak the ſame language to this day.

ỳ. 181. *Like leaves on trees.*] There is a noble gravity in the beginning of this ſpeech of Glaucus, according to the true ſtyle of antiquity, *Few and evil are our days.* This beautiful thought of our author, whereby the race of men are compared to the leaves of trees, is celebrated by Simonides in a fine fragment extant in Stobæus. The ſame thought may be found in Eccle-

Another race the following ſpring ſupplies,
They fall ſucceſſive, and ſucceſſive riſe;
So generations in their courſe decay,
So flouriſh theſe, when thoſe are paſt away.
But if thou ſtill perſiſt to ſearch my birth,
Then hear a tale that fills the ſpacious earth.

A city ſtands on Argos' utmoſt bound,
(Argos the fair for warlike ſteeds renown'd)
Æolian Siſyphus, with wiſdom bleſt,
In ancient time the happy walls poſſeſt,

ſiaſticus, ch. 14. ℣. 18. almoſt in the ſame words; *As of the green leaves on a thick tree, ſome fall, and ſome grow; ſo is the generation of fleſh and blood, one cometh to an end, and another is born.*

The reader, who has ſeen ſo many paſſages imitated from Homer by ſucceeding poets, will no doubt be pleaſed to ſee one of an ancient poet which Homer has here imitated: this is a fragment of Muſaeus preſerved by Clemens Alexandrinus in his Stromata, lib. 6.

Ὡς δ' αὔτως καὶ φύλλα φύει ζείδωρος ἄρουρα
Ἄλλα μὲν ἐν μελίῃσιν ἀποφθίνει, ἄλλα δὲ φύει
Ὣς δὲ καὶ ἀνθρώπου γενεὴ καὶ φῦλον ἑλίσσει.

Though this compariſon be juſtly admired for its beauty in this obvious application to the mortality and ſucceſſion of human life, it ſeems however deſigned by the poet in this place as a proper emblem of the tranſitory ſtate, not of men, but of families, which being by their misfortunes or follies fallen and decayed, do again in a happier ſeaſon revive and flouriſh in the fame and virtues of their poſterity: in this ſenſe it is a direct anſwer to what Diomed had aſked, as well as a proper preface to what Glaucus relates of his own family, which having been extinct in Corinth, had recovered new life in Lycia.

Then call'd Ephyre: Glaucus was his ſon;
Great Glaucus, father of Bellerophon,
Who o'er the ſons of men in beauty ſhin'd,
Lov'd for that valour which preſerves mankind.
Then mighty Praetus Argos' ſceptres ſway'd,
Whoſe hard commands Bellerophon obey'd.
With direful jealouſy the monarch rag'd,
And the brave prince in num'rous toils engag'd.
For him, Antaea burn'd with lawleſs flame,
And ſtrove to tempt him from the paths of fame;
In vain ſhe tempted the relentleſs youth,
Endu'd with wiſdom, ſacred fear, and truth.
Fir'd at his ſcorn the queen to Praetus fled,
And begg'd revenge for her inſulted bed:
Incens'd he heard, reſolving on his fate;
But hoſpitable laws reſtrain'd his hate:

ỳ. 193. *Then call'd Ephyre.*] It was the ſame which was afterwards called Corinth, and had that name in Homer's time, as appears from this catalogue, ỳ. 77.

ỳ. 196. *Lov'd for that valour which preſerves mankind.*] This diſtinction of true valour, which has the good of mankind for its end, in oppoſition to the valour of tyrants or oppreſſors, is beautifully hinted by Homer in the epithet ἐρατεινὴ, *amiable valour.* Such as was that of Bellerophon, who freed the land from monſters, and creatures deſtructive to his ſpecies. It is applied to this young hero with particular judgment and propriety, if we conſider the innocence and gentleneſs of his manners appearing from the following ſtory, which every one will obſerve has a great reſemblance with that of Joſeph in the ſcriptures.

To Lycia the devoted youth he ſent,
With tablets ſeal'd, that told his dire intent.
Now bleſt by ev'ry pow'r who guards the good,
The chief arriv'd at Xanthus' ſilver flood:
There Lycia's monarch paid him honours due;
Nine days he feaſted, and nine bulls he ſlew.
But when the tenth bright morning orient glow'd,
The faithful youth his monarch's mandate ſhow'd:
The fatal tablets, 'till that inſtant ſeal'd,
The deathful ſecret to the king reveal'd.
Firſt dire Chimaera's conqueſt was enjoin'd:
A mingled monſter, of no mortal kind;
Behind, a dragon's fiery tail was ſpread;
A goat's rough body bore a lion's head;

℣. 216. *The faithful youth his monarch's mandate ſhow'd.*] Plutarch much commends the virtue of Bellerophon, who faithfully carried thoſe letters he might ſo juſtly ſuſpect of ill conſequence to him: the paſſage is in his diſcourſe of curioſity, and worth tranſcribing. "A man of curioſity is void of all faith, and it is better "to truſt letters or any important ſecrets to ſervants, "than to friends and familiars of an inquiſitive temper. "Bellerophon, when he carried letters that ordered his "own deſtruction, did not unſeal them, but forbore "touching the king's diſpatches with the ſame conti-"nence, as he had refrained from injuring his bed: "for curioſity is an incontinence as well as adultery."

℣. 219. *Firſt dire Chimaera.*] Chimaera was feigned to have the head of a lion breathing flames, the body of a goat, and the tail of a dragon; becauſe the mountain of that name in Lycia had a vulcano on its top, and nouriſhed lions; the middle part afforded paſture for goats, and the bottom was infeſted with ſerpents.

Belle-

Her pitchy nostrils flaky flames expire;
Her gaping throat emits infernal fire.
This pest he slaughter'd (for he read the skies,
And trusted heav'n's informing prodigies;)
Then met in arms the Solymæan crew,
(Fiercest of men) and those the warrior slew.
Next the bold Amazon's whole force defy'd;
And conquer'd still, for heav'n was on his side.
Nor ended here his toils: his Lycian foes,
At his return, a treacherous ambush rose,
With level'd spears along the winding shore;
There fell they breathless, and return'd no more.
At length the monarch with repentant grief
Confess'd the Gods, and God-descended chief;

Bellerophon destroying these, and rendering the mountain habitable, was said to have conquered Chimæra. He calls this monster θεῖον γένος, in the manner of the Hebrews, who gave to any thing vast or extraordinary the appellative of Divine. So the Psalmist says, *The mountains of God*, etc.

℣. 227. *The Solymæan crew.*] These Solymi were an ancient nation inhabiting the mountainous parts of Asia Minor, between Lycia and Pisidia. Pliny mentions them as an instance of a people so intirely destroyed, that no footsteps of them remained in his time. Some authors both ancient and modern, from a resemblance in sound to the Latin name of Jerusalem, have confounded them with the Jews. Tacitus, speaking of the various opinions concerning the origin of the Jewish nation, has these words: *Clara alii tradunt Judæorum initia; Solymos carminibus Homeri celebratam gentem, conditæ urbi Hierosolymam nomen e suo fecisse.* Hist. lib. 6.

His daughter gave, the stranger to detain,
With half the honours of his ample reign.
The Lycians grant a chosen space of ground,
With woods, with vineyards, and with harvests crown'd.
There long the chief his happy lot possess'd,
With two brave sons and one fair daughter bless'd,
(Fair ev'n in heav'nly eyes; her fruitful love
Crown'd with Sarpedon's birth th' embrace of Jove:)
But when at last, distracted in his mind,
Forsook by heav'n, forsaking human kind,

ỷ. 239. *The Lycians grant a chosen space of ground.*] It was usual in the ancient times upon any signal piece of service performed by the kings, or great men, to have a portion of land decreed by the public as a reward to them. Thus when Sarpedon in the twelfth book incites Glaucus to behave himself valiantly, he puts him in mind of these possessions granted by his countrymen.

Γλαῦκε, τίη δὴ νῶϊ τετιμήμεσθα μάλιστα etc.

Καὶ Τέμενος νεμόμεσθα μέγα Ξάνθοιο παρ᾽ ὄχθας,
Καλὸν, φυταλιῆς καὶ ἀρούρης πυροφόροιο.

In the same manner in the ninth book of Virgil, Nisus is promised by Ascanius the fields which were possessed by Latinus, as a reward for the service he undertook.

——*Campi quod rex habet ipse Latinus.*

Chapman has an interpolation in this place to tell us that this field was afterwards called by the Lycians, *The field of wanderings*, from the wanderings and distraction of Bellerophon in the latter part of his life. But they were not these fields that were called Ἀλήϊοι, but those upon which he fell from the horse Pegasus, when he endeavoured (as the fable has it) to mount to heaven.

ỷ. 245. *But when at last*, etc.] The same critics,

Wide o'er th' Aleian field he choſe to ſtray,
A long, forlorn, uncomfortable way!
Woes heap'd on woes conſum'd his waſted heart;
His beauteous daughter fell by Phœbe's dart;
His eldeſt-born by raging Mars was ſlain,
In combate on the Solymæan plain.
Hippolochus ſurviv'd; from him I came;
The honour'd author of my birth and name;
By his decree I ſought the Trojan town,
By his inſtructions learn to win renown,

who have taxed Homer for being too tedious in this ſtory of Bellerophon, have cenſured him for omitting to relate the particular offence which had raiſed the anger of the Gods againſt a man formerly ſo highly favoured by them: but this relation coming from the mouth of his grandſon, it is with great decorum and propriety he paſſes over in ſilence thoſe crimes of his anceſtor, which had provoked the divine vengeance againſt him. Milton has interwoven this ſtory with what Homer here relates of Bellerophon.

Leſt from this flying ſteed unrein'd (as once
Bellerophon, tho' from a lower clime)
Diſmounted on th' Aleian field I fall,
Erroneous there to wander and forlorn.

Parad. Loſt, B. 7.

Tully in his third book of Tuſculane queſtions, having obſerved that perſons oppreſſed with woe naturally ſeek ſolitude, inſtances this example of Bellerophon, and gives us his tranſlation of two of theſe lines.

Qui miſer in campis mærens errabat Aleis,
Ipſe ſuum cor edens, hominum veſtigia vitans.

To ſtand the firſt in worth as in command,
To add new honours to my native land,
Before my eyes my mighty ſires to place,
And emulate the glories of our race.

He ſpoke, and tranſport fill'd Tydides' heart;
In earth the gen'rous warrior fix'd his dart,
Then friendly, thus, the Lycian prince addreſt:
Welcome, my brave hereditary gueſt!
Thus ever let us meet, with kind embrace,
Nor ſtain the ſacred friendſhip of our race.
Know, chief, our grandſires have been gueſts of old;
Oeneus the ſtrong, Bellerophon the bold:

℣ 267. *Our grandſires have been gueſts of old.*] The laws of hoſpitality were anciently held in great veneration. The friendſhip contracted hereby was ſo ſacred, that they preferred it to all the bands of conſanguinity and alliance, and accounted it obligatory even to the third and fourth generation. We have ſeen in the foregoing ſtory of Bellerophon, that Prætus, a prince under the ſuppoſition of being injured in the higheſt degree, is yet afraid to revenge himſelf upon the criminal on this account; he is forced to ſend him into Lycia rather than be guilty of a breach of this law in his own country. And the king of Lycia having entertained the ſtranger before he unſealed the letters, puts him upon expeditions abroad, in which he might be deſtroyed, rather than at his court. We here ſee Diomed and Glaucus agreeing not to be enemies during the whole courſe of a war, only becauſe their grandfathers had been mutual gueſts. And we afterwards find Teucer engaged with the Greeks on this account againſt the Trojans, though he was himſelf of Trojan extraction, the nephew of Priam by the mother's ſide, and couſin-german of Hector, whoſe life he purſues

Our ancient ſeat his honour'd preſence grac'd,
Where twenty days in genial rites he paſs'd.
The parting heroes mutual preſents left;
A golden goblet was thy grandſire's gift;
Oeneus a belt of matchleſs work beſtow'd,
That rich with Tyrian dye refulgent glow'd.
(This from his pledge I learn'd, which ſafely ſtor'd
Among my treaſures, ſtill adorns my board:
For Tydeus left me young, when Thebe's wall
Beheld the ſons of Greece untimely fall.)
Mindful of this, in friendſhip let us join;
If heav'n our ſteps to foreign lands incline,
My gueſt in Argos thou, and I in Lycia thine.
Enough of Trojan to this lance ſhall yield,
In the full harveſt of yon' ample field;
Enough of Greeks ſhall dye thy ſpear with gore;
But thou and Diomed be foes no more.
Now change we arms, and prove to either hoſt
We guard the friendſhip of the line we boaſt.
  Thus having ſaid, the gallant chiefs alight,
Their hands they join, their mutual faith they plight;
Brave Glaucus then each narrow thought reſign'd,
(Jove warm'd his boſom and inlarg'd his mind)

with the utmoſt violence. They preſerved in their families the preſents which had been made on theſe occaſions, as obliged to tranſmit to their children the memorials of this right of hoſpitality. Euſtathius.

ỹ. 291. *Jove warm'd his boſom and enlarg'd his mind.*] The words in the original are ἐξέλετο φρένας, which may equally be interpreted, *he took away his ſenſe*, or *he en-*

For Diomed's braſs arms, of mean device,
For which nine oxen paid (a vulgar price)
He gave his own, of gold divinely wrought,
A hundred beeves the ſhining purchaſe bought.

Meantime the guardian of the Trojan ſtate,
Great Hector, enter'd at the Scæan gate.
Beneath the beech-tree's conſecrated ſhades,
The Trojan matrons and the Trojan maids

vated his mind: The former being a reflection upon Glaucus's prudence, for making ſo unequal an exchange, the latter a praiſe of the magnanimity and generoſity which induced him to it. Porphyry contends for its being underſtood in this laſt way, and Euſtathius, monſieur and madam Dacier, are of the ſame opinion. Notwithſtanding it is certain that Homer uſes the ſame words in the contrary ſenſe in the ſeventeenth Iliad, ỳ. 470. of the original, and in the nineteenth, ỳ. 137. And it is an obvious remark, that the interpretation of Porphyry as much diſhonours Diomed who propoſed this exchange, as it does honour to Glaucus for conſenting to it. However, I have followed it, if not as the juſter, as the moſt heroic ſenſe, and as it has the nobler air in poetry.

ỳ. 295. *A hundred beeves.*] I wonder the curious have not remarked from this place, that the proportion of the value of gold to braſs in the time of the Trojan war, was but as an hundred to nine; allowing theſe armours of equal weight: which, as they belonged to men of equal ſtrength, is a reaſonable ſuppoſition. As to this manner of computing the value of the armour by beeves or oxen, it might be either becauſe the money was anciently ſtamped with thoſe figures, or, (which is moſt probable in this place) becauſe in thoſe times they generally purchaſed by exchange of commodities as we ſee by a paſſage near the end of the ſeventh book.

Around him flock'd, all press'd with pious care
For husbands, brothers, sons, engag'd in war.
He bids the train in long procession go,
And seek the Gods, t'avert th' impending woe.
And now to Priam's stately courts he came,
Rais'd on arch'd columns of stupendous frame;
O'er these a range of marble structure runs,
The rich pavilions of his fifty sons,
In fifty chambers lodg'd: and rooms of state
Oppos'd to those, where Priam's daughters sate:
Twelve domes for them and their lov'd spouses shone,
Of equal beauty, and of polish'd stone.
Hither great Hector pass'd, nor pass'd unseen
Of royal Hecuba, his mother queen.
(With her Laodice, whose beauteous face
Surpass'd the nymphs of Troy's illustrious race)
Long in a strict embrace she held her son,
And press'd his hand, and tender thus begun.

O Hector! say, what great occasion calls
My son from fight, when Greece surrounds our walls?
Com'st thou to supplicate th' almighty pow'r,
With lifted hands from Ilion's lofty tow'r?
Stay, 'till I bring the cup with Bacchus crown'd,
In Jove's high name, to sprinkle on the ground,
And pay due vows to all the Gods around.
Then with a plenteous draught refresh thy soul,
And draw new spirits from the gen'rous bowl;
Spent as thou art with long laborious fight,
The brave defender of thy country's right.

Far hence be Bacchus' gifts (the chief rejoin'd)
Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind,
Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noble mind.
Let chiefs abſtain, and ſpare the ſacred juice
To ſprinkle to the Gods, its better uſe.
By me that holy office were prophan'd;
Ill fits it me, with human gore diſtain'd,

ỳ. 329. *Far hence be Bacchus' gifts —— Inflaming wine.*] This maxim of Hector's, concerning wine, has a great deal of truth in it. It is a vulgar miſtake to imagine the uſe of wine either raiſes the ſpirits, or increaſes ſtrength. The beſt phyſicians agree with Homer in this point; whatever our modern ſoldiers may object to this old heroic regimen. One may take notice that Sampſon as well as Hector was a water-drinker; for he was a Nazarite by vow, and as ſuch was forbid the uſe of wine. To which Milton alludes in his Sampſon Agoniſtes:

Where-ever fountain or freſh current flow'd
Againſt the eaſtern ray, tranſlucent, pure,
With touch æthereal of heav'n's fiery rod,
I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying
Thirſt, and refreſh'd; nor envy'd them the grape,
Whoſe heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

ỳ. 335. *Ill fits it me, with human gore diſtain'd,* etc.] The cuſtom which prohibits perſons polluted with blood to perform any offices of divine worſhip before they were purified, is ſo ancient and univerſal, that it may in ſome ſort be eſteemed a precept of natural religion, tending to inſpire an uncommon dread and religious horror of bloodſhed. There is a fine paſſage in Euripides, where Iphigenia argues how impoſſible it is that human ſacrifices ſhould be acceptable to the Gods,

To the pure ſkies theſe horrid hands to raiſe,
Or offer heav'n's great ſire polluted praiſe.
You, with your matrons, go! a ſpotleſs train,
And burn rich odours in Minerva's fane.
The largeſt mantle your full wardrobes hold,
Moſt priz'd for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,
Before the goddeſs' honour'd knees be ſpread,
And twelve young heifers to her altar led.
So may the pow'r, atton'd by fervent pray'r,
Our wives, our infants, and our city ſpare,
And far avert Tydides' waſteful ire,
Who mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire.
Be this, O mother, your religious care;
I go to rouze ſoft Paris to the war;
If yet, not loſt to all the ſenſe of ſhame,
The recreant warrior hear the voice of fame.
Oh would kind earth the hateful wretch embrace,
That peſt of Troy, that ruin of our race!
Deep to the dark abyſs might he deſcend,
Troy yet ſhould flouriſh, and my ſorrows end.

This heard, ſhe gave command; and ſummon'd came
Each noble matron, and illuſtrious dame.

ſince they do not permit any defiled with blood, or even polluted with the touch of a dead body, to come near their altars. Iphig. in Tauris, ℣. 380. Virgil makes his Æneas ſay the ſame thing Hector does here.

Me bello e tanto digreſſum et cæde recenti
Attrectare nefas, donec me flumine vivo
Abluero.—— ——

The Phrygian queen to her rich wardrobe went,
Where treaſur'd odours breath'd a coſtly ſcent.
There lay the veſtures, of no vulgar art,
Sidonian maids embroider'd ev'ry part,
Whom from ſoft Sidon youthful Paris bore,
With Helen touching on the Tyrian ſhore.
Here as the queen revolv'd with careful eyes
The various textures and the various dyes,
She choſe a veil that ſhone ſuperior far,
And glow'd refulgent as the morning ſtar.
Herſelf with this the long proceſſion leads;
The train majeſtically ſlow proceeds.
Soon as to Ilion's topmoſt tow'r they come,
And awful reach the high Palladian dome,
Antenor's conſort, fair Theano, waits
As Pallas' prieſteſs, and unbars the gates.
With hands uplifted and imploring eyes,
They fill the dome with ſupplicating cries.

℣. 361. *Sidonian maids.*] Dictys Cretenſis, *lib.* 1. acquaints us that Paris returned not directly to Troy after the rape of Helen, but fetched a compaſs, probably to avoid purſuit. He touched at Sidon, where he ſurprized the king of Phœnicia by night, and carried off many of his treaſures and captives, among which probably were theſe Sidonian women. The author of the ancient poem of the Cyprians ſays, he ſailed from Sparta to Troy in the ſpace of three days: from which paſſage Herodotus concludes that poem was not Homer's. We find in the ſcriptures, that Tyre and Sidon were famous for works in gold, embroidery, etc. and for whatever regarded magnificence and luxury.

℣. 374. *With hands uplifted.*] The only geſture de-

The prieſteſs then the ſhining veil diſplays,
Plac'd on Minerva's knees, and thus ſhe prays.
Oh awful goddeſs! ever-dreadful maid,
Troy's ſtrong defence, unconquer'd Pallas, aid!

ſcribed by Homer, as uſed by the ancients in the invocation of the Gods, is the lifting up of their hands to heaven. Virgil frequently alludes to this practice; particularly in the ſecond book there is a paſſage, the beauty of which is much raiſed by this conſideration.

Ecce trahebatur paſſis Priameia virgo
Crinibus, a templo, Caſſandra, adytiſque Minervæ,
Ad cœlum tendens ardentia lumina fruſtra,
Lumina! nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas.

ỳ. 378. *Oh awful goddeſs*, etc.] This proceſſion of the Trojan matrons to the temple of Minerva, with their offering, and the ceremonies; though it be a paſſage ſome moderns have criticiſed upon, ſeems to have particularly pleaſed Virgil. For he has not only introduced it among the figures in the picture at Carthage, Æn. 1. ỳ. 483.

Interea ad templum non æquæ Palladis ibant
Crinibus Iliades paſſis, peplumque ferebant
Suppliciter triſtes; et tunſae pectora palmis.
Diva ſolo fixos oculos averſa tenebat.

But he has again copied it in the eleventh book, where the Latian dames make the ſame proceſſion upon the approach of Æneas to their city. The prayer to the goddeſs is tranſlated almoſt word for word: ỳ. 483.

Armipotens belli præſes, Tritonia virgo,
Frange manu telum Phrygii prædonis, et ipſum
Pronum ſterne ſolo portiſque effunde ſub altis.

Break thou Tydides' ſpear, and let him fall
Prone on the duſt before the Trojan wall.
So twelve young heifers, guiltleſs of the yoke,
Shall fill thy temple with a grateful ſmoke.
But thou, atton'd by penitence and pray'r,
Ourſelves, our infants, and our city ſpare!
So pray'd the prieſteſs in her holy fane;
So vow'd the matrons, but they vow'd in vain.
  While theſe appear before the pow'r with pray'rs,
Hector to Paris' lofty dome repairs.
Himſelf the manſion rais'd, from ev'ry part
Aſſembling architects of matchleſs art.

This prayer in the Latin poet ſeems introduced with leſs propriety, ſince Pallas appears no where intereſted in the conduct of affairs through the whole Æneid. The firſt line of the Greek here is tranſlated more literally than the former verſions; ἐρυσίπτολι, δῖα θεάων. I take the firſt epithet to allude to Minerva's being the particular protectreſs of Troy by means of the Palladium, and not (as Mr. Hobbes underſtands it) the protectreſs of all cities in general.

℣. 387. *But they vow'd in vain.* For Helenus only ordered that prayers ſhould be made to Minerva to drive Diomed from before the walls. But Theano prays that Diomed may periſh, and periſh flying, which is included in his falling forward. Madam Dacier is ſo free as to obſerve here, that women are ſeldom moderate in the prayers they make againſt their enemies, and therefore are ſeldom heard.

℣. 390. *Himſelf the manſion rais'd.*] I muſt own myſelf not ſo great an enemy to Paris as ſome of the commentators. His blind paſſion is the unfortunate occaſion of the ruin of his country, and he has the ill fate to

have

Near Priam's court and Hector's palace ſtands
The pompous ſtructure, and the town commands.
A ſpear the hero bore of wondrous ſtrength,
Of full ten cubits was the lance's length,

have all his fine qualities ſwallowed up in that. And indeed I cannot ſay he endeavours much to be a better man than his nature made him. But as to his parts and turn of mind, I ſee nothing that is either weak or wicked, the general manners of thoſe times conſidered. On the contrary, a gentle ſoul, patient of good advice, though indolent enough to forget it; and liable only to that frailty of love, which methinks might in his caſe as well as Helen's be charged upon the ſtars, and the Gods. So very amorous a conſtitution, and ſo incomparable a beauty to provoke it, might be temptation enough even to a wiſe man, and in ſome degree make him deſerve compaſſion, if not pardon. It is remarkable, that Homer does not paint him and Helen (as ſome other poets would have done) like monſters, odious to Gods and men, but allows their characters ſuch eſteemable qualifications as could conſiſt, and in truth generally do, with tender frailties. He gives Paris ſeveral polite accompliſhments, and in particular a turn to thoſe ſciences that are the reſult of a fine imagination. He makes him have a taſte and addiction to curious works of all ſorts, which cauſed him to tranſport Sidonian artiſts to Troy, and employ himſelf at home in adorning and finiſhing his armour: and now we are told that he aſſembled the moſt ſkilful builders from all parts of the country, to render his palace a compleat piece of Architecture. This, together with what Homer has ſaid elſewhere of his ſkill in the harp, which in thoſe days included both Muſic and Poetry, may I think eſtabliſh him a Bell Eſprit and a fine genius.

The ſteely point with golden ringlets join'd,
Before him brandiſh'd, at each motion ſhin'd.
Thus entring in the glitt'ring rooms he found
His brother-chief, whoſe uſeleſs arms lay round,
His eyes delighting with their ſplendid ſhow,
Bright'ning the ſhield, and poliſhing the bow.
Beſide him Helen with her virgins ſtands,
Guides their rich labours, and inſtructs their hands.
  Him thus unactive, with an ardent look
The prince beheld, and high-reſenting ſpoke.
Thy hate to Troy, is this the time to ſhow?
(Oh wretch ill-fated, and thy country's foe!)

℣. 406. *Thy hate to Troy,* etc.] All the commentators obſerve this ſpeech of Hector to be a piece of artifice; he ſeems to imagine that the retirement of Paris proceeds only from his reſentment againſt the Trojans, and not from his indolence, luxury, or any other cauſe. Plutarch thus diſcourſes upon it, "As a diſcreet phyſician rather chuſes to cure his patient by diet or "reſt, than by caſtoreum or ſcammony, ſo a good "friend, a good maſter, or a good father, are always "better pleaſed to make uſe of commendation than re-"proof, for the reformation of manners: for nothing "ſo much aſſiſts a man who reprehends with frankneſs "and liberty, nothing renders him leſs offenſive, or "better promotes his good deſign, than to reprove "with calmneſs, affection, and temper. He ought not "therefore to urge them too ſeverely if they deny the "fact, nor foreſtal their juſtification of themſelves, but "rather try to help them out, and furniſh them artificially with honeſt and colourable pretences to ex-"cuſe them; and though he ſees that their fault pro-"ceeded from a more ſhameful cauſe, he ſhould yet "impute it to ſomething leſs criminal. Thus Hector

Paris and Greece against us both conspire,
Thy close resentment, and their vengeful ire.
For thee great Ilion's guardian heroes fall,
Till heaps of dead alone defend her wall;
For thee the soldier bleeds, the matron mourns,
And wasteful war in all its fury burns.
Ungrateful man! deserves not this thy care,
Our troops to hearten, and our toils to share?
Rise, or behold the conqu'ring flames ascend,
And all the Phrygian glories at an end.

Brother, 'tis just (reply'd the beauteous youth)
Thy free remonstrance proves thy worth and truth:
Yet charge my absence less, oh gen'rous chief!
On hate to Troy, than conscious shame and grief:

"deals with Paris, when he tells him. *This is not the* "*time to manifest your anger against the* Trojans: as if "his retreat from the battel had not been absolutely a "flight, but merely the effect of resentment and indig-"nation." Plut. *Of knowing a flatterer from a friend.*

ỷ. 418. *Brother, 'tis just,* etc.] Paris readily lays hold of the pretext Hector had furnished him with, and confesses he has partly touched upon the true reason of his retreat, but that it was also partly occasioned by the concern he felt at the victory of his rival. Next he professes his readiness for the fight: but nothing can be a finer trait (if we consider his character) than what Homer puts into his mouth just in this place, that *he is now exhorted to it by* Helen: which shews that not the danger of his country and parents, neither private shame, nor public hatred, could so much prevail upon him, as the commands of his mistress, to go and recover his honour.

Here, hid from human eyes, thy brother ſate,
And mourn'd in ſecret, his, and Ilion's fate.
'Tis now enough: now glory ſpreads her charms,
And beauteous Helen calls her chief to arms.
Conqueſt to-day my happier ſword may bleſs,
'Tis man's to fight, but heav'n's to give ſucceſs.
But while I arm, contain thy ardent mind;
Or go, and Paris ſhall not lag behind.

He ſaid, nor anſwer'd Priam's warlike ſon:
When Helen thus with lowly grace begun.

Oh gen'rous brother! if the guilty dame
That caus'd theſe woes, deſerves a ſiſter's name!
Wou'd heav'n, ere all theſe dreadful deeds were done
The day, that ſhow'd me to the golden ſun,
Had ſeen my death! why did not whirlwinds bear
The fatal infant to the fouls of air?
Why ſunk I not beneath the whelming tyde,
And 'midſt the roarings of the waters dy'd?
Heav'n fill'd up all my ills, and I accurſt
Bore all, and Paris of thoſe ills the worſt.

ỳ. 432. *Helen's ſpeech.*] The repentance of Helena (which we have before obſerved Homer never loſes an opportunity of manifeſting) is finely touched again here. Upon the whole, we ſee the Gods are always concerned in what befalls an unfortunate beauty: her ſtars fore-doomed all the miſchief, and heaven was to blame in ſuffering her to live: then ſhe fairly gets quit of the infamy of her lover, and ſhews ſhe has higher ſentiments of honour than he. How very natural is all this in the like characters to this day?

Helen at leaſt a braver ſpouſe might claim,
Warm'd with ſome virtue, ſome regard of fame!
Now tir'd with toils, thy fainting limbs recline,
With toils, ſuſtain'd for Paris' ſake and mine:
The Gods have link'd our miſerable doom,
Our preſent woe, and infamy to come:
Wide ſhall it ſpread, and laſt thro' ages long,
Example ſad! and theme of future ſong.

The chief reply'd: this time forbids to reſt:
The Trojan bands, by hoſtile fury preſt,
Demand their Hector, and his arm require;
The combate urges, and my ſoul's on fire,
Urge thou thy knight to march where glory calls,
And timely join me, ere I leave the walls.
Ere yet I mingle in the direful fray,
My wife, my infant, claim a moment's ſtay;
This day (perhaps the laſt that ſees me here)
Demands a parting word, a tender tear:
This day, ſome God who hates our Trojan land
May vanquiſh Hector by a Grecian hand.

He ſaid, and paſs'd with ſad preſaging heart
To ſeek his ſpouſe, his ſoul's far dearer part;

V. 462. *The Epiſode of Hector and Andromache.*] Homer undoubtedly ſhines moſt upon the great ſubjects, in raiſing our admiration or terror: pity, and the ſofter paſſions, are not ſo much of the nature of his poem, which is formed upon anger and the violence of ambition. But we have cauſe to think his genius was no leſs capable of touching the heart with tenderneſs, than of firing it wi.h glory, from the few ſketches he

At home he ſought her, but he ſought in vain:
She, with one maid of all her menial train, 465

has left us of his excellence in that way too. In the preſent epiſode of the parting of Hector and Andromache, he has aſſembled all that love, grief, and compaſſion could inſpire. The greateſt cenſurers of Homer have acknowledged themſelves charmed with this part; even monſieur Perault tranſlated it into French verſe as a kind of penitential ſacrifice for the ſacrileges he had committed againſt this author.

This epiſode tends very much to raiſe the character of Hector, and endear him to every reader. This hero, though doubtful if he ſhould ever ſee Troy again, yet goes not to his wife and child, 'till after he has taken care for the ſacrifice, exhorted Paris to the fight, and diſcharged every duty to the Gods, and to his country; his love of which, as we formerly remarked, makes his chief character. What a beautiful contraſte has Homer made between the manners of Paris and thoſe of Hector, as he here ſhews them one after the other in this domeſtic light, and in their regards to the fair ſex? what a difference between the characters and behaviour of Helen and of Andromache? and what an amiable picture of conjugal love, oppoſed to that of unlawful paſſion?

I muſt not forget, that Mr. Dryden has formerly tranſlated this admirable epiſode, and with ſo much ſucceſs, as to leave me at leaſt no hopes of improving or equalling it. The utmoſt I can pretend is to have avoided a few modern phraſes and deviations from the original, which have eſcaped that great man. I am unwilling to remark upon an author to whom every Engliſh poet owes ſo much; and ſhall therefore only take notice of a criticiſm of his, which I muſt be obliged to anſwer in its place, as it is an accuſation of Homer himſelf.

Had thence retir'd; and with her second joy,
The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy.
Pensive she stood on Ilion's tow'ry height,
Beheld the war, and sicken'd at the sight;
There her sad eyes in vain her lord explore,
Or weep the wounds her bleeding country bore.
But he who found not whom his soul desir'd,
Whose virtue charm'd him as her beauty fir'd,
Stood in the gates, and ask'd what way she bent
Her parting step? If to the fane she went,
Where late the mourning matrons made resort;
Or sought her sisters in the Trojan court?
Not to the court, (reply'd th' attendant train)
Nor mix'd with matrons to Minerva's fane:
To Ilion's steepy tow'r she bent her way,
To mark the fortunes of the doubtful day.
Troy fled, she heard, before the Grecian sword;
She heard, and trembled for her absent lord:
Distracted with surprize, she seem'd to fly,
Fear on her cheek, and sorrow in her eye.

ỷ. 468. *Pensive she stood on Ilion's tow'ry height.*] It is a fine imagination to represent the tenderness of Andromache for Hector, by her standing upon the tower of Troy, and watching all his motions in the field; even the religious procession to Minerva's temple could not draw her from this place, at a time when she thought her husband in danger.

ỷ. 473. *Whose virtue charm'd him*, etc.] Homer in this verse particularizes the virtue of Andromache in the epithet *ἀμύμονα*, *blameless*, or *without a fault*. I have used it literally in another part of this episode.

The nurſe attended with her infant boy,
The young Aſtyanax, the hope of Troy.
Hector, this heard, return'd without delay;
Swift thro' the town he trod his former way,
Thro' ſtreets of palaces, and walks of ſtate;
And met the mourner at the Scæan gate.
With haſte to meet him ſprung the joyful fair,
His blameleſs wife, Aetion's wealthy heir:
(Cilician Thebe great Aetion ſway'd,
And Hippoplacus' wide-extended ſhade)
The nurſe ſtood near, in whoſe embraces preſt,
His only hope hung ſmiling at her breaſt,
Whom each ſoft charm and early grace adorn,
Fair as the new-born ſtar that gilds the morn.
To this lov'd infant Hector gave the name
Scamandrius, from Scamander's honour'd ſtream;

℣. 488. *Hector, this heard, return'd.*] Hector does not ſtay to ſeek his wife on the tower of Ilion, but haſtens where the buſineſs of the field calls him. Homer is never wanting in point of honour and decency, and while he conſtantly obeys the ſtricteſt rules, finds a way to make them contribute to the beauty of his poem. Here for inſtance he has managed it ſo, that this obſervance of Hector's is the cauſe of a very pleaſing ſurprize to the reader; for at firſt he is not a little diſappointed to find that Hector does not meet Andromache, and is no leſs pleaſed afterwards to ſee the encounter by chance, which gives him a ſatisfaction he thought he had loſt. Dacier.

℣. 501. *Scamandrius, from Scamander's honour'd ſtream*, etc.] This manner of giving proper names to children, derived from any place, accident, or quality

Astyanax the Trojans call'd the boy,
From his great father, the defence of Troy.
Silent the warrior smil'd, and pleas'd resign'd
To tender passions all his mighty mind:
His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,
Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke;
Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,
And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.

Too daring prince! ah whither dost thou run?
Ah too forgetful of thy wife and son!
And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,
A widow I, an helpless orphan he!
For sure such courage length of life denies,
And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.
Greece in her single heroes strove in vain;
Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain!
Oh grant me, Gods! ere Hector meets his doom,
All I can ask of heav'n, an early tomb!
So shall my days in one sad tenour run,
And end with sorrows as they first begun.
No parent now remains, my griefs to share,
No father's aid, no mother's tender care.

belonging to them or their parents, is very ancient, and was customary among the Hebrews. The Trojans called the son of Hector, Astyanax, because (as it is said here and at the end of the twenty-second book) *his father defended the city.* There are many instances of the same kind in the thirtieth chapter of Genesis, where the names given to Jacob's children, and the reasons of those names, are enumerated.

The fierce Achilles wrapt our walls in fire,
Laid Thebe waste, and slew my warlike sire!

ỳ. 524. *The fierce Achilles*, etc.] Mr. Dryden, in the preface to the third volume of Miscellany Poems, has past a judgment upon part of this speech, which is altogether unworthy of him. "Andromache (says he) "in the midst of her concernment and fright for Hector, "runs off her biass, to tell him a story of her pedigree, "and of the lamentable death of her father, her mother, "and her seven brothers. The devil was in Hector, "if he knew not all this matter, as well as she who told "it him; for she had been his bed-fellow for many years "together: and if he knew it, then it must be confes- "sed, that Homer, in this long digression, has rather "given us his own character, than that of the fair lady "whom he paints. His dear friends the commenta- "tors, who never fail him at a pinch, will needs excuse "him, by making the present sorrow of Andromache, "to occasion the remembrance of all the past: but o- "thers think that she had enough to do, with that grief "which now oppressed her, without running for assist- "ance to her family." But may not it be answered, That nothing was more natural in Andromache, than to recollect her past calamities, in order to represent her present distress to Hector in a strong light, and shew her utter desertion if he should perish? What could more effectually work upon a generous and tender mind, like that of Hector? What could therefore be more proper to each of their characters? If Hector be induced to refrain from the field, it proceeds from compassion to Andromache: If Andromache endeavour to persuade him, it proceeds from her fear for the life of Hector. Homer had yet a farther view in this recapitulation; it tends to raise his chief hero Achilles, and acquaints us with those great atchievements of his which preceded the opening of the poem. Since there was a necessity that this hero should be absent from the action during a great

His fate compassion in the victor bred;
Stern as he was, he yet rever'd the dead,
His radiant arms preserv'd from hostile spoil,
And laid him decent on the fun'ral pile;
Then rais'd a mountain where his bones were burn'd, 530
The mountain nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd,

part of the Iliad, the poet has shewn his art in nothing more, than in the methods he takes from time to time to keep up our great idea of him, and to awaken our expectation of what he is to perform in the progress of the work. His greatest enemies cannot upbraid, or complain of him, but at the same time they confess his glory, and describe his victories. When Apollo encourages the Trojans to fight, it is by telling them Achilles fights no more. When Juno animates the Greeks, it is by putting them in mind that they have to do with enemies who durst not appear out of their walls while Achilles engaged. When Andromache trembles for Hector, it is with remembrance of the resistless force of Achilles. And when Agamemnon would bribe him to a reconciliation, it is partly with those very treasures and spoils which had been won by Achilles himself.

ꝟ. 528. *His arms preserv'd from hostile spoil.*] This circumstance of Aetion's being burned with his arms, will not appear trivial in this relation, when we reflect with what eager passion these ancient heroes fought to spoil and carry off the armour of a vanquished enemy; and therefore this action of Achilles is mentioned as an instance of uncommon favour and generosity. Thus Æneas in Virgil having slain Lausus, and being moved with compassion for this unhappy youth, gives him a promise of the like favour.

Arma, quibus lætatus, habe tua: teque parentum
Manibus, et cineri, si qua est ea cura, remitto.

Jove's ſylvan daughters bade their elms beſtow
A barren ſhade, and in his honour grow.

By the ſame arm my ſev'n brave brothers fell;
In one ſad day beheld the gates of hell;
While the fat herds and ſnowy flocks they fed,
Amid their fields the hapleſs heroes bled!
My mother liv'd to bear the victor's bands,
The queen of Hippoplacia's ſylvan lands:
Redeem'd too late, ſhe ſcarce beheld again
Her pleaſing empire and her native plain,
When ah! oppreſt by life-conſuming woe,
She fell a victim to Diana's bow.

Yet while my Hector ſtill ſurvives, I ſee
My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee.
Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all,
Once more will periſh if my Hector fall.
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger ſhare:
Oh prove a huſband's and a father's care!

℣. 532. *Jove's ſylvan daughters bade their elms beſtow A barren ſhade,* etc.] It was the cuſtom to plant about tombs only ſuch trees as elms, alders, *etc.* that bear no fruit, as being moſt ſuitable to the dead. This paſſage alludes to that piece of antiquity.

℣. 543. *A victim to Diana's bow.*] The Greeks aſcribed all ſudden deaths of women to Diana. So Ulyſſes, in Odyſſ. 11. aſks Anticlea, among the ſhades, if ſhe died by the darts of Diana? And in the preſent book, Laodame, the daughter of Bellerophon, is ſaid to have periſhed young by the arrows of this goddeſs. Or perhaps it may allude to ſome diſeaſe fatal to women, ſuch as Macrobius ſpeaks of, Sat. 1. 17. *Fœminas certis afflictas morbis* Σεληνοβλήτους καὶ Ἀρτεμιδοβλήτους *vocant.*

That

That quarter moſt the ſkilful Greeks annoy,
Where yon' wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy:
Thou, from this tow'r defend th' important poſt;
There Agamemnon points his dreadful hoſt,
That paſs Tydides, Ajax, ſtrive to gain,
And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.
Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have giv'n,
Or led by hopes, or dictated from heav'n.
Let others in the field their arms employ,
But ſtay my Hector here, and guard his Troy.

The chief reply'd: that poſt ſhall be my care,
Nor that alone, but all the works of war.
How would the ſons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
And Troy's proud dames whoſe garments ſweep the ground,
Attaint the luſtre of my former name,
Should Hector baſely quit the field of fame!
My early youth was bred to martial pains,
My ſoul impels me to th' embattel'd plains:

ỳ. 550. *That quarter moſt——Where yon' wild fig-trees.*] The artifice Andromache here uſes to detain Hector in Troy, is very beautifully imagined. She takes occaſion from the three attacks that had been made by the enemy upon this place, to give him an honourable pretence for ſtaying at that rampart to defend it. If we conſider that thoſe attempts muſt have been known to all in the city, we ſhall not think ſhe talks like a ſoldier, but like a woman, who naturally enough makes uſe of any incident that offers, to perſuade her lover to what ſhe deſires. The ignorance too which ſhe expreſſes, of the reaſons that moved the Greeks to attack this particular place, was what I doubt not Homer intended to reconcile it the more to a female character.

Let me be foremoſt to defend the throne,
And guard my father's glories, and my own.
Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates;
(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!)
The day when thou, imperial Troy! muſt bend,
And ſee thy warriors fall, thy glories end.
And yet no dire preſage ſo wounds my mind,
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
Not Priam's hoary hairs defil'd with gore,
Not all my brothers gaſping on the ſhore;
As thine, Andromache! thy griefs I dread;
I ſee thee trembling, weeping, captive led!
In Argive looms our battels to deſign,
And woes, of which ſo large a part was thine!
To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
The weight of waters from Hyperia's ſpring.
There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
They cry, Behold the mighty Hector's wife!
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to ſee,
Embitters all thy woes, by naming me.
The thoughts of glory paſt, and preſent ſhame,
A thouſand griefs, ſhall waken at the name!

ỳ. 583. *Hyperia's ſpring.*] Drawing water was the office of the meaneſt ſlaves. This appears by the holy ſcripture, where the Gibeonites who had deceived Joſhua are made ſlaves, and ſubjected to draw water. Joſhua pronounces the curſe againſt them in theſe words: *Now therefore ye are curſed, and there ſhall none of you be freed from being bondmen, and hewers of wood, and drawers of water.* Joſh. ch. 9. ỳ. 23. Dacier.

May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
Preſs'd with a load of monumental clay!
Thy Hector, wrapt in everlaſting ſleep,
Shall neither hear thee ſigh, nor ſee thee weep.

Thus having ſpoke, th' illuſtrious chief of Troy
Stretch'd his fond arms to claſp the lovely boy.

ỳ. 595. *Stretch'd his fond arms.*] There never was a finer piece of painting than this. Hector extends his arms to embrace his child; the child, affrighted at the glittering of his helmet and the ſhaking of the plume, ſhrinks backward to the breaſt of his nurſe; Hector unbraces his helmet, lays it on the ground, takes the infant in his arms, lifts him towards heaven, and offers a prayer for him to the gods; then returns him to the mother Andromache, who receives him with a ſmile of pleaſure, but at the ſame inſtant the fears for her huſband make her burſt into tears. All theſe are but ſmall circumſtances, but ſo artfully choſen, that every reader immediately feels the force of them, and repreſents the whole in the utmoſt livelineſs to his imagination. This alone might be a confutation of that falſe criticiſm ſome have fallen into, who affirm that a poet ought only to collect the great and noble particulars in his paintings. But it is in the images of things as in the characters of perſons; where a ſmall action, or even a ſmall circumſtance of an action, lets us more into the knowlege and comprehenſion of them, than the material and principal parts themſelves. As we find this in a hiſtory, ſo we do in a picture, where ſometimes a ſmall motion or turn of a finger will expreſs the character and action of the figure more than all the other parts of the deſign. Longinus indeed blames an author's inſiſting too much on trivial circumſtances; but in the ſame place extols Homer as "the poet who beſt knew how to make uſe of "important and beautiful circumſtances, and to avoid

The babe clung crying to his nurſe's breaſt,
Scar'd at the dazling helm, and nodding creſt.
With ſecret pleaſure each fond parent ſmil'd,
And Hector haſted to relieve his child,
The glitt'ring terrors from his brows unbound,
And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground.
Then kiſs'd the child, and lifting high in air,
Thus to the gods preferr'd a father's pray'r.

O thou, whoſe glory fills th' æthereal throne,
And all ye deathleſs pow'rs! protect my ſon!

" the mean and ſuperfluous ones." There is a vaſt difference betwixt a ſmall circumſtance and a trivial one, and the ſmalleſt become important if they are well choſen, and not confuſed.

ỳ. 604. *Hector's prayer for his ſon.*] It may be aſked, how Hector's prayer, that his ſon might protect the Trojans, could be conſiſtent with what he had ſaid juſt before, that he certainly knew Troy and his parents would periſh. We ought to reflect that this is only a prayer: Hector, in the exceſs of a tender emotion for his ſon, intreats the gods to preſerve Troy, and permit Aſtyanax to rule there. It is at all times allowable to beſeech heaven to appeaſe its anger, and change its decrees; and we are taught that prayers can alter deſtiny. Dacier. Beſides, it cannot be inferred from hence, that Hector had any divine foreknowlege of his own fate, and the approaching ruin of his country; ſince in many following paſſages we find him poſſeſſed with ſtrong hopes and firm aſſurances to raiſe the ſiege, by the flight or deſtruction of the Greeks. So that theſe forebodings of his fate were only the apprehenſions and miſgivings of a ſoul dejected with ſorrow and compaſſion, by conſidering the great dangers to which he ſaw all that was dear to him expoſed.

Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
Against his country's foes the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age!
So when triumphant from successful toils,
Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim,
And say, This chief transcends his father's fame:
While pleas'd amidst the gen'ral shouts of Troy,
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy.

℣. 613. *Transcends his father's fame.*] The commendation Hector here gives himself, is not only agreeable to the openness of a brave man, but very becoming on such a solemn occasion; and a natural effect from the testimony of his own heart to his honour; at this time especially, when he knew not but he was speaking his last words. Virgil has not scrupled it, in what he makes Æneas say to Ascanius at his parting for the battel.

Et pater Æneas et avunculus excitet Hector,
Disce puer virtutem ex me, verumque laborem,
Fortunam ex aliis.—— Æn. 12.

I believe he had this of Homer in his eye, though the pathetical mention of fortune in the last line seems an imitation of that prayer of Sophocles, copied also from hence, where Ajax wishes his son may be *like him in all things but in his misfortunes.*

℣. 615. *His mother's conscious heart.*] Though the chief beauty of this prayer consists in the paternal piety shewn by Hector, yet it wants not a fine stroke at the end, to continue him in the character of a tender lover of his wife, when he makes one of the motives of his wish, to be the joy she shall receive on hearing her son applauded.

He ſpoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
Reſtor'd the pleaſing burden to her arms;
Soft on her fragrant breaſt the babe ſhe laid,
Huſh'd to repoſe, and with a ſmile ſurvey'd.
The troubled pleaſure ſoon chaſtiz'd by fear,
She mingled with the ſmile a tender tear.
The ſoften'd chief with kind compaſſion view'd,
And dry'd the falling drops, and thus purſu'd.

Andromache! my ſoul's far better part,
Why with untimely ſorrows heaves thy heart?
No hoſtile hand can antedate my doom,
'Till fate condemns me to the ſilent tomb.
Fix'd is the term to all the race of earth,
And ſuch the hard condition of our birth.
No force can then reſiſt, no flight can ſave,
All ſink alike, the fearful and the brave.
No more——but haſten to thy taſks at home,
There guide the ſpindle, and direct the loom:
Me glory ſummons to the martial ſcene,
The field of combate is the ſphere for men.

ỳ. 628. *Fix'd is the term.*] The reaſon which Hector here urges to allay the affliction of his wife, is grounded on a very ancient and common opinion, that the fatal period of life is appointed to all men at the time of their birth; which as no precaution can avoid, ſo no danger can haſten. This ſentiment is as proper to give comfort to the diſtreſſed, as to inſpire courage to the deſponding; ſince nothing is ſo fit to quiet and ſtrengthen our minds in times of difficulty, as a firm aſſurance that our lives are expoſed to no real hazards, in the greateſt appearances of danger.

Where heroes war, the foremoſt place I claim,
The firſt in danger, as the firſt in fame.

Thus having ſaid, the glorious chief reſumes
His tow'ry helmet, black with ſhading plumes,
His princeſs parts with a prophetic ſigh,
Unwilling parts, and oft' reverts her eye,
That ſtream'd at every look: then moving ſlow,
Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe.
There, while her tears deplor'd the godlike man,
Thro' all her train the ſoft infection ran,
The pious maids their mingled ſorrows ſhed,
And mourn the living Hector, as the dead.
But now, no longer deaf to honour's call,
Forth iſſues Paris from the palace wall.
In brazen arms that caſt a gleamy ray,
Swift thro' the town the warrior bends his way.
The wanton courſer thus, with reins unbound,
Breaks from his ſtall, and beats the trembling ground;

℣. 649. *Forth iſſues Paris.*] Paris, ſtung by the reproaches of Hector, goes to the battel. It is a juſt remark of Euſtathius, that all the reproofs and remonſtrances in Homer have conſtantly their effect. The poet by this ſhews the great uſe of reprehenſions when properly applied, and finely intimates that every worthy mind will be the better for them.

℣. 652. *The wanton courſer thus,* etc.] This beautiful compariſon being tranſlated by Virgil in the eleventh Æneid, I ſhall tranſcribe the originals, that the reader may have the pleaſure of comparing them.

Ὡς δ' ὅτε τὶς στατὸς ἵππος ἀκοστήσας ἐπὶ φάτνῃ,
Δεσμὸν ἀποῤῥήξας θείει πεδίοιο κροαίνων,

Pamper'd and proud, he ſeeks the wonted tides,
And laves, in height of blood, his ſhining ſides;
His head now freed, he toſſes to the ſkies;
His mane diſhevel'd o'er his ſhoulders flies;
He ſnuffs the females in the diſtant plain,
And ſprings, exulting, to his fields again.
With equal triumph, ſprightly, bold and gay,
In arms refulgent as the God of day,
The ſon of Priam, glorying in his might,
Ruſh'd forth with Hector to the fields of fight.

Εἰωθὼς λούεσθαι ἐϋῤῥεῖος ποταμοῖο,
Κυδιόων, ὑψοῦ δὲ κάρη ἔχει, ἀμφὶ δὲ χαῖται
Ὤμοις ἀΐσσονται· ὁ δ' ἀγλαΐηφι πεποιθὼς,
Ῥίμφα ἑ γοῦνα φέρει μετά τ' ἤθεα καὶ νομὸν ἵππων:

Qualis ubi abruptis fugit præſepia vinclis
Tandem liber equus, campoque potitus aperto,
Aut ille in paſtus armentaque tendit equarum:
Aut aſſuetus aquæ perfundi flumine noto
Emicat, arrectiſque fremit cervicibus alte
Luxurians: luduntque jubæ per colla, per armos.

Though nothing can be tranſlated better than this is by Virgil, yet in Homer the ſimile ſeems more perfect, and the place more proper. Paris had been indulging his eaſe within the walls of his palace, as the horſe in his ſtable, which was not the caſe of Turnus. The beauty and wantonneſs of the ſteed agrees more exactly with the character of Paris than with the other: and the inſinuation of his love of the mares has yet a nearer reſemblance. The languiſhing flow of that verſe,

Εἰωθὼς λούεσθαι ἐϋῤῥεῖος ποταμοῖο,

finely correſponds with the eaſe and luxuriancy of the pampered courſer bathing in the flood; a beauty which

And now the warriors paſſing on the way,
The graceful Paris firſt excus'd his ſtay.
To whom the noble Hector thus reply'd:
O chief! in blood, and now in arms, ally'd!
Thy pow'r in war with juſtice none conteſt;
Known is thy courage, and thy ſtrength confeſt.

Scaliger did not conſider, when he criticiſed particularly upon that line. Taſſo has alſo imitated this ſimile, Cant. 9.

Come deſtrier, che de la regie ſtalle
Ove a l' uſo de l' arme ſi reſerba,
Fugge, e libero alfin per largo calle
Va tra gl' armenti, o al fiume uſato, o a l' erba;
Scherzan ſu 'l collo i crini, e ſu le ſpalle,
Si ſcote la ſervice alta, e ſuperba;
Suonano i pie nel corſo, e par, ch' auvampi,
Di ſonori nitriti empiendo i campi.

ỳ. 665. *Paris excus'd his ſtay.*] Here, in the original, is a ſhort ſpeech of Paris containing only theſe words: *Brother, I have detained you too long, and ſhould have come ſooner, as you deſired me.* This, and ſome few others of the ſame nature in the Iliad, the tranſlator has ventured to omit, expreſſing only the ſenſe of them. A living author (whom future times will quote, and therefore I ſhall not ſcruple to do it) ſays that theſe ſhort ſpeeches, though they may be natural in other languages, cannot appear ſo well in ours, which is much more ſtubborn and unpliant, and therefore are but as ſo many rubs in the ſtory, that are ſtill turning the narration out of its proper courſe.

ỳ. 669. *Known is thy courage,* etc.] Hector here confeſſes the natural valour of Paris, but obſerves it to be overcome by the indolence of his temper and the love

What pity floth fhould feize a foul fo brave,
Or godlike Paris live a woman's flave!
My heart weeps blood at what the Trojans fay,
And hopes, thy deeds fhall wipe the ftain away.
Hafte then, in all their glorious labours fhare;
For much they fuffer, for thy fake, in war.
Thefe ills fhall ceafe, whene'er by Jove's decree
We crown the bowl to Heav'n and Liberty:
While the proud foe his fruftrate triumphs mourns,
And Greece indignant thro' her feas returns.

of pleafure. An ingenious French writer very well remarks, that the true character of this hero has a great refemblance with that of Marc Anthony. See the notes on the third book, ℣. 37. and 86.

℣. 677. *We crown the bowl to Heav'n and Liberty.*] The Greek is, κρητῆρα ἐλεύθερον, *the free bowl*, in which they made libations to Jupiter after the recovery of their liberty. The expreffion is obferved by M. Dacier to refemble thofe of the Hebrews; *The cup of falvation, the cup of forrow, the cup of benediction*, etc. Athenæus mentions thofe cups which the Greeks called γραμματικὰ ἐκπώματα, and were confecrated to the gods in memory of fome fuccefs. He gives us the infcription of one of this fort, which was, ΔΙΟΣ ΣΩΤΗΡΟΣ.

THE
ILIAD.
BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The single combate of Hector and Ajax.

THE battel renewing with double ardour upon the return of Hector, Minerva is under apprehensions for the Greeks. Apollo seeing her descend from Olympus, joins her near the Scæan gate. They agree to put off the general engagement for that day, and incite Hector to challenge the Greeks to a single combate. Nine of the princes accepting the challenge, the lot is cast, and falls upon Ajax. These heroes, after several attacks, are parted by the night. The Trojans calling a council, Antenor proposes the delivery of Helen to the Greeks, to which Paris will not consent, but offers to restore them her riches. Priam sends a herald to make this offer, and to demand a truce for burning the dead, the last of which only is agreed to by Agamemnon. When the funerals are performed, the Greeks, pursuant to the advice of Nestor, erect a fortification to protect their fleet and camp, flanked with towers, and defended by a ditch and palisades. Neptune testifies his jealousy at this work, but is pacified by a promise from Jupiter. Both armies pass the night in feasting, but Jupiter disheartens the Trojans with thunder and other signs of his wrath.

The three and twentieth day ends with the duel of Hector and Ajax: the next day the truce is agreed: another is taken up in the funeral rites of the slain; and one more

in building the fortification before the ships. So that somewhat above three days is employed in this book. The scene lies wholly in the field.

SO spoke the guardian of the Trojan state,
Then rush'd impetuous thro' the Scaean gate.
Him Paris follow'd to the dire alarms;
Both breathing slaughter, both resolv'd in arms.
As when to sailors lab'ring thro' the main,
That long had heav'd the weary oar in vain,
Jove bids at length th' expected gales arise;
The gales blow grateful, and the vessel flies:
So welcome these to Troy's desiring train;
The bands are chear'd, the war awakes again.

Bold Paris first the work of death begun,
On great Menestheus, Areithous' son:

℣. 2. *Thro' the Scæan gate.*] This gate is not here particularized by Homer, but it appears by the 491st verse of the sixth book, that it could be no other. Eustathius takes notice of the difference of the words ἐξέσσυτο and κίε, the one applied to Hector, the other to Paris: by which the motion of the former is described as an impetuous sallying forth, agreeable to the violence of a warrior; and that of the latter as a calmer movement correspondent to the gentler character of a lover. But perhaps this remark is too refined, since Homer plainly gives Paris a character of bravery in what immediately precedes and follows this verse.

℣. 5. *As when to sailors*, etc.] This simile makes it plain that the battel had relaxed during the absence of Hector in Troy; and consequently that the conversation of Diomed and Glaucus, in the former book, was not (as Homer's censurers would have it) in the heat of the engagement.

Sprung

Sprung from the fair Philomeda's embrace,
The pleaſing Arne was his native place.
Then ſunk Eioneus to the ſhades below,
Beneath his ſteely caſque he felt the blow
Full on his neck, from Hector's weighty hand;
And roll'd, with limbs relax'd, along the land.
By Glaucus' ſpear the bold Iphinous bleeds,
Fix'd in the ſhoulder as he mounts his ſteeds;
Headlong he tumbles: his ſlack nerves unbound,
Drop the cold uſeleſs members on the ground.

When now Minerva ſaw her Argives ſlain,
From vaſt Olympus to the gleaming plain

℣. 23. *When now Minerva,* etc.] This machine of the two deities meeting to part the two armies is very noble. Euſtathius tells us it is an allegorical Minerva and Apollo: Minerva repreſents the prudent valour of the Greeks, and Apollo who ſtood for the Trojans, the power of deſtiny: ſo that the meaning of the allegory may be, that the valour and wiſdom of the Greeks had now conquered Troy, had not deſtiny withſtood. Minerva therefore complies with Apollo, an intimation that wiſdom can never oppoſe fate. But if you take them in the literal ſenſe as a real God and Goddeſs, it may be aſked what neceſſity there was for the introduction of two ſuch deities? To this Euſtathius anſwers, that the laſt book was the only one in which both armies were deſtitute of the aid of gods: in conſequence of which there is no gallant action atchieved, nothing extraordinary done, eſpecially after the retreat of Hector; but here the gods are again introduced to uſher in a new ſcene of great actions. The ſame author offers this other ſolution: Hector, finding the Trojan army overpowered, conſiders how to ſtop the fury of the

Fierce she descends: Apollo mark'd her flight,
Nor shot less swift from Ilion's tow'ry height:
Radiant they met, beneath the beechen shade;
When thus Apollo to the blue-ey'd maid.

What cause, O daughter of almighty Jove!
Thus wings thy progress from the realms above?
Once more impetuous dost thou bend thy way,
To give to Greece the long divided day?
Too much has Troy already felt thy hate,
Now breathe thy rage, and hush the stern debate:
This day, the business of the field suspend;
War soon shall kindle, and great Ilion bend;
Since vengeful Goddesses confed'rate join
To raze her walls, tho' built by hands divine.

To whom the progeny of Jove replies:
I left, for this, the council of the skies:
But who shall bid conflicting hosts forbear,
What art shall calm the furious sons of war?
To her the God: Great Hector's soul incite
To dare the boldest Greek to single fight,
'Till Greece, provok'd, from all her numbers show
A warrior worthy to be Hector's foe.

present battel; this he thinks may best be done by the proposal of a single combate: thus Minerva by a very easy and natural fiction may signify that wisdom or courage (she being the goddess of both) which suggests the necessity of diverting the war: and Apollo that seasonable stratagem by which he effected it.

℣. 37. *Vengeful Goddesses.*] Ὑμῖν ἀθανάτῃσι in this place must signify Minerva and Juno, the word being of the feminine gender. Eustathius.

At this agreed, the heav'nly powers withdrew;
Sage Helenus their ſecret counſels knew:
Hector inſpir'd he ſought: to him addreſt,
Thus told the dictates of his ſacred breaſt.
O ſon of Priam! let thy faithful ear
Receive my words; thy friend and brother hear!
Go forth perſuaſive, and a while engage
The warring nations to ſuſpend their rage;
Then dare the boldeſt of the hoſtile train
To mortal combate on the liſted plain.
For not this day ſhall end thy glorious date;
The Gods have ſpoke it, and their voice is fate.

℣. 48. *Sage Helenus their ſacred counſels knew.*] Helenus was the prieſt of Apollo, and might therefore be ſuppoſed to be informed of this by his God, or taught by an oracle that ſuch was his will. Or elſe being an Augur, he might learn it from the flight of thoſe birds, into which the deities are here feigned to transform themſelves, (perhaps for that reaſon, as it would be a very poetical manner of expreſſing it.) The fiction of theſe divinities ſitting on the beech-tree in the ſhape of vulturs, is imitated by Milton in the fourth book of Paradiſe Loſt, where Satan, leaping over the boundaries of Eden, ſits in the form of a cormorant upon the tree of life.

℣. 57. *For not this day ſhall end thy glorious date.*] Euſtathius juſtly obſerves, that Homer here takes from the greatneſs of Hector's intrepidity, by making him foreknow that he ſhould not fall in this combate; whereas Ajax encounters him without any ſuch encouragement. It may perhaps be difficult to give a reaſon for this management of the poet, unleſs we aſcribe it to that commendable prejudice, and honourable partiality

He ſaid: the warrior heard the word with joy;
Then with his ſpear reſtrain'd the youth of Troy,
Held by the midſt athwart. On either hand
The ſquadrons part; th' expecting Trojans ſtand,
Great Agamemnon bids the Greeks forbear;
They breathe, and huſh the tumult of the war.
Th' Athenian maid, and glorious god of day,
With ſilent joy the ſettling hoſts ſurvey:
In form of vulturs, on the beech's height
They ſit conceal'd, and wait the future fight.
The thronging troops obſcure the duſky fields,
Horrid with briſtling ſpears, and gleaming ſhields.
As when a gen'ral darkneſs veils the main,
(Soft Zephyr curling the wide wat'ry plain)

he bears his countrymen, which makes him give a ſuperiority of courage to the heroes of his own nation.

℣. 60. *Then with his ſpear reſtrain'd the youth of Troy, Held by the midſt athwart.*—] The remark of Euſtathius here is obſervable: he tells us that the warriors of thoſe times (having no trumpets, and becauſe the voice of the loudeſt herald would be drowned in the noiſe of a battel) addreſſed themſelves to the eyes, and that graſping the middle of the ſpear denoted a requeſt that the fight might a while be ſuſpended, the holding the ſpear in that poſition not being the poſture of a warrior; and thus Agamemnon underſtands it without any farther explication. But however it be, we have a lively picture of a general who ſtretches his ſpear acroſs, and preſſes back the advanced ſoldiers of his army.

℣. 71. *As when a gen'ral darkneſs*, etc.] The thick ranks of the troops compoſing themſelves, in order to ſit and hear what Hector was about to propoſe, are com-

The waves ſcarce heave, the face of Ocean ſleeps,
And a ſtill horrour ſaddens all the deeps:
Thus in thick orders ſettling wide around,
At length compos'd they ſit, and ſhade the ground.
Great Hector firſt amidſt both armies broke
The ſolemn ſilence, and their pow'rs beſpoke.
Hear all ye Trojan, all ye Grecian bands,
What my ſoul prompts, and what ſome God commands.

pared to the waves of the ſea juſt ſtirred by the weſt wind; the ſimile partly conſiſting in the darkneſs and ſtillneſs. This is plainly different from thoſe images of the ſea, given us on other occaſions, where the armies in their engagement and confuſion, are compared to the waves in their agitation and tumult: and that the contrary is the drift of this ſimile appears particularly from Homer's uſing the word εἵατο, *ſedebant*, twice in the application of it. All the other verſions ſeem to be miſtaken here: what cauſed the difficulty was the expreſſion ὀρνυμένοιο νέον, which may ſignify the *Weſt* wind *blowing on a ſudden*, as well as *firſt riſing*. But the deſign of Homer was to convey an image both of the gentle motion that aroſe over the field from the helmets and ſpears before their armies were quite ſettled; and of the repoſe and awe which enſued, when Hector began to ſpeak.

℣. 79. *Hear all ye Trojan, all ye Grecian bands.*] The appearance of Hector, his formal challenge, and the affright of the Greeks upon it, have a near reſemblance to the deſcription of the challenge of Goliah in the firſt book of Samuel, ch. 17. *And he ſtood and cried to the armies of Iſrael!——Chuſe you a man for you, and let him come down to me. If he be able to fight with me, and to kill me, then will we be your ſervants; but if I prevail againſt him, and kill him, then ſhall ye be our ſervants.——When Saul and all Iſrael heard the words of the*

Great Jove, averſe our warfare to compoſe,
O'erwhelms the nations with new toils and woes;
War with a fiercer tide once more returns,
'Till Ilion falls, or 'till yon' navy burns.
You then, O princes of the Greeks! appear;
'Tis Hector ſpeaks, and calls the Gods to hear:
From all your troops ſelect the boldeſt knight,
And him, the boldeſt, Hector dares to fight.
Here if I fall, by chance of battel ſlain,
Be his my ſpoil, and his theſe arms remain;
But let my body, to my friends return'd,
By Trojan hands and Trojan flames be burn'd.

Philiſtine, they were diſmayed, and greatly afraid, etc.

There is a fine air of gallantry and bravery in this challenge of Hector. If he ſeems to ſpeak too vainly, we ſhould conſider him under the character of a challenger, whoſe buſineſs it is to defy the enemy. Yet at the ſame time we find a decent modeſty in his manner of expreſſing the conditions of the combate: he ſays ſimply, *If my enemy kills me*; but of himſelf, *If Apollo grant me victory*. It was an imagination equally agreeable to a man of generoſity, and a lover of glory, to mention the monument to be erected over his vanquiſhed enemy; though we ſee he conſiders it not ſo much an honour paid to the conquered, as a trophy to the conqueror. It was natural too to dwell moſt upon the thought that pleaſed him beſt; for he takes no notice of any monument that ſhould be raiſed over himſelf, if he ſhould fall unfortunately. He no ſooner allows himſelf to expatiate, but the proſpect of glory carries him away thus far beyond his firſt intention, which was only to allow the enemy to interr their champion with decency.

And if Apollo, in whoſe aid I truſt,
Shall ſtretch your daring champion in the duſt;
If mine the glory to deſpoil the foe;
On Phœbus' temple I'll his arms beſtow;
The breathleſs carcaſe to your navy ſent,
Greece on the ſhore ſhall raiſe a monument;
Which when ſome future mariner ſurveys,
Waſh'd by broad Helleſpont's reſounding ſeas,
Thus ſhall he ſay, "A valiant Greek lies there;
"By Hector ſlain, the mighty man of war."
The ſtone ſhall tell your vanquiſh'd hero's name,
And diſtant ages learn the victor's fame.

℣. 96. *On Phœbus' temple I'll his arms beſtow.*] It was the manner of the ancients to dedicate trophies of this kind to the temples of the Gods. The particular reaſon for conſecrating the arms in this place to Apollo, is not only as he was the conſtant protector of Troy, but as this thought of the challenge was inſpired by him.

℣. 98. *Greece on the ſhore ſhall raiſe a monument.*] Homer took the hint of this from ſeveral tombs of the ancient heroes who had fought at Troy, remaining in his time upon the ſhore of the Helleſpont. He gives that ſea the epithet *broad*, to diſtinguiſh the particular place of thoſe tombs, which was on the Rhœtean or Sigæan coaſt, where the Helleſpont (which in other parts is narrow) opens itſelf to the Ægæan ſea. Strabo gives an account of the monument of Ajax near Rhœteum, and of Achilles at the promontory of Sigæum. This is one among a thouſand proofs of our author's exact knowlege in geography and antiquities. Time (ſays Euſtathius) has deſtroyed thoſe tombs which were to have preſerved Hector's glory; but Homer's poetry more laſting than monuments, and proof againſt ages, will for ever ſupport and convey it to the lateſt poſterity.

This fierce defiance Greece aſtoniſh'd heard,
Bluſh'd to refuſe, and to accept it fear'd.
Stern Menelaus firſt the ſilence broke,
And inly groaning, thus opprobrious ſpoke.
Women of Greece! Oh ſcandal of your race,
Whoſe coward ſouls your manly form diſgrace.

ỳ. 105. *Greece aſtoniſh'd heard.*] It ſeems natural to inquire, why the Greeks, before they accepted Hector's challenge, did not demand reparation for the former treachery of Pandarus, and inſiſt upon the delivering up the author of it; which had been the ſhorteſt way for the Trojans to have wiped off that ſtain: it was very reaſonable for the Greeks to reply to this challenge, that they could not venture a ſecond ſingle combate, for fear of ſuch another inſidious attempt upon their champion. And indeed I wonder that Neſtor did not think of this excuſe for his countrymen, when they were ſo backward to engage. One may make ſome ſort of anſwer to this, if we conſider the clearneſs of Hector's character; and his words at the beginning of the foregoing ſpeech, where he firſt complains of the revival of the war as a misfortune common to them both (which is at once very artful and decent) and lays the blame of it upon Jupiter. Though, by the way, his charging the Trojan breach of faith upon the deity, looks a little like the reaſoning of ſome modern ſaints in the doctrine of abſolute reprobation, making God the author of ſin, and may ſerve for ſome inſtance of the antiquity of that falſe tenet.

ỳ. 109. *Women of Greece!* etc.] There is a great deal of fire in this ſpeech of Menelaus, which very well agrees with his character and circumſtances. Methinks, while he ſpeaks, one ſees him in a poſture of emotion, pointing with contempt at the commanders about him. He upbraids their cowardice, and wiſhes they may be-

How great the ſhame, when every age ſhall know
That not a Grecian met this noble foe!
Go then! reſolve to earth, from whence ye grew,
A heartleſs, ſpiritleſs, inglorious crew!
Be what ye ſeem, unanimated clay!
Myſelf will dare the danger of the day.
'Tis man's bold taſk the gen'rous ſtrife to try,
But in the hands of God is victory.

These words ſcarce ſpoke, with gen'rous ardour preſt,
His manly limbs in azure arms he dreſt:
That day, Atrides! a ſuperior hand
Had ſtretch'd thee breathleſs on the hoſtile ſtrand;
But all at once, thy fury to compoſe,
The kings of Greece, an awful band, aroſe:
Ev'n he their chief, great Agamemnon, preſs'd,
Thy daring hand, and this advice addreſs'd.
Whither, O Menelaus! would'ſt thou run,
And tempt a fate, which prudence bids thee ſhun?
Griev'd tho' thou art, forbear the raſh deſign;
Great Hector's arm is mightier far than thine.
Ev'n fierce Achilles learn'd its force to fear,
And trembling met this dreadful ſon of war.

come (according to the literal words) *earth and water*: that is, be reſolved into thoſe principles they ſprung from, or die. Thus Euſtathius explains it very exactly from a verſe he cites of Zenophanes.

Πάντες γὰρ γαίης τε καὶ ὕδατος ἐκγενόμεσθα.

℣. 131. *Ev'n fierce Achilles learn'd his force to fear.*] The poet every where takes occaſion to ſet the brother-

Sit thou ſecure amidſt thy ſocial band;
Greece in our cauſe ſhall arm ſome pow'rful hand.
The mightieſt warrior of th' Achaian name,
Tho' bold, and burning with deſire of fame,

ly love of Agamemnon toward Menelaus in the moſt agreeable light: when Menelaus is wounded, Agamemnon is more concerned than he; and here diſſuades him from a danger, which he offers immediately after to undertake himſelf. He makes uſe of Hector's ſuperior courage to bring him to a compliance; and tells him that even Achilles dares not engage with Hector. This (ſays Euſtathius) is not true, but only the affection for his brother thus breaks out into a kind extravagance. Agamemnon likewiſe conſults the honour of Menelaus, for it will be no diſgrace to him to decline encountering a man whom Achilles himſelf is afraid of. Thus he artfully provides for his ſafety and honour at the ſame time.

ỳ. 135. *The mightieſt warrior*, etc.] It cannot with certainty be concluded from the words of Homer, who is the perſon to whom Agamemnon applies the laſt lines of this ſpeech: the interpreters leave it as undetermined in their tranſlations as it is in the original. Some would have it underſtood of Hector, that the Greeks would ſend ſuch an antagoniſt againſt him, from whoſe hands Hector might be glad to eſcape. But this interpretation ſeems contrary to the plain deſign of Agamemnon's diſcourſe, which only aims to deter his brother from ſo raſh an undertaking as engaging with Hector. So that inſtead of dropping any expreſſion which might depreciate the power or courage of this hero, he endeavours rather to repreſent him as the moſt formidable of men, and dreadful even to Achilles. This paſſage, therefore, will be moſt conſiſtent with Agamemnon's deſign, if it be conſidered as an argument offered to Menelaus, at once to diſſuade him from the engagement, and to con-

Content the doubtful honour might forego,
So great the danger, and so brave the foe.
He said, and turn'd his brother's vengeful mind;
He stoop'd to reason, and his rage resign'd,
No longer bent to rush on certain harms;
His joyful friends unbrace his azure arms.
He, from whose lips divine persuasion flows,
Grave Nestor, then, in graceful act arose,
Thus to the kings he spoke. What grief, what shame
Attend on Greece, and all the Grecian name?

fort him under the appearance of so great a disgrace as refusing the challenge; by telling him that any warrior, how bold and intrepid soever, might be content to sit still and rejoice that he is not exposed to so hazardous an engagement. The words αἴκε φύγῃσι δηΐου ἐκ πολέμοιο, signify not to escape out of the combate (as the translators take it) but to avoid entering into it.

The phrase of γόνυ κάμψειν, which is literally *to bend the knee*, means (according to Eustathius) *to rest*, to sit down, καθεσθῆναι, and is used so by *Æschylus in Prometheo*. Those interpreters were greatly mistaken, who imagined it signified *to kneel down*, to thank the Gods for escaping from such a combate; whereas the custom of kneeling in prayer (as we before observed) was not in use among these nations.

ℽ. 145. *The speech of Nestor.*] This speech, if we consider the occasion of it, could be made by no person but Nestor. No young warrior could with decency exhort others to undertake a combate which he himself declined. Nothing could be more in his character than to represent to the Greeks how much they would suffer in the opinion of another old man like himself. In naming Peleus he sets before their eyes the expectations of all their fathers, and the shame that must afflict them

How ſhall, alas! her hoary heroes mourn
Their ſons degen'rate, and their race a ſcorn?

in their old age, if their ſons behaved themſelves unworthily. The account he gives of the converſations he had formerly held with that king, and his jealouſy for the glory of Greece, is a very natural picture of the warm dialogues of two old warriors upon the commencement of a new war. Upon the whole, Neſtor never more diſplays his oratory than in this place: you ſee him riſing with a ſigh, expreſſing a pathetic ſorrow, and wiſhing again for his youth, that he might wipe away this diſgrace from his country. The humour of ſtory-telling, ſo natural to old men, is almoſt always marked by Homer in the ſpeeches of Neſtor: the apprehenſion that their age makes them contemptible, puts them upon repeating the brave deeds of their youth. Plutarch juſtifies the praiſes Neſtor here gives himſelf, and the vaunts of his valour, which on this occaſion were only exhortations to thoſe he addreſſed them to: by theſe he reſtores courage to the Greeks, who were aſtoniſhed at the bold challenge of Hector, and cauſes nine of the princes to riſe and accept it. If any man had a right to commend himſelf, it was this venerable prince, who in relating his own actions did no more than propoſe examples of virtue to the young. Virgil, without any ſuch ſoftening qualification, makes his hero ſay of himſelf,

Sum pius Æneas, fama ſuper æthera notus.

And comfort a dying warrior with theſe words,

Æneæ magni dextra cadis.

The ſame author alſo imitates the wiſh of Neſtor for a return of his youth, where Evander cries out,

O

What tears shall down thy silver beard be roll'd,
Oh Peleus, old in arms, in wisdom old!
Once with what joy the gen'rous prince would hear
Of ev'ry chief who fought this glorious war,
Participate their fame, and pleas'd inquire
Each name, each action, and each hero's sire!
Gods! should he see our warriors trembling stand,
And trembling all before one hostile hand;
How would he lift his aged arms on high,
Lament inglorious Greece, and beg to die!
Oh! would to all th' immortal pow'rs above,
Minerva, Phœbus, and almighty Jove!
Years might again roll back, my youth renew,
And give this arm the spring which once it knew:
When fierce in war, where Jardan's waters fall
I led my troops to Phea's trembling wall,
And with th' Arcadian spears my prowess try'd,
Where Celadon rolls down his rapid tyde.
There Ereuthalion brav'd us in the field,
Proud Areithous' dreadful arms to wield;
Great Areithous, known from shore to shore
By the huge, knotted, iron mace he bore;

O mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos!
Qualis eram, cum primam aciem Præneste sub ipsa
Stravi, scutorumque incendi victor acervos,
Et regem hac Herilum dextra sub Tartara misi.

As for the narration of the Arcadian war introduced here, it is a part of the true history of those times, as we are informed by Pausanias.

No lance he ſhook, nor bent the twanging bow,
But broke, with this, the battel of the foe.
Him not by manly force Lycurgus ſlew,
Whoſe guileful jav'lin from the thicket flew,
Deep in a winding way his breaſt aſſail'd,
Nor aught the warrior's thund'ring mace avail'd.
Supine he fell: thoſe arms which Mars before
Had giv'n the vanquiſh'd, now the victor bore:
But when old age had dimm'd Lycurgus' eyes,
To Ereuthalion he conſign'd the prize.
Furious with this, he cruſh'd our levell'd bands,
And dar'd the trial of the ſtrongeſt hands;
Nor cou'd the ſtrongeſt hands his fury ſtay;
All ſaw, and fear'd, his huge tempeſtuous ſway.
'Till I, the youngeſt of the hoſt, appear'd,
And youngeſt, met whom all our army fear'd.
I fought the chief: my arms Minerva crown'd:
Prone fell the giant o'er a length of ground.

℣. 177. *Thoſe arms which Mars before had given.*] Homer has the peculiar happineſs of being able to raiſe the obſcureſt circumſtance into the ſtrongeſt point of light. Areithous had taken theſe arms in battel, and this gives occaſion to our author to ſay they were the preſent of Mars. Euſtathius.

℣. 188. *Prone fell the giant o'er a length of ground.*] Neſtor's inſiſting upon this circumſtance of the fall of Ereuthalion, which paints his vaſt body lying extended on the earth, has a particular beauty in it, and recalls into the old man's mind the joy he felt on the ſight of his enemy after he was ſlain. Theſe are the fine and natural ſtrokes that give life to the deſcriptions of poetry.

What then he was, oh were your Nestor now!
Not Hector's self should want an equal foe.
But warriors, you, that youthful vigour boast,
The flow'r of Greece, th' examples of our host,
Sprung from such fathers, who such numbers sway,
Can you stand trembling, and desert the day?

His warm reproofs the list'ning kings inflame;
And nine, the noblest of the Grecian name,
Up-started fierce: But far before the rest
The king of men advanc'd his dauntless breast:
Then bold Tydides, great in arms, appear'd;
And next his bulk gigantic Ajax rear'd:
Oileus follow'd; Idomen was there,
And Merion, dreadful as the God of war:
With these Eurypylus and Thoas stand,
And wise Ulysses clos'd the daring band.
All these, alike inspir'd with nobler rage,
Demand the fight. To whom the Pylian sage:

[℣. 196. *And nine, the noblest*, etc.] In this catalogue of the nine warriors, who offer themselves as champions for Greece, one may take notice of the first and the last who rises up. Agamemnon advanced foremost, as it best became the general, and Ulysses with his usual caution took time to deliberate until seven more had offered themselves. Homer gives a great encomium of the eloquence of Nestor, in making it produce so sudden an effect; especially when Agamemnon, who did not proffer himself before, even to save his brother, is now the first that steps forth: one would fancy this particular circumstance was contrived to shew, that eloquence has a greater power than even nature itself.

Left thirst of glory your brave souls divide,
What chief shall combate, let the lots decide.
Whom heav'n shall chuse, be his the chance to raise
His country's fame, his own immortal praise.

The lots produc'd, each hero signs his own;
Then in the gen'ral's helm the fates are thrown.
The people pray, with lifted eyes and hands,
And vows like these ascend from all the bands.

ỳ. 208. *Let the lots decide.*] This was a very prudent piece of conduct in Nestor: he does not chuse any of these nine himself, but leaves the determination intirely to chance. Had he named the hero, the rest might have been grieved to have seen another preferred before them; and he well knew that the lot could not fall upon a wrong person, where all were valiant. Eustathius.

ỳ. 209. *Whom heav'n shall chuse, be his the chance to raise*
His country's fame, his own immortal praise.] The original of this passage is somewhat confused; the interpreters render it thus: "Cast the lots, and he who "shall be chosen, if he escapes from this dangerous "combate, will do an eminent service to the Greeks, "and also have cause to be greatly satisfied himself." But the sense will appear more distinct and rational, if the words ὅτος and αὐτὸς be not understood of the same person: and the meaning of Nestor will then be, "He "who is chosen for the engagement by the lot, will do "his country great service; and he likewise who is "not, will have reason to rejoice for escaping so dan- "gerous a combate." The expression αἴκε φύγῃσι δηΐου ἐκ πολέμοιο, is the same Homer uses in ỳ. 118, 119, of this book, which we explained in the same sense in the note on ỳ. 135.

ỳ. 213. *The people pray.*] Homer, who supposes e-

Grant, thou Almighty! in whose hand is fate,
A worthy champion for the Grecian state.
This task let Ajax or Tydides prove,
Or he, the king of kings, belov'd by Jove.
Old Nestor shook the casque. By heav'n inspir'd,
Leap'd forth the lot, of ev'ry Greek desir'd.
This from the right to left the herald bears,
Held out in order to the Grecian peers:
Each to his rival yields the mark unknown,
'Till godlike Ajax finds the lot his own;
Surveys th' inscription with rejoicing eyes,
Then casts before him, and with transport cries:

very thing on earth to proceed from the immediate disposition of heaven, allows not even the lots to come up by chance, but places them in the hands of God. The people pray to him for the disposal of them, and beg that Ajax, Diomed or Agamemnon may be the person. In which the poet seems to make the army give his own sentiments, concerning the preference of valour in his heroes, to avoid an odious comparison in downright terms, which might have been inconsistent with his design of complementing the Grecian families. They afterwards offer up their prayers again, just as the combate is beginning, that if Ajax does not conquer, at least he may divide the glory with Hector; in which the commentators observe Homer prepares the readers for what is to happen in the sequel.

℣. 225. *Surveys th' inscription*] There is no necessity to suppose that they put any letters upon these lots, at least not their names, because the herald could not tell to whom the lot of Ajax belonged, until he claimed it himself. It is more probable that they made some private mark or signet each upon his own lot. The

Warriors! I claim the lot, and arm with joy;
Be mine the conquest of this chief of Troy.

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lot was only a piece of wood, a shell, or any thing that lay at hand. Eustathius.

℣. 227. *Warriors! I claim the lot.*] This is the first speech of Ajax in the Iliad. He is no orator, but always expresses himself in short; generally bragging or threatening; and very positive. The appellation of ἕρκος Ἀχαιῶν, the *bulwark of the Greeks*, which Homer almost constantly gives him, is extremely proper to the bulk, strength, and immobility of this heavy hero, who on all occasions is made to stand to the business and support the brunt. These qualifications are given him, that he may last out, when the rest of the chief heroes are wounded: this makes him of excellent use in Iliad 13, *etc.* He there puts a stop to the whole force of the enemy, and a long time prevents the firing of the ships. It is particularly observable, that he is never assisted by any deity, as the others are. Yet one would think Mars had been no improper patron for him, there being some resemblance in the boisterous character of that God and this hero. However it be, this consideration may partly account for a particular, which else might very well raise a question: why Ajax, who is in this book superior in strength to Hector, should afterward in the Iliad shun to meet him, and appear his inferior? We see the Gods make this difference: Hector is not only assisted by them in his own person, but his men second him, whereas those of Ajax are dispirited by heaven: to which one may add another which is a natural reason, Hector in this book expresly tells Ajax, "he will now make use of no skill or art in fighting "with him." The Greek in bare brutal strength proved too hard for Hector, and therefore he might be supposed afterwards to have exerted his dexterity against him.

Now, while my brightest arms my limbs invest,
To Saturn's son be all your vows addrest:
But pray in secret, lest the foes should hear,
And deem your pray'rs the mean effect of fear.
Said I in secret? No, your vows declare,
In such a voice as fills the earth and air.
Lives there a chief whom Ajax ought to dread,
Ajax, in all the toils of battel bred?
From warlike Salamis I drew my birth,
And born to combates, fear no force of earth.
  He said. The troops, with elevated eyes,
Implore the God whose thunder rends the skies.
O father of mankind, superior lord!
On lofty Ida's holy hill ador'd;
Who in the highest heav'n has fix'd thy throne,
Supreme of Gods! unbounded, and alone:
Grant thou, that Telamon may bear away
The praise and conquest of this doubtful day;
Or if illustrious Hector be thy care,
That both may claim it, and that both may share.
  Now Ajax brac'd his dazling armour on;
Sheath'd in bright steel the giant-warrior shone:
He moves to combate with majestic pace;
So stalks in arms the grizly God of Thrace,

℣. 251. *He moves to combate.*] This description is full of the sublime imagery so peculiar to our author. The Grecian champion is drawn in all that terrible glory with which he equals his heroes to the gods: he is no less dreadful than Mars moving to battel, to execute the

When Jove to punish faithless men prepares,
And gives whole nations to the waste of wars.
Thus march'd the chief, tremendous as a God;
Grimly he smil'd; earth trembled as he strode:
His massy jav'lin quiv'ring in his hand,
He stood, the bulwark of the Grecian band.
Thro' ev'ry Argive heart new transport ran;
All Troy stood trembling at the mighty man.
Ev'n Hector paus'd; and with new doubt opprest,
Felt his great heart suspended in his breast:
'Twas vain to seek retreat, and vain to fear;
Himself had challeng'd, and the foe drew near.

Stern Telamon behind his ample shield,
As from a brazen tow'r, o'erlook'd the field.
Huge was its orb, with sev'n thick folds o'ercast,
Of tough bull-hides; of solid brass the last.

decrees of Jove upon mankind, and determine the fate of nations. His march, his posture, his countenance, his bulk, his tower-like shield; in a word, his whole figure, strikes our eyes in all the strongest colours of poetry. We look upon him as a deity, and are not astonished at those emotions which Hector feels at the sight of him.

℣. 269. *The work of Tychius.*] I shall ask leave to transcribe here the story of this Tychius, as we have it in the ancient *Life of Homer*, attributed to Herodotus. "Homer falling into poverty, determined to go to "Cuma, and as he past through the plain of Hermus, "came to a place called *the new wall*, which was a co-"lony of the Cumæans. Here (*after he had recited* "*five verses in celebration of Cuma*) he was received by "a leather-dresser, whose name was Tychius, into his

(The work of Tychius, who in Hyle dwell'd,
And all in arts of armoury excell'd.)
This Ajax bore before his manly breast,
And threat'ning, thus his adverse chief addrest.

Hector! approach my arm, and singly know
What strength thou hast, and what the Grecian foe.

" house, where he shewed to his host and his company, " a poem on the expedition of Amphiaraus, and his " hymns. The admiration he there obtained procured " him a present subsistence. They shew to this day " with great veneration the place where he sate when " he recited his verses, and a poplar which they affirm " to have grown there in his time." If there be any thing in this story, we have reason to be pleased with the grateful temper of our poet, who took this occasion of immortalizing the name of an ordinary tradesman, who had obliged him. The same account of his life takes notice of several other instances of his gratitude in the same kind.

℣. 270. *In arts of armoury.*] I have called Tychius an armourer, rather than a leather-dresser or currier; his making the shield of Ajax authorizes one expression as well as the other; and though that which Homer uses had no lowness or vulgarity in the Greek, it is not to admitted into English heroic verse.

℣. 273. *Hector! approach my arm,* etc.] I think it needless to observe how exactly this speech of Ajax corresponds with his blunt and soldier-like character. The same propriety, in regard to this hero, is maintained throughout the Iliad. The business he is about is all that employs his head, and he speaks of nothing but fighting. The last line is an image of his mind at all times.

No more——be sudden, and begin the fight.

Achilles ſhuns the fight; yet ſome there are,
Not void of ſoul, and not unſkill'd in war:
Let him, unactive, on the ſea-beat ſhore,
Indulge his wrath, and aid our arms no more;
Whole troops of heroes Greece has yet to boaſt,
And ſends thee one, a ſample of her hoſt.
Such as I am, I come to prove thy might;
No more——be ſudden, and begin the fight.

O ſon of Telamon, thy country's pride!
(To Ajax thus the Trojan prince reply'd)
Me, as a boy or woman, would'ſt thou fright,
New to the field, and trembling at the fight?
Thou meet'ſt a chief deſerving of thy arms,
To combate born, and bred amidſt alarms:
I know to ſhift my ground, remount the car,
Turn, charge, and anſwer ev'ry call of war;

℣. 285. *Me, as a boy or woman, would'ſt thou fright.*] This reply of Hector ſeems rather to allude to ſome geſture Ajax had uſed in his approach to him, *as ſhaking his ſpear*, or the like, than to any thing he had ſaid in his ſpeech. For what he had told him amounts to no more, than that there were ſeveral in the Grecian army who had courted the honour of this combate as well as himſelf. I think one muſt obſerve many things of this kind in Homer, that allude to the particular attitude or action, in which the author ſuppoſes the perſon to be at that time.

℣. 290. *Turn, charge, and anſwer ev'ry call of war.*] The Greek is, *To move my feet to the ſound of Mars*: which ſeems to ſhew that thoſe military dances were in uſe even in Homer's time, which were afterwards practiſed in Greece.

To right, to left, the dextrous lance I wield,
And bear thick battel on my founding shield.
But open be our fight, and bold each blow;
I steal no conquest from a noble foe.

He said, and rising, high above the field
Whirl'd the long lance against the sev'nfold shield,
Full on the brass descending from above
Thro' six bull-hides the furious weapon drove,
'Till in the seventh it fix'd. Then Ajax threw,
Thro' Hector's shield the forceful jav'lin flew,
His corslet enters, and his garment rends,
And glancing downwards near his flank descends.
The wary Trojan shrinks, and bending low
Beneath his buckler, disappoints the blow.
From their bor'd shields the chiefs their jav'lins drew,
Then close impetuous, and the charge renew:
Fierce as the mountain lions bath'd in blood,
Or foaming boars, the terror of the wood.
At Ajax Hector his long lance extends;
The blunted point against the buckler bends.
But Ajax watchful as his foe drew near,
Drove thro' the Trojan targe the knotty spear;

ỳ. 305. *From their bor'd shields the chiefs their jav'lins drew.*] Homer in this combate makes his heroes perform all their exercises with all sorts of weapons; first darting lances at distance, then advancing closer and pushing with spears, then casting stones, and lastly attacking with swords; in every one of which the poet gives the superiority to his countryman. It is farther observable, (as Eustathius remarks) that Ajax allows Hector an advantage in throwing the first spear.

It reach'd his neck, with matchleſs ſtrength impell'd;
Spouts the black gore, and dims his ſhining ſhield.
Yet ceas'd not Hector thus; but, ſtooping down,
In his ſtrong hand up-heav'd a flinty ſtone,
Black, craggy, vaſt: to this his force he bends;
Full on the brazen boſs the ſtone deſcends;
The hollow braſs reſounded with the ſhock.
Then Ajax ſeiz'd the fragment of a rock,
Apply'd each nerve, and ſwinging round on high,
With force tempeſtuous let the ruin fly:
The huge ſtone thund'ring thro' his buckler broke:
His ſlacken'd knees receiv'd the numbing ſtroke;
Great Hector falls extended on the field,
His bulk ſupporting on the ſhatter'd ſhield;
Nor wanted heav'nly aid: Apollo's might
Confirm'd his ſinews, and reſtor'd to fight.
And now both heroes their broad faulchions drew:
In flaming circles round their heads they flew;
But then by Heralds voice the word was giv'n,
The ſacred miniſters of earth and heav'n;

℣. 328. *Apollo's might.*] In the beginning of this book we left Apollo perching upon a tree, in the ſhape of a vultur, to behold the combate: he comes now very opportunely to ſave his favourite Hector. Euſtathius ſays that Apollo is the ſame with Deſtiny, ſo that when Homer ſays Apollo ſaved him, he means no more than that it was not his fate yet to die, as Helenus had foretold him.

℣. 332. *Heralds, the ſacred miniſters.*] The heralds of old were ſacred perſons, accounted the delegates of Mercury, and inviolable by the law of nations. The

ancient

Divine Talthybius whom the Greeks employ,
And sage Idæus on the part of Troy,
Between the swords, their peaceful sceptres rear'd;
And first Idæus' awful voice was heard.

Forebar, my sons! your farther force to prove,
Both dear to men, and both belov'd of Jove.
To either host your matchless worth is known,
Each sounds your praise, and war is all your own.
But now the night extends her awful shade;
The goddess parts you: be the night obey'd.

To whom great Ajax his high soul express'd.
O sage! to Hector be these words address'd.

ancient histories have many examples of the severity exercised against those who committed any outrage upon them. Their office was to assist in the sacrifices and councils, to proclaim war or peace, to command silence at ceremonies or single combates, to part the combatants, and to declare the conqueror, *etc.*

ỷ. 334. *Divine Talthybius* etc.] This interposition of the two heralds to part the combatants, on the approach of the night, is applied by Tasso to the single combate of Tancred and Argantes, in the sixth book of his Jerusalem. The herald's speech, and particularly that remarkable injunction to *obey the night*, are translated literally by that author. The combatants there also part not without a promise of meeting again in battel, on some more favourable opportunity.

ỷ. 337. *And first Idæus.*] Homer observes a just decorum in making Idæus the Trojan herald speak first, to end the combate wherein Hector had the disadvantage. Ajax is very sensible of this difference, when in his reply he requires that Hector should first ask for a cessation, as he was the challenger. Eustathius.

Let him, who firſt provok'd our chiefs to fight,
Let him demand the ſanction of the night;
If firſt he aſk it, I content obey,
And ceaſe the ſtrife when Hector ſhows the way.

Oh firſt of Greeks! (his noble foe rejoin'd)
Whom heav'n adorns, ſuperior to thy kind,
With ſtrength of body, and with worth of mind!
Now martial law commands us to forbear;
Hereafter we ſhall meet in glorious war.
Some future day ſhall lengthen out the ſtrife,
And let the Gods decide of death or life!
Since then the night extends her gloomy ſhade,
And heav'n enjoins it, be the night obey'd.
Return, brave Ajax, to thy Grecian friends,
And joy the nations whom thy arm defends;
As I ſhall glad each chief, and Trojan wife,
Who wearies heav'n with vows for Hector's life.

ỿ. 350. *Oh firſt of Greeks* etc.] Hector, how hardly ſoever he is preſt by his preſent circumſtance, ſays nothing to obtain a truce that is not ſtrictly conſiſtent with his honour. When he praiſes Ajax, it leſſens his own diſadvantage, and he is careful to extol him only above the Greeks, without acknowleging him more valiant than himſelf or the Trojans: Hector is always jealous of the honour of his country. In what follows we ſee he keeps himſelf on a level with his adverſary; *Hereafter we ſhall meet.—Go thou, and give the ſame joy to thy Grecians for thy eſcape, as I ſhall to my Trojans. The point of honour* in all this is very nicely preſerved.

ỿ. 362. *Who wearies heav'n with vows for Hector's life.*] Euſtathius gives many ſolutions of the difficulty in theſe words, Θεῖον ἀγῶνα: They mean either that the

But let us, on this memorable day,
Exchange some gift; that Greece and Troy may say,
" Not hate, but glory, made these chiefs contend;
" And each brave foe was in his soul a friend."
With that, a sword with stars of silver grac'd,
The baldric studded, and the sheath enchas'd,
He gave the Greek. The gen'rous Greek bestow'd
A radiant belt that rich with purple glow'd.

Trojan ladies will pray to the Gods for him (ἀγωνίως or *certatim*) with the utmost zeal and transport; or that they will go in procession to the temples for him (εἰς θεῖον ἀγῶνα, *cœtum Deorum*;) or that they will pray to him as to a God, ὥστε Θεῷ τινὶ εὔξονταί μοι.

ỳ. 364. *Exchange some gift.*] There is nothing that gives us a greater pleasure in reading an heroic poem, than the generosity which one brave enemy shews to another. The proposal made here by Hector, and so readily embraced by Ajax, makes the parting of these two heroes more glorious to them than the continuance of the combate could have been. A French critic is shocked at Hector's making proposals to Ajax with an air of equality; he says a man that is vanquished, instead of talking of presents, ought to retire with shame from his conqueror. But that Hector was vanquished, is by no means to be allowed; Homer had told us that his strength was restored by Apollo, and that the two combatants were engaging again upon equal terms with their swords. So that this criticism falls to nothing. For the rest, it is said that this exchange of presents between Hector and Ajax gave birth to a proverb, That the presents of enemies are generally fatal. For Ajax with this sword afterwards killed himself, and Hector was dragged by this belt at the chariot of Achilles.

Then with majestic grace they quit the plain;
This seeks the Grecian, that the Phrygian train.

The Trojan bands returning Hector wait,
And hail with joy the champion of their state:
Escap'd great Ajax, they survey'd him round,
Alive, unharm'd, and vig'rous from his wound.
To Troy's high gates the godlike man they bear,
Their present triumph, as their late despair.

But Ajax, glorying in his hardy deed,
The well-arm'd Greeks to Agamemnon lead.
A steer for sacrifice the king design'd,
Of full five years, and of the nobler kind.
The victim falls; they strip the smoking hide,
The beast they quarter, and the joints divide;
Then spread the tables, the repast prepare,
Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.
The king himself (an honorary sign)
Before great Ajax plac'd the mighty chine.

℣. 388. *Before great Ajax plac'd the mighty chine.*] This is one of those passages that will naturally fall under the ridicule of a true modern critic. But what Agamemnon here bestows on Ajax was in former times a great mark of respect and honour: not only as it was customary to distinguish the quality of their guests, by the largeness of the portions assigned them at their tables, but as this part of the victim peculiarly belonged to the king himself. It is worth remarking on this occasion, that the simplicity of those times allowed the eating of no other flesh but beef, mutton, or kid: this is the food of the heroes of Homer, and the patriarchs and warriors of the Old Testament. Fishing and fowling

When now the rage of hunger was remov'd;
Neſtor, in each perſuaſive art approv'd,
The ſage whoſe counſels long had ſway'd the reſt,
In words like theſe his prudent thought expreſt.
How dear, O kings! this fatal day has coſt,
What Greeks are periſh'd! what a people loſt!
What tides of blood have drench'd Scamander's ſhore!
What crouds of heroes ſunk, to riſe no more!
Then hear me, chief! nor let the morrow's light
Awake thy ſquadrons to new toils of fight:
Some ſpace at leaſt permit the war to breathe,
While we to flames our ſlaughter'd friends bequeathe.

were the arts of more luxurious nations, and came much later into Greece and Iſrael.

One cannot read this paſſage without being pleaſed with the wonderful ſimplicity of the old heroic ages. We have here a gallant warrior returning victorious (for that he thought himſelf ſo, appears from theſe words κεχαρηότα νίκῃ) from a ſingle combate with the braveſt of his enemies; and he is no otherwiſe rewarded, than with a larger portion of the ſacrifice at ſupper. Thus an upper ſeat, or a more capacious bowl, was a recompence for the greateſt actions; and thus the only reward in the olympic games was a pine-branch, or a chaplet of parſley or wild olive. The latter part of this note belongs to Euſtathius.

ψ. 400. *While we to flames*, etc.] There is a great deal of artifice in this counſel of Neſtor, of burning the dead, and raiſing a fortification; for though piety was the ſpecious pretext, their ſecurity was the real aim of the truce, which they made uſe of to finiſh their works. Their doing this at the ſame time they erected the funeral-piles, made the impoſition eaſy upon the enemy,

From the red field their ſcatter'd bodies bear,
And nigh the fleet a fun'ral ſtructure rear;

who might naturally miſtake one work for the other. And this alſo obviates a plain objection, *viz.* Why the Trojans did not interrupt them in this work? the truce determined no exact time, but as much as was needful for diſcharging the rites of the dead.

I fancy it may not be unwelcome to the reader to inlarge a little upon the way of *diſpoſing the dead* among the ancients. It may be proved from innumerable inſtances, that the Hebrews interred their dead; thus Abraham's burying-place is frequently mentioned in ſcripture: and that the Ægyptians did the ſame, is plain from their embalming them. Some have been of opinion, that the uſage of burning the dead was originally to prevent any outrage to the bodies from their enemies; which imagination is rendered not improbable by that paſſage in the firſt book of Samuel, where the Iſraelites burn the bodies of Saul and his ſons, after they had been miſuſed by the Philiſtines, even though their common cuſtom was to bury their dead: and ſo Sylla among the Romans was the firſt of his family who ordered his body to be burnt, for fear the barbarities he had exerciſed on that of Marius might be retaliated upon his own. Tully, *De Legibus lib.* 2. *Proculdubio cremandi ritus a Græcis venit, nam ſepultum legimus Numam ad Anienis fontem; totique genti Corneliæ ſolenne fuiſſe ſepulchrum, uſque ad Syllam, qui primus ex ea gente crematus eſt.* The Greeks uſed both ways of interring and burning; Patroclus was burned, and Ajax laid in the ground, as appears from Sophocles's Ajax, lin. 1185.

> Σπεῦσον κοίλην κάπετόν τιν ἰδεῖν
> Τῷ δε τάφον.——————

Haſten (ſays the chorus) *to prepare a hollow hole, a grave, for this man.*

So decent urns their snowy bones may keep,
And pious children o'er their ashes weep.
Here, where on one promiscuous pile they blaz'd,
High o'er them all a gen'ral tomb be rais'd;
Next, to secure our camp, and naval pow'rs,
Raise an embattel'd wall, with lofty tow'rs;
From space to space be ample gates around,
For passing chariots, and a trench profound.
So Greece to combate shall in safety go,
Nor fear the fierce incursions of the foe.
'Twas thus the sage his wholsome counsel mov'd;
The scepter'd kings of Greece his words approv'd.

Thucydides, in his second book, mentions λάρνακας κυπαρισσίνας, coffins or chests made of cypress wood, in which the Athenians kept the bones of their friends that died in the wars.

The Romans derived from the Greeks both these customs of burning and burying: *In urbe neve* SEPELITO *neve* URITO, says the law of the twelve tables. The place where they burned the dead was set apart for this religious use, and called *Glebe*; from which practice the name is yet applied to all the grounds belonging to the church.

Plutarch observes, that Homer is the first who mentions one general tomb for a number of dead persons. Here is a Tumulus built round the Pyre, not to bury their bodies, for they were to be burned; nor to receive the bones, for those were to be carryed to Greece; but perhaps to interr their ashes, (which custom may be gathered from a passage in Iliad 23. ℣. 255.) or it might be only a Cenotaph in remembrance of the dead.

Meanwhile, conven'd at Priam's palace-gate,
The Trojan peers in nightly council sate:
A senate void of order, as of choice,
Their hearts were fearful, and confus'd their voice.
Antenor rising, thus demands their ear:
Ye Trojans, Dardans, and auxiliars hear!
'Tis heav'n the counsel of my breast inspires,
And I but move what ev'ry God requires:
Let Sparta's treasures be this hour restor'd,
And Argive Helen own her ancient Lord.
The ties of faith, the sworn alliance broke,
Our impious battels the just Gods provoke.
As this advice ye practise, or reject,
So hope success, or dread the dire effect.
The senior spoke, and sate. To whom reply'd
The graceful husband of the Spartan bride.

℣. 416. *The Trojan peers in nightly council sate.*] There is a great beauty in the two epithets Homer gives to this council, δεινὴ, τετρηχυῖα, *timida, turbulenta.* The unjust side is always fearful and discordant. I think M. Dacier has not intirely done justice to this thought in her translation. Horace seems to have accounted this an useful and necessary part that contained the great moral of the Iliad, as may be seen from his selecting it in particular from the rest, in his epistle to Lollius.

Fabula, qua Paridis propter narratur amorem,
Græcia Barbariæ lento collisa duello,
Stultorum regum et populorum continet æstus.
Antenor censet belli præcidere causam.
Quid Paris? Ut salvus regnet, vivatque beatus,
Cogi posse negat.——————

Cold counsels, Trojan, may become thy years,
But sound ungrateful in a warrior's ears:
Old man, if void of fallacy or art,
Thy words express the purpose of thy heart,
Thou, in thy time, more sound advice hast giv'n;
But wisdom has its date, assign'd by heav'n.
Then hear me, princes of the Trojan name!
Their treasures I'll restore, but not the dame;
My treasures too, for peace, I will resign;
But be this bright possession ever mine.

'Twas then, the growing discord to compose,
Slow from his seat the rev'rend Priam rose:
His godlike aspect deep attention drew:
He paus'd, and these pacific words ensue.

Ye Trojans, Dardans, and auxiliar bands!
Now take refreshment as the hour demands:
Guard well the walls, relieve the watch of night,
'Till the new sun restores the chearful light:

ŷ. 442. *The rev'rend Priam rose.* Priam rejects the wholesome advice of Antenor, and complies with his son. This is indeed extremely natural to the indulgent character and easy nature of the old king, of which the whole Trojan war is a proof; but I could wish Homer had not just in this place celebrated his wisdom in calling him Θεόφιν μήστωρ ἀτάλαντος. *Spondanus* refers this blindness of Priam to the power of fate, the time now approaching when Troy was to be punished for its injustice. Something like this weak fondness of a father is described in the scripture, in the story of David and Absalom.

Then ſhall our herald to th' Atrides ſent,
Before their ſhips proclaim my ſon's intent.
Next let a truce be aſk'd, that Troy may burn
Her ſlaughter'd heroes, and their bones in-urn;
That done, once more the fate of war be try'd,
And whoſe the conqueſt, mighty Jove decide!

The monarch ſpoke: the warriors ſnatch'd with haſte
(Each at his poſt in arms) a ſhort repaſte.
Soon as the roſy morn had wak'd the day,
To the black ſhips Idæus bent his way;
There, to the ſons of Mars, in council found,
He rais'd his voice: the hoſt ſtood liſt'ning round.

Ye ſons of Atreus, and ye Greeks, give ear!
The words of Troy, and Troy's great monarch hear.

ỳ. 451. *Next let a truce be aſk'd.*] The conduct of Homer in this place is remarkable: he makes Priam propoſe in council to ſend to the Greeks to aſk a truce to bury the dead. This the Greeks themſelves had before determined to propoſe: but it being more honourable to his country, the poet makes the Trojan herald prevent any propoſition that could be made by the Greeks. Thus they are requeſted to do what they themſelves were about to requeſt, and have the honour to comply with a propoſal which they themſelves would otherwiſe have taken as a favour. Euſtathius.

ỳ. 456. *Each at his poſt in arms.*] We have here the manner of the Trojans taking their repaſt: not promiſcuouſly, but each at his poſt. Homer was ſenſible that military men ought not to remit their guard, even while they refreſh themſelves, but in every action diſplay the ſoldier. Euſtathius.

ỳ. 461. *The ſpeech of Idæus.*] The propoſition of reſtoring the treaſures, and not Helen, is ſent as from

Pleas'd may ye hear (ſo heav'n ſucceed my pray'rs)
What Paris, author of the war, declares.
The ſpoils and treaſures he to Ilion bore,
(Oh had he periſh'd ere they touch'd our ſhore)
He proffers injur'd Greece; with large increaſe
Of added Trojan wealth to buy the peace.
But to reſtore the beauteous bride again,
This Greece demands, and Troy requeſts in vain.
Next, O ye chiefs! we aſk a truce to burn
Our ſlaughter'd heroes, and their bones in-urn.
That done, once more the fate of war be try'd,
And whoſe the conqueſt, mighty Jove decide!

The Greeks gave ear, but none the ſilence broke;
At length Tydides roſe, and riſing ſpoke.

Paris only; in which his father ſeems to permit him to treat by himſelf as a ſovereign prince, and the ſole author of the war. But the herald ſeems to exceed his commiſſion in what he tells the Greeks. Paris only offered to reſtore the treaſures he took from Greece, not including thoſe he brought from Sidon and other coaſts, where he touched in his voyage: but Idæus here proffers all that he had brought to Troy. He adds, as from himſelf, a wiſh that Paris had periſhed in that voyage. Some ancient expoſitors ſuppoſe thoſe words to be ſpoken aſide, or in a low voice, as it is uſual in dramatic poetry. But without that ſalvo, a generous love for the welfare of his country might tranſport Idæus into ſome warm expreſſions againſt the author of its woes. He lays aſide the herald to act the patriot, and ſpeaks with indignation againſt Paris, that he may influence the Grecian captains to give a favourable anſwer. Euſtathius.

ỳ. 475. *The Greeks gave ear, but none the ſilence broke.*]

Oh take not, friends! defrauded of your fame,
Their proffer'd wealth, nor ev'n the Spartan dame.
Let conquest make them ours: fate shakes their wall,
And Troy already totters to her fall.

Th' admiring chiefs, and all the Grecian name,
With gen'ral shouts return'd him loud acclaim.
Then thus the king of kings rejects the peace:
Herald! in him thou hear'st the voice of Greece.
For what remains; let fun'ral flames be fed
With heroes corps: I war not with the dead:
Go search your slaughter'd chiefs on yonder plain,
And gratify the Manes of the slain.

This silence of the Greeks might naturally proceed from an opinion, that however desirous they were to put an end to this long war, Menelaus would never consent to relinquish Helen, which was the thing insisted upon by Paris. Eustathius accounts for it in another manner, and it is from him M. Dacier has taken her remark. The princes (says he) were silent, because it was the part of Agamemnon to determine in matters of this nature; and Agamemnon is silent, being willing to hear the inclinations of the princes. By this means he avoided the imputation of exposing the Greeks to dangers for his advantage and glory; since he only gave the answer which was put into his mouth by the princes, with a general applause of the army.

ỳ. 477. *Oh take not, Greeks,* etc.] There is a peculiar decorum in making Diomed the author of this advice, to reject even Helen if she were offered; this had not agreed with an amorous husband like Menelaus, nor with a cunning politician like Ulysses, nor with a wise old man like Nestor. But it is proper to Diomed, not only as a young fearless warrior, but as he is in particular an enemy to the interests of Venus.

Be witness, Jove, whose thunder rolls on high:
He said, and rear'd his sceptre to the sky.
  To sacred Troy, where all her princes lay
To wait th' event, the herald bent his way.
He came, and standing in the midst, explain'd
The peace rejected, but the truce obtain'd.
Strait to their sev'ral cares the Trojans move,
Some search the plains, some fell the sounding grove:
Nor less the Greeks, descending on the shore,
Hew'd the green forests, and the bodies bore.
And now from forth the chambers of the main,
To shed his sacred light on earth again,
Arose the golden chariot of the day,
And tipt the mountains with a purple ray.
In mingled throngs the Greek and Trojan train
Thro' heaps of carnage search'd the mournful plain.
Scarce could the friend his slaughter'd friend explore,
With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with gore.
The wounds they wash'd, their pious tears they shed,
And, laid along their cars, deplor'd the dead.

℣. 508. *And, laid along their cars.*] These probably were not chariots, but carriages; for Homer makes Nestor say in ℣. 332. of the orignal, that this was to be done with mules and oxen, which were not commonly joined to chariots, and the word κυκλήσομεν there, may be applied to any vehicle that runs on wheels. Ἅμαξα signifies indifferently *plaustrum* and *currus*; and our English word *car* implies either. But if they did use chariots in bearing their dead, it is at least evident, that those chariots were drawn by mules and oxen at funeral

Sage Priam check'd their grief: with silent haste
The bodies decent on the piles were plac'd:
With melting hearts the cold remains they burn'd;
And sadly slow, to sacred Troy return'd.
Nor less the Greeks their pious sorrows shed,
And decent on the pile dispose the dead;
The cold remains consume with equal care;
And slowly, sadly, to their fleet repair.
Now, ere the morn had streak'd with red'ning light
The doubtful confines of the day and night;
About the dying flames the Greeks appear'd,
And round the pile a gen'ral tomb they rear'd.
Then, to secure the camp and naval pow'rs,
They rais'd embattel'd walls with lofty tow'rs:

solemnities. Homer's using the word ἄμαξα and not δίφρος, confirms this opinion.

℣. 501. *Then, to secure the camp, etc.*] Homer has been accused of an offence against probability, in causing this fortification to be made so late as in the last year of the war. M. Dacier answers to this objection, That the Greeks had no occasion for it until the departure of Achilles: he alone was a greater defence to them; and Homer had told the reader in a preceding book, that the Trojans never durst venture out of the walls of Troy while Achilles fought: these intrenchments therefore serve to raise the glory of his principal hero, since they become necessary as soon as he withdraws his aid. She might have added, that Achilles himself says all this, and makes Homer's apology in the ninth book, ℣. 460. The same author, speaking of this fortification, seems to doubt whether the use of intrenching camps was known in the Trojan war, and is rather inclined to think Homer borrowed it from what

From ſpace to ſpace were ample gates around,
For paſſing chariots; and a trench profound,
Of large extent; and deep in earth below
Strong piles infix'd ſtood adverſe to the foe.

So toil'd the Greeks: Meanwhile the Gods above
In ſhining circle round their father Jove,

was practiſed in his own time. But I believe (if we conſider the caution with which he has been obſerved, in ſome inſtances already given, to preſerve the manners of the age he writes of, in contradiſtinction to what was practiſed in his own;) we may reaſonably conclude the art of fortification was in uſe even ſo long before him, and in the degree of perfection that he here deſcribes it. If it was not, and if Homer was fond of deſcribing an improvement in this art made in his own days; nothing could be better contrived than his feigning Neſtor to be the author of it, whoſe wiſdom and experience in war rendered it probable that he might carry his projects farther than the reſt of his contemporaries. We have here a fortification as perfect as any in the modern times: a ſtrong wall is thrown up, towers are built upon it from ſpace to ſpace, gates are made to iſſue out at, and a ditch ſunk, deep, wide and long, to all which paliſades are added to compleat it.

℣. 527. *Meanwhile the Gods.*] The fiction of this wall raiſed by the Greeks, has given no little advantage to Homer's poem, in furniſhing him with an opportunity of changing the ſcene, and in a great degree the ſubject and accidents of his battels; ſo that the following deſcriptions of war are totally different from all the foregoing. He takes care at the firſt mention of it to fix in us a great idea of this work, by making the Gods immediately concerned about it. We ſee Neptune jealous leſt the glory of his own work, the walls of Troy, ſhould be effaced by it; and Jupiter comforting him

Amaz'd beheld the wond'rous works of man:
Then he, whoſe trident ſhakes the earth, began.

What mortals henceforth ſhall our power adore,
Our fanes frequent, our oracles implore,
If the proud Grecians thus ſucceſsful boaſt
Their riſing bulwarks on the ſea-beat coaſt?

with a prophecy that it ſhall be totally deſtroyed in a ſhort time. Homer was ſenſible that as this was a building of his imagination only, and not founded (like many other of his deſcriptions) upon ſome antiquities or traditions of the country, ſo poſterity might convict him of a falſity, when no remains of any ſuch wall ſhould be ſeen on the coaſt. Therefore (as Ariſtotle obſerves) he has found this way to elude the cenſure of an improbable fiction: the word of Jove was fulfilled, the hands of the Gods, the force of the rivers, and the waves of the ſea, demoliſhed it. In the twelfth book he digreſſes from the ſubject of his poem, to deſcribe the execution of this prophecy. The verſes there are very noble, and have given the hint to Milton for thoſe in which he accounts after the ſame poetical manner, for the vaniſhing of the terreſtrial paradiſe.

——— All fountains of the deep
Broke up, ſhall heave the ocean to uſurp
Beyond all bounds, 'till inundation riſe
Above the higheſt hills: then ſhall this mount
Of Paradiſe by might of waves be mov'd
Out of its place, puſh'd by the horned flood,
With all its verdure ſpoil'd, and trees adrift,
Down the great river to the opening gulf,
And there take root, an iſland ſalt and bare,
The haunt of ſeals and orcs, and ſea-mews clang.

See the long walls extending to the main,
No God consulted, and no victim slain!
Their fame shall fill the world's remotest ends;
Wide, as the morn her golden beam extends.
While old Laomedon's divine abodes,
Those radiant structures rais'd by lab'ring Gods,
Shall, raz'd and lost, in long oblivion sleep.
Thus spoke the hoary monarch of the deep.

Th' almighty thund'rer with a frown replies,
That clouds the world, and blackens half the skies.
Strong God of Ocean! thou, whose rage can make
The solid earth's eternal basis shake!
What cause of fear from mortal works cou'd move
The meanest subject of our realms above?
Where-e'er the sun's refulgent rays are cast,
Thy pow'r is honour'd, and thy fame shall last.
But yon' proud work no future age shall view,
No trace remain where once the glory grew.
The sapp'd foundations by thy force shall fall,
And whelm'd beneath thy waves, drop the huge wall:
Vast drifts of sand shall change the former shore;
The ruin vanish'd, and the name no more.

Thus they in heav'n: while, o'er the Grecian train,
The rolling sun descending to the main
Beheld the finish'd work. Their bulls they slew:
Black from the tents the sav'ry vapours flew.

And now the fleet, arriv'd from Lemnos' strands,
With Bacchus' blessings chear'd the gen'rous bands.
Of fragrant wines the rich Eunæus sent
A thousand measures to the royal tent.
(Eunæus, whom Hypsipyle of yore
To Jason, shepherd of his people, bore.)
The rest they purchas'd at their proper cost,
And well the plenteous freight supply'd the host:
Each, in exchange, proportion'd treasures gave:
Some brass, or iron, some an ox, or slave,
All night they feast, the Greek and Trojan pow'rs;
Those on the fields, and these within their tow'rs.
But Jove averse the signs of wrath display'd,
And shot red light'nings thro' the gloomy shade:

℣. 561. *And now the fleet*, etc.] The verses from hence to the end of the book, afford us the knowlege of some points of history and antiquity. As that Jason had a son by Hypsipyle, who succeeded his mother in the kingdom of Lemnos: that the isle of Lemnos was anciently famous for its wines, and drove a traffic in them; and that coined money was not in use in the time of the Trojan war, but the trade of countries carried on by exchange in gross, brass, oxen, slaves *etc.* I must not forget the particular term used here for slave, ἀνδράποδον, which is literally the same with our modern word *footman*.

℣. 573. *But Jove averse*, etc.] The signs by which Jupiter here shews his wrath against the Grecians, are a prelude to those more open declarations of his anger which follow in the next book, and prepare the mind of the reader for that machine, which might otherwise seem too bold and violent.

Humbled they ſtood; pale horrour ſeiz'd on all,
While the deep thunder ſhook th' aerial hall.
Each pour'd to Jove before the bowl was crown'd,
And large libations drench'd the thirſty ground:
Then late refreſh'd with ſleep from toils of fight,
Enjoy'd the balmy bleſſings of the night.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſecond battel, and the diſtreſs of the Greeks.

JUPITER aſſembles a council of the deities, and threatens them with the pains of Tartarus if they aſſiſt either ſide: Minerva only obtains of him that ſhe may direct the Greeks by her counſels. The armies join battel; Jupiter on mount Ida weighs in his balances the fates of both, and affrights the Greeks with his thunders and lightenings. Neſtor alone continues in the field in great danger; Diomed relieves him; whoſe exploits, and thoſe of Hector, are excellently deſcribed. Juno endeavours to animate Neptune to the aſſiſtance of the Greeks, but in vain. The acts of Teucer, who is at length wounded by Hector, and carried off. Juno and Minerva prepare to aid the Grecians, but are reſtrained by Iris, ſent from Jupiter. The night puts an end to the battel. Hector continues the field (the Greeks being driven to their fortification before the ſhips) and gives orders to keep the watch all night in the camp, to prevent the enemy from re-imbarking and eſcaping by flight. They kindle fires through all the field, and paſs the night under arms.

The time of ſeven and twenty days is employed from the opening of the poem to the end of this book. The ſcene here (except of the celeſtial machines) lies in the field toward the ſea-ſhore.

AURORA now, fair daughter of the dawn,
Sprinkled with roſy light the dewy lawn;
When Jove conven'd the ſenate of the ſkies,
Where high Olympus' cloudy tops ariſe.
The ſire of Gods his awful ſilence broke;
The heav'ns attentive trembled as he ſpoke.

Celeſtial ſtates, immortal Gods! give ear,
Hear our decree, and rev'rence what ye hear;
The fix'd decree which not all heav'n can move;
Thou fate! fulfil it; and, ye powers! approve!
What God but enters yon' forbidden field,
Who yields aſſiſtance, or but wills to yield;

Homer, like moſt of the Greeks, is thought to have travelled into Ægypt, and brought from the prieſts there, not only their learning, but their manner of conveying it in fables and hieroglyphics. This is neceſſary to be conſidered by thoſe who would thoroughly penetrate into the beauty and deſign of many parts of this author: for whoever reflects that this was the mode of learning in thoſe times, will make no doubt but there are ſeveral myſteries both of natural and moral philoſophy involved in his fictions, which otherwiſe in the literal meaning appear too trivial or irrational; and it is but juſt, when theſe are not plain or immediately intelligible, to imagine that ſomething of this kind may be hid under them. Nevertheleſs, as Homer travelled not with a direct view of writing philoſophy or theology, ſo he might often uſe theſe hieroglyphical fables and traditions as embelliſhments of his poetry only, without taking the pains to open their myſtical meaning to his readers, and perhaps without diving very deeply into it himſelf.

Back to the skies with shame he shall be driv'n,
Gash'd with dishonest wounds, the scorn of heav'n:
Or far, oh far from steep Olympus thrown,
Low in the dark Tartarean gulf shall groan,
With burning chains fix'd to the brazen floors,
And lock'd by hell's inexorable doors;

℣. 16. *Low in the dark Tartarean gulf*, etc.] This opinion of Tartarus, the place of torture for the impious after death, might be taken from the Ægyptians: for it seems not improbable, as some writers have observed, that some tradition might then be spread in the eastern parts of the world, of the fall of the angels, the punishment of the damned, and other sacred truths which were afterwards more fully explained and taught by the prophets and apostles. These Homer seems to allude to in this and other passages; as where Vulcan is said to be precipitated from heaven in the first book; where Jupiter threatens Mars with Tartarus in the fifth, and where the dæmon of Discord is cast out of heaven in the nineteenth. Virgil has translated a part of these lines in the sixth Æneid.

——*Tum Tartarus ipse*
Bis patet in præceps tantum, tenditque sub umbras
Quantus ad æthereum cœli suspectus Olympum.

And Milton in his first book,

As far remov'd from God and light of heav'n,
As from the centre thrice to th' utmost pole.

It may not be unpleasing just to observe the gradation in these three great poets, as if they had vied with each other, in extending this idea of the depth of hell. Homer says as far, Virgil twice as far, Milton thrice.

As deep beneath th' infernal centre hurl'd,
As from that centre to th' æthereal world.
Let him who tempts me dread thoſe dire abodes;
And know, th' almighty is the God of Gods.
League all your forces then, ye pow'rs above,
Join all, and try th' omnipotence of Jove:
Let down our golden, everlaſting chain,
Whoſe ſtrong embrace holds heav'n, and earth, and main:

℣. 25. *Let down our golden, everlaſting chain.*] The various opinions of the ancients concerning this paſſage are collected by Euſtathius. Jupiter ſays, *If he holds this chain of gold, the force of all the Gods is unable to draw him down, but he can draw up them, the ſeas and the earth, and cauſe the whole univerſe to hang unactive.* Some think that Jupiter ſignifies the Æther, the golden chain the ſun: if the Æther did not temper the rays of the ſun as they paſs through it, his beams would not only drink up and exhale the ocean in vapours, but alſo exhale the moiſture from the veins of the earth, which is the cement that holds it together: by which means the whole creation would become unactive, and all its powers ſuſpended.

Others affirm, that by this golden chain may be meant the days of the world's duration, ἡμέρας αἰῶνος, which are as it were painted by the luſtre of the ſun, and follow one another in a ſucceſſive chain until they arrive at their final period: while Jupiter or the Æther (which the ancients called the ſoul of all things) ſtill remains unchanged.

Plato in his Theætetus ſays, that by this golden chain is meant the ſun, whoſe rays enliven all nature, and cement the parts of the univerſe.

The Stoics will have it, that by Jupiter is implied deſtiny, which over-rules every thing both upon and above the earth.

Strive all, of mortal and immortal birth,
To drag, by this, the thund'rer down to earth:
Ye ſtrive in vain! if I but ſtretch this hand,
I heave the Gods, the Ocean, and the land;
I fix the chain to great Olympus' height,
And the vaſt world hangs trembling in my ſight!
For ſuch I reign, unbounded and above;
And ſuch are men, and gods, compar'd to Jove.
Th' Almighty ſpoke, nor durſt the pow'rs reply,
A rev'rend horrour ſilenc'd all the ſky;

Others (delighted with their own conceits) imagine that Homer intended to repreſent the excellence of monarchy; that the ſceptre ought to be ſwayed by one hand, and that all the wheels of government ſhould be put in motion by one perſon.

But I fancy a much better interpretation may be found for this, if we allow (as there is great reaſon to believe) that the Ægyptians underſtood the true ſyſtem of the world, and that Pythagoras firſt learned it from them. They held that the planets were kept in their orbits by gravitation upon the ſun, which was therefore called *Jovis carcer*; and ſometimes by the ſun (as Macrobius informs us) is meant Jupiter himſelf: we ſee too that the moſt prevailing opinion of antiquity fixes it to the ſun; ſo that I think it will be no ſtrained interpretation to ſay, that by the inability of the gods to pull Jupiter out of his place with this Catena, may be underſtood the ſuperior attractive force of the ſun, whereby he continues unmoved, and draws all the reſt of the planets toward him.

℣. 35. *Th' Almighty ſpoke.*] Homer in this whole paſſage plainly ſhews his belief of one ſupreme, omnipotent God, whom he introduces with a majeſty and ſuperiority worthy the great ruler of the univerſe. Ac-

Trembling they ſtood before their ſov'reign's look;
At length his beſt-belov'd, the pow'r of Wiſdom, ſpoke.
  Oh firſt and greateſt! God, by Gods ador'd!
We own thy might, our father and our Lord!
But ah! permit to pity human ſtate:
If not to help, at leaſt lament their fate.
From fields forbidden we ſubmiſs refrain,
With arms unaiding mourn our Argives ſlain;
Yet grant my counſels ſtill their breaſts may move,
Or all muſt periſh in the wrath of Jove.
  The cloud-compelling God her ſuit approv'd,
And ſmil'd ſuperior on his beſt-belov'd.

cordingly Juſtin Martyr cites it as a proof of our author's attributing the power and government of all things to one firſt God, whoſe divinity is ſo far ſuperior to all other deities, that if compared to him, they may be ranked among mortals. *Admon. ad gentes.* Upon this account, and with the authority of that learned father, I have ventured to apply to Jupiter in this place ſuch appellatives as are ſuitable to the ſupreme deity: a practice I would be cautious of uſing in many other paſſages, where the notions and deſcriptions of our author muſt be owned to be unworthy of the divinity.

℣. 39. *Oh firſt and greateſt!* etc.] Homer is not only to be admired for keeping up the characters of his heroes, but for adapting his ſpeeches to the characters of his gods. Had Juno here given the reply, ſhe would have begun with ſome mark of reſentment, but Pallas is all ſubmiſſion; Juno would probably have contradicted him, but Pallas only begs leave to be ſorry for thoſe whom ſhe muſt not aſſiſt; Juno would have ſpoken with the prerogative of a wife, but Pallas makes her addreſs with the obſequiouſneſs of a prudent daughter. Euſtathius.

Then call'd his courſers, and his chariot took;
The ſtedfaſt firmament beneath them ſhook:
Rapt by th' æthereal ſteeds the chariot roll'd;
Braſs were their hoofs, their curling manes of gold.
Of heav'n's undroſſy gold the God's array
Refulgent, flaſh'd intolerable day.
High on the throne he ſhines: his courſers fly
Between th' extended earth and ſtarry ſky.
But when to Ida's topmoſt height he came,
(Fair nurſe of fountains, and of ſavage game)
Where o'er her pointed ſummits proudly rais'd,
His fane breath'd odours, and his altar blaz'd:
There, from his radiant car, the ſacred ſire
Of Gods and men releas'd the ſteeds of fire:
Blue ambient miſts th' immortal ſteeds embrac'd;
High on the cloudy point his ſeat he plac'd;
Thence his broad eye the ſubject world ſurveys,
The town, and tents, and navigable ſeas.

Now had the Grecians ſnatch'd a ſhort repaſte,
And buckled on their ſhining arms with haſte.
Troy rouz'd as ſoon; for on this dreadful day
The fate of fathers, wives, and infants lay.

ŷ. 69. *For on this dreadful day The fate of fathers, wives, and infants lay.*] It may be neceſſary to explain, why the Trojans thought themſelves obliged to fight in order to defend their wives and children. One would think they might have kept within their walls; the Grecians made no attempt to batter them, neither were they inveſted; and the country was open on all ſides, except towards the ſea, to give them proviſions. The

The gates unfolding pour forth all their train;
Squadrons on ſquadrons cloud the duſky plain:
Men, ſteeds and chariots ſhake the trembling ground;
The tumult thickens, and the ſkies reſound.
And now with ſhouts the ſhocking armies clos'd,
To lances lances, ſhields to ſhields oppos'd,
Hoſt againſt hoſt with ſhadowy legions drew,
The ſounding darts in iron tempeſts flew,
Victors and vanquiſh'd join promiſcuous cries,
Triumphant ſhouts and dying groans ariſe;
With ſtreaming blood the ſlipp'ry fields are dy'd,
And ſlaughter'd heroes ſwell the dreadful tyde.

moſt natural thought is, that they and their auxiliaries being very numerous, could not ſubſiſt but from a large country about them; and perhaps not without the ſea, and the rivers, where the Greeks encamped: that in time the Greeks would have ſurrounded them, and blocked up every avenue to their town: that they thought themſelves obliged to defend the country with all the inhabitants of it, and that indeed at firſt this was rather a war between two nations, and became not properly a ſiege until afterwards.

℣. 71. *The gates unfolding*, etc.] There is a wonderful ſublimity in theſe lines; one ſees in the deſcription the gates of a warlike city thrown open, and an army pouring forth; and hears the trampling of men and horſes ruſhing to the battel.

Theſe verſes are, as Euſtathius obſerves, only a repetition of a former paſſage; which ſhews that the poet was particularly pleaſed with them, and that he was not aſhamed of a repetition, when he could not expreſs the ſame image more happily than he had already done.

Long as the morning beams increafing bright,
O'er heav'n's clear azure fpread the facred light;
Commutual death the fate of war confounds,
Each adverfe battel goar'd with equal wounds.
But when the fun the height of heav'n afcends;
The fire of gods his golden fcales fufpends,

ỳ. 84. *The facred light.*] Homer, defcribing the advance of the day from morning until noon, calls it ἱερὸν, or facred, fays Euftathius, who gives this reafon for it, becaufe that part of the day was allotted to facrifice and religious worfhip.

ỳ. 88. *The fire of gods his golden fcales fufpends.*] This figure, reprefenting God as weighing the deftinies of men in his balances, was firft made ufe of in holy writ. In the book of Job, which is acknowleged to be one of the moft ancient of the fcriptures, he prays to be *weighed in an even balance, that God may know his integrity.* Daniel declares from God to Belfhazzar, *thou art weighed in the balances, and found light.* And Proverbs, ch. 16. ỳ. 11. *A juft weight and balance are the Lord's.* Our author has it again in the twenty-fecond Iliad, and it appeared fo beautiful to fucceeding poets, that Æfchylus (as we are told by Plutarch de aud. Poetis) writ a whole tragedy upon this foundation, which he called Pfychoftafia, or *the weighing of fouls.* In this he introduced Thetis and Aurora ftanding on either fide of Jupiter's fcales, and praying each for her fon while the heroes fought.

> Καὶ τότε δὴ χρύσεια πατὴρ ἐτίταινε τάλαντα,
> Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει δύο κῆρε τανηλεγέος θανάτοιο,
> Ἕλκε δὲ μέσσα λαβών· ῥέπε δ' Ἕκτορος αἴσιμον ἦμαρ.

It has been copied by Virgil in the laft Æneid.

With equal hand: in theſe explor'd the fate
Of Greece and Troy, and pois'd the mighty weight.

Jupiter ipſe duas æquato examine lances
Suſtinet, et fata imponit diverſa duorum:
Quem damnet labor, et quo vergat pondere lethum.

I cannot agree with madam Dacier that theſe verſes are inferior to Homer's; but Macrobius obſerves with ſome colour, that the application of them is not ſo juſt as in our author; for Virgil had made Juno ſay before, that Turnus would certainly periſh.

Nunc juvenem imparibus video concurrere fatis,
Parcarumque dies et vis inimica propinquat.

So that there was leſs reaſon for weighing his fate with that of Æneas after that declaration. Scaliger trifles miſerably, when he ſays, Juno might have learned this from the fates, though Jupiter did not know it, before he conſulted them by weighing the ſcales. But Macrobius's excuſe in behalf of Virgil is much better worth regard: I ſhall tranſcribe it intire, as it is perhaps the fineſt period in all that author. *Hæc et alia ignoſcenda Virgilio, qui ſtudii circa Homerum nimietate excedit modum. Et revera non poterat non in aliquibus minor videri, qui per omnem poeſim ſuam hoc uno eſt præcipue uſus archetypo. Acriter enim in Homerum oculos intendit, ut æmularetur ejus non modo magnitudinem ſed et ſimplicitatem et præſentiam orationis, et tacitam majeſtatem. Hinc diverſarum inter heroas ſuas perſonarum varia magnificatio, hinc Deorum interpoſitio, hinc autoritas fabuloſa, hinc affectuum naturalium expreſſio, hinc monumentorum perſecutio, hinc parabolarum exaggeratio, hinc torrentis orationis ſonitus, hinc rerum ſingularum cum ſplendore faſtigium.* Sat. l. 5. c. 13.

As to the aſcent or deſcent of the ſcales, Euſtathius explains it in this manner. The deſcent of the ſcale

Preſs'd with its load, the Grecian balance lies
Low ſunk on earth, the Trojan ſtrikes the ſkies.

toward earth ſignifies unhappineſs and death, the earth being the place of misfortune and mortality; the mounting of it ſignifies proſperity and life, the ſuperior regions being the ſeats of felicity and immortality.

Milton has admirably improved upon this fine fiction, and with an alteration agreeable to a Chriſtian poet. He feigns that the Almighty weighed Satan in ſuch ſcales, but judiciouſly makes this difference, that the mounting of his ſcale denoted ill ſucceſs; whereas the ſame circumſtance in Homer points the victory. His reaſon was, becauſe Satan was immortal, and therefore the ſinking of his ſcale could not ſignify death, but the mounting of it did his *lightneſs*, conformable to the expreſſion we juſt now cited from Daniel.

Th' Eternal, to prevent ſuch horrid fray,
Hung forth in heaven his golden ſcales, yet ſeen
Between Aſtræa and the Scorpion ſign:
Wherein all things created firſt he weigh'd,
The pendulous round earth, with balanc'd air,
In counterpoiſe; now ponders all events,
Battels and realms: in theſe he put two weights,
The ſequel each of parting and of fight:
The latter quick up-flew, and kick'd the beam.

I believe upon the whole this may with juſtice be preferred both to Homer's and Virgil's, on account of the beautiful alluſion to the ſign of Libra in the heavens, and that noble imagination of the Maker's weighing the whole world at the creation, and all the events of it ſince; ſo correſpondent at once to philoſophy, and to the ſtyle of the ſcriptures.

Then Jove from Ida's top his horrours ſpreads;
The clouds burſt dreadful o'er the Grecian heads;
Thick light'nings flaſh; the mutt'ring thunder rolls;
Their ſtrength he withers, and unmans their ſouls.

℣. 93. *Then Jove from Ida's top,* etc.] This diſtreſs of the Greeks being ſuppoſed, Jupiter's preſence was abſolutely neceſſary to bring them into it: for the inferior gods that were friendly to Greece were rather more in number and ſuperior in force to thoſe that favoured Troy; and the poet had ſhewed before, when both armies were left to themſelves, that the Greeks could overcome the Trojans; beſides, it would have been an indelible reflection upon his countrymen to have been vanquiſhed by a ſmaller number. Therefore nothing leſs than the immediate interpoſition of Jupiter was requiſite, which ſhews the wonderful addreſs of the poet in his machinery. Virgil makes Turnus ſay in the laſt Æneid,

——— *Dii me terrent et Jupiter hoſtis.*

And indeed this defeat of the Greeks ſeems more to their glory than all their victories, ſince even Jupiter's omnipotence could with difficulty effect it.

℣. 95. *Thick lightnings flaſh.*] This notion of Jupiter's declaring againſt the Greeks by thunder and lightning, is drawn (ſays Dacier) from truth itſelf: 1 Sam. ch. 7. *And as Samuel was offering up the burnt-offering, the Philiſtines drew near to battel againſt Iſrael: but the Lord thundered with a great thunder on that day upon the Philiſtines, and diſcomfited them, and they were ſmitten before Iſrael.* To which may be added, that in the 18th Pſalm: *The Lord thundered in the heavens, and the Higheſt gave his voice; hail-ſtones and coals of fire. Yea, he ſent out his arrows and ſcattered them; he ſhot out lightnings and diſcomfited them.*

Upon occaſion of the various ſucceſſes given by Ju-

Before his wrath the trembling hosts retire;
The God in terrors, and the skies on fire.

piter, now to Grecians, now to Trojans, whom he suffers to perish interchangeably; some have fancied this supposition injurious to the nature of the sovereign being, as representing him variable or inconstant in his rewards and punishments. It may be answered, that as God makes use of some people to chastise others, and none are totally void of crimes, he often decrees to punish those very persons for lesser sins, whom he makes his instruments to punish others for greater: so purging them from their own iniquities before they become worthy to be chastisers of other men's. This is the case of the Greeks here, whom Jupiter permits to suffer many ways, though he had destined them to revenge the rape of Helen upon Troy. There is a history in the Bible just of this nature. In the 20th chapter of Judges, the Israelites are commanded to make war against the tribe of Benjamin, to punish a rape on the wife of a Levite committed in the city of Gibeah: when they have laid siege to the place, the Benjamites sally upon them with so much vigour, that a great number of the besiegers are destroyed: they are astonished at these defeats, as having undertaken the siege in obedience to the command of God: but they are still ordered to persist, until at length they burn the city, and almost extinguish the race of Benjamin. There are many instances in scripture, where heaven is represented to change its decrees according to the repentance or relapses of men: Hezekias is ordered to prepare for death, and afterwards fifteen years are added to his life. It is foretold to Achab, that he should perish miserably, and then upon his humiliation God defers the punishment until the reign of his successor, *etc.*

I must confess, that in comparing passages of the sacred books with our author, one ought to use a great deal of caution and respect. If there are some places in scripture

Nor great Idomeneus that ſight could bear,
Nor each ſtern Ajax, thunderbolts of war:
Nor he, the king of men, th' alarm ſuſtain'd;
Neſtor alone amidſt the ſtorm remain'd.
Unwilling he remain'd, for Paris' dart
Had pierc'd his courſer in a mortal part;
Fix'd in the forehead where the ſpringing mane
Curl'd o'er the brow, it ſtung him to the brain:
Mad with his anguiſh, he begins to rear,
Paw with his hoofs aloft, and laſh the air.
Scarce had his faulchion cut the reins, and freed
Th' incumber'd chariot from the dying ſteed,
When dreadful Hector, thund'ring thro' the war,
Pour'd to the tumult on his whirling car.
That day had ſtretch'd beneath his matchleſs hand
The hoary monarch of the Pylian band,
But Diomed beheld; from forth the croud
He ruſh'd, and on Ulyſſes call'd aloud.

that in compliance to human underſtanding repreſent the deity as acting by motives like thoſe of men; there are infinitely more that ſhew him as he is, all perfection, juſtice, and beneficence; whereas in Homer the general tenor of the poem repreſents Jupiter as a being ſubject to paſſion, inequality, and imperfection. I think M. Dacier has carried theſe compariſons too far, and is too zealous to defend him upon every occaſion in the points of theology and doctrine.

℣. 115. *But Diomed beheld.*] The whole following ſtory of Neſtor and Diomed is admirably contrived to raiſe the character of the latter. He maintains his intrepidity, and ventures ſingly to bring off the old hero,

Whither, oh whither does Ulyſſes run?
Oh flight unworthy great Laertes' ſon!
Mix'd with the vulgar ſhall thy fate be found,
Pierc'd in the back, a vile, diſhoneſt wound?
Oh turn and ſave from Hector's direful rage
The glory of the Greeks, the Pylian ſage.

notwithſtanding the general conſternation. The art of Homer will appear wonderful to any one who conſiders all the circumſtances of this part, and by what degrees he reconciles this flight of Diomed to that undaunted character. The thunderbolt falls juſt before him; that is not enough; Neſtor adviſes him to ſubmit to heaven; this does not prevail, he cannot bear the thoughts of flight: Neſtor drives back the chariot without his conſent; he is again inclined to go on until Jupiter again declares againſt him. Theſe two heroes are very artfully placed together, becauſe none but a perſon of Neſtor's authority and wiſdom could have prevailed upon Diomed to retreat: a younger warrior could not ſo well in honour have given him ſuch counſel, and from no other would he have taken it. To cauſe Diomed to fly, required both the counſel of Neſtor, and the thunder of Jupiter.

℣. 121. *Oh turn and ſave*, etc.] There is a decorum in making Diomed call Ulyſſes to the aſſiſtance of his brother ſage; for who better knew the importance of Neſtor, than Ulyſſes? But the queſtion is, whether Ulyſſes did not drop Neſtor, as one great miniſter would do another, and fancied he ſhould be the wiſe man when the other was gone? Euſtathius indeed is of opinion that Homer meant not to caſt any aſperſion on Ulyſſes, nor would have given him ſo many noble appellations when in the ſame breath he reflected upon his courage. But perhaps the contrary opinion may not be ill grounded, if we obſerve the manner of Homer's expreſſion.

His fruitleſs words are loſt unheard in air,
Ulyſſes ſeeks the ſhips, and ſhelters there.
But bold Tydides to the reſcue goes,
A ſingle warrior 'midſt a hoſt of foes;
Before the courſers with a ſudden ſpring
He leap'd, and anxious thus beſpoke the king.

Great perils, father! wait th' unequal fight;
Theſe younger champions will oppreſs thy might.
Thy veins no more with ancient vigour glow,
Weak is thy ſervant, and thy courſers ſlow.
Then haſte, aſcend my ſeat, and from the car
Obſerve the ſteeds of Tros, renown'd in war,
Practis'd alike to turn, to ſtop, to chace,
To dare the fight, or urge the rapid race:
Theſe late obey'd Æneas' guiding rein;
Leave thou thy chariot to our faithful train:
With theſe againſt yon' Trojans will we go,
Nor ſhall great Hector want an equal foe;
Fierce as he is, ev'n he may learn to fear
The thirſty fury of my flying ſpear.

Diomed called Ulyſſes, but Ulyſſes was deaf, he *did not hear;* and whereas the poet ſays of the reſt, that they had not the *hardineſs* to ſtay, Ulyſſes is not only ſaid to *fly*, but παρήϊξεν, to make *violent haſte* towards the navy. Ovid at leaſt underſtood it thus, for he puts an objection in Ajax's mouth, Metam. 13. drawn from this paſſage, which would have been improper, had not Ulyſſes made more ſpeed than he ought; ſince Ajax on the ſame occaſion retreated as well as he.

ỳ. 142. *The thirſty fury of my flying ſpear.*] Homer has figures of that boldneſs which it is impoſſible to preſerve

Thus ſaid the chief; and Neſtor, ſkill'd in war,
Approves his counſel, and aſcends the car;
The ſteeds he left, their truſty ſervants hold;
Eurymedon, and Sthenelus the bold.
The rev'rend charioteer directs the courſe,
And ſtrains his aged arm to laſh the horſe.
Hector they face; unknowing how to fear,
Fierce he drove on; Tydides whirl'd his ſpear.
The ſpear with erring haſte miſtook its way,
But plung'd in Eniopeus' boſom lay.
His opening hand in death forſakes the rein;
The ſteeds fly back: he falls, and ſpurns the plain.
Great Hector ſorrows for his ſervant kill'd,
Yet unreveng'd permits to preſs the field;
'Till to ſupply his place and rule the car,
Roſe Archeptolemus, the fierce in war.
And now had death and horror cover'd all;
Like tim'rous flocks the Trojans in their wall

preſerve in another language. The words in the original are Δόρυ μαίνεται, *Hector ſhall ſee if my ſpear is mad in my hands.* The tranſlation pretends only to have taken ſome ſhadow of this, in animating the ſpear, giving it *fury*, and ſtrengthening the figure with the epithet *thirſty*.

℣. 159. *And now had death*, etc.] Euſtathius obſerves how wonderfully Homer ſtill advances the character of Diomed: when all the leaders of Greece were retreated, the poet ſays that had not Jupiter interpoſed, Diomed alone had driven the whole army of Troy to their walls, and with his ſingle hand have vanquiſhed an army.

Inclos'd had bled: but Jove with awful found
Roll'd the big thunder o'er the vaſt profound:
Full in Tydides' face the lightning flew;
The ground before him flam'd with ſulphur blue:

ỳ. 164. *The ground before him flam'd.*] Here is a battel deſcribed with ſo much fire, that the warmeſt imagination of an able painter cannot add a circumſtance to heighten the ſurprize or horror of the picture. Here is what they call the Fracas, or hurry and tumult of the action in the utmoſt ſtrength of colouring, upon the fore-ground; and the repoſe or ſolemnity at a diſtance, with great propriety and judgment. Firſt, in the Eloignement, we behold Jupiter in golden armour, ſurrounded with glory, upon the ſummit of mount Ida; his chariot and horſes by him, wrapt in dark clouds. In the next place below the horizon, appear the clouds rolling and opening, through which the lightning flaſhes in the face of the Greeks, who are flying on all ſides; Agamemnon and the reſt of the commanders in the rear, in poſtures of aſtoniſhment. Towards the middle of the piece, we ſee Neſtor in the utmoſt diſtreſs, one of his horſes having a deadly wound in the forehead with a dart, which makes him rear and writhe, and diſorder the reſt. Neſtor is cutting the harneſs with his ſword, while Hector advances driving full ſpeed. Diomed interpoſes, in an action of the utmoſt fierceneſs and intrepidity: theſe two heroes make the principal figures and ſubject of the picture. A burning thunderbolt falls juſt before the feet of Diomed's horſes, from whence a horrid flame of ſulphur riſes.

This is only a ſpecimen of a ſingle picture deſigned by Homer, out of the many with which he has beautified the Iliad. And indeed every thing is ſo natural and ſo lively, that the hiſtory painter would generally have no more to do, but to delineate the forms, and copy the circumſtances, juſt as he finds them deſcribed

The quiv'ring ſteeds fell proſtrate at the ſight;
And Neſtor's trembling hand confeſs'd his fright;
He drop'd the reins; and ſhook with ſacred dread,
Thus, turning, warn'd th' intrepid Diomed.
O chief! too daring in thy friend's defence,
Retire adviſ'd, and urge the chariot hence.
This day, averſe, the ſov'reign of the ſkies
Aſſiſts great Hector, and our palm denies.
Some other ſun may ſee the happier hour,
When Greece ſhall conquer by his heav'nly pow'r.
'Tis not in man his fix'd decree to move:
The great will glory to ſubmit to Jove.
O rev'rend prince! (Tydides thus replies)
Thy years are awful, and thy words are wiſe.
But ah, what grief! ſhould haughty Hector boaſt,
I fled inglorious to the guarded coaſt.
Before that dire diſgrace ſhall blaſt my fame,
O'erwhelm me, earth; and hide a warrior's ſhame.
To whom Gerenian Neſtor thus reply'd:
Gods! can thy courage fear the Phrygian's pride?
Hector may vaunt, but who ſhall heed the boaſt?
Not thoſe who felt thy arm, the Dardan hoſt,
Nor Troy, yet bleeding in her heroes loſt;
Not ev'n a Phrygian dame, who dreads the ſword
That laid in duſt her lov'd, lamented lord.

by this great maſter. We cannot therefore wonder at what has been ſo often ſaid of Homer's furniſhing ideas to the moſt famous painters of antiquity.

He ſaid, and haſty, o'er the gaſping throng
Drives the ſwift ſteeds; the chariot ſmokes along.
The ſhouts of Trojans thicken in the wind;
The ſtorm of hiſſing jav'lins pours behind.
Then with a voice that ſhakes the ſolid ſkies,
Pleas'd Hector braves the warrior as he flies.
Go, mighty hero! grac'd above the reſt
In ſeats of council and the ſumptuous feaſt:
Now hope no more thoſe honours from thy train;
Go, leſs than woman, in the form of man!
To ſcale our walls, to wrap our tow'rs in flames,
To lead in exile the fair Phrygian dames,
Thy once proud hopes, preſumptuous prince! are fled;
This arm ſhall reach thy heart, and ſtretch thee dead.

Now fears diſſuade him, and now hopes invite,
To ſtop his courſers, and to ſtand the fight;
Thrice turn'd the chief, and thrice imperial Jove
On Ida's ſummits thunder'd from above.
Great Hector heard; he ſaw the flaſhing light,
(The ſign of conqueſt) and thus urg'd the fight.

Hear, ev'ry Trojan, Lycian, Dardan band,
All fam'd in war, and dreadful hand to hand.

ỿ. 194. *The ſolid ſkies.*] Homer ſometimes calls the heavens *brazen*, Οὐρανὸν πολύχαλκον, and Jupiter's palace, χαλκοβατὲς δῶ. One might think from hence that the notion of the *ſolidity of the heavens*, which is indeed very ancient, had been generally received. The ſcripture uſes expreſſions agreeable to it, *A heaven of braſs*, and the *firmament*.

Be mindful of the wreaths your arms have won,
Your great forefathers glories, and your own.
Heard ye the voice of Jove? ſucceſs and fame
Await on Troy, on Greece eternal ſhame.
In vain they ſkulk behind their boaſted wall,
Weak bulwarks! deſtin'd by this arm to fall.
High o'er their ſlighted trench our ſteeds ſhall bound,
And paſs victorious o'er the levell'd mound.
Soon as before yon' hollow ſhips we ſtand,
Fight each with flames, and toſs the blazing brand;
'Till their proud navy wrapt in ſmoke and fires,
All Greece, encompaſs'd, in one blaze expires.

Furious he ſaid; then bending o'er the yoke,
Encourag'd his proud ſteeds, while thus he ſpoke.
Now Xanthus, Æthon, Lampus! urge the chace,
And thou, Podargus! prove thy gen'rous race:

℣. 214. *Heard ye the voice of Jove?*] It was a noble and effectual manner of encouraging the troops, by telling them that God was ſurely on their ſide: this, it ſeems, has been an ancient practice, as it has been uſed in modern times by thoſe who never read Homer.

℣. 226. *Now Xanthus, Æthon,* etc.] There have been critics who blame this manner, introduced by Homer and copied by Virgil, of making a hero addreſs his diſcourſe to his horſes. Virgil has given human ſentiments to the horſe of Pallas, and made him weep for the death of his maſter. In the tenth Æneid, Mezentius ſpeaks to his horſe in the ſame manner as Hector does here. Nay, he makes Turnus utter a ſpeech to his ſpear, and invoke it as a divinity. All this is agreeable to the art of oratory, which makes it a precept to ſpeak to every thing, and make every thing ſpeak; of which

Be fleet, be fearleſs, this important day,
And all your maſter's well-ſpent care repay.
For this, high fed in plenteous ſtalls ye ſtand,
Serv'd with pure wheat, and by a princeſs' hand;
For this my ſpouſe of great Aetion's line
So oft' has ſteep'd the ſtrength'ning grain in wine.
Now ſwift purſue, now thunder uncontroll'd;
Give me to ſeize rich Neſtor's ſhield of gold;

there are innumerable applauded inſtances in the moſt celebrated orators. Nothing can be more ſpirited and affecting than this enthuſiaſm of Hector, who in the tranſport of his joy at the ſight of Diomed flying before him, breaks out into this apoſtrophe to his horſes, as he is purſuing. And indeed the air of this whole ſpeech is agreeable to a man drunk with the hopes of ſucceſs; and promiſing himſelf a ſeries of conqueſts. He has in imagination already forced the Grecian retrenchments, ſet the fleet in flames, and deſtroyed the whole army.

ỷ. 232. *For this my ſpouſe.*] There is, ſays M. Dacier, a ſecret beauty in this paſſage, which perhaps will only be perceived by thoſe who are particularly verſed in Homer. He deſcribes a princeſs ſo tender in her love to her huſband, that ſhe takes care conſtantly to go and meet him at his return from every battel; and in the joy of ſeeing him again, runs to his horſes, and gives them bread and wine as a teſtimony of her acknowlegement to them for bringing him back. Notwithſtanding the raillery that may be paſt upon this remark, I take a lady to be the beſt judge to what actions a woman may be carried by fondneſs to her huſband. Homer does not expreſly mention bread, but wheat; and the commentators are not agreed whether ſhe gave them wine to drink, or ſteeped the grain in it. Hobbes tranſlates it as I do.

From Tydeus' ſhoulders ſtrip the coſtly load,
Vulcanian arms, the labour of a God:
Theſe if we gain, then victory, ye pow'rs!
This night, this glorious night, the fleet is ours.
 That heard, deep anguiſh ſtung Saturnia's ſoul;
She ſhook her throne that ſhook the ſtarry pole:
And thus to Neptune: Thou, whoſe force can make
The ſtedfaſt earth from her foundations ſhake,
See'ſt thou the Greeks by fates unjuſt oppreſt,
Nor ſwells thy heart in that immortal breaſt?
Yet Ægæ, Helice, thy pow'r obey,
And gifts unceaſing on thine altars lay.
Would all the deities of Greece combine,
In vain the gloomy thund'rer might repine:
Sole ſhould he ſit, with ſcarce a God to friend,
And ſee his Trojans to the ſhades deſcend:
Such be the ſcene from his Idæan bow'r;
Ungrateful proſpect to the ſullen pow'r!
 Neptune with wrath rejects the raſh deſign:
What rage, what madneſs, furious queen, is thine?

℣. 237. *Vulcanian arms, the labour of a God.*] Theſe were the arms that Diomed had received from Glaucus, and a prize worthy Hector, being (as we are told in the ſixth book) intirely of gold. I do not remember any other place where the ſhield of Neſtor is celebrated by Homer.

℣. 246. *Yet Ægæ, Helice.*] Theſe were two cities of Greece in which Neptune was particulaly honoured, and in each of which there was a temple and a ſtatue of him.

I war not with the higheſt. All above
Submit and tremble at the hand of Jove.

Now godlike Hector, to whoſe matchleſs might
Jove gave the glory of the deſtin'd fight,
Squadrons on ſquadrons drives, and fills the fields
With cloſe-rang'd chariots, and with thicken'd ſhields.
Where the deep trench in length extended lay,
Compacted troops ſtand wedg'd in firm array,
A dreadful front! they ſhake the bands, and threat
With long-deſtroying flames the hoſtile fleet.
The king of men, by Juno's ſelf inſpir'd,
Toil'd thro' the tents, and all his army fir'd.
Swift as he mov'd, he lifted in his hand
His purple robe, bright enſign of command.
High on the midmoſt bark the king appear'd;
There, from Ulyſſes' deck, his voice was heard.

℣. 262. *Where the deep trench.*] That is to ſay, the ſpace betwixt the ditch and the wall was filled with the men and chariots of the Greeks: Hector not having yet paſt the ditch. Euſtathius.

℣. 269. *His purple robe.*] Agamemnon here addreſſes himſelf to the eyes of the army; his voice might have been loſt in the confuſion of a retreat, but the motion of this purple robe could not fail of attracting the regards of the ſoldiers. His ſpeech alſo is very remarkable; he firſt endeavours to ſhame them into courage, and then begs of Jupiter to give that courage ſucceſs; at leaſt ſo far as not to ſuffer the whole army to be deſtroyed. Euſtathius.

℣. 270. *High on the midmoſt bark,* etc.] We learn from hence the ſituation of the ſhips of Ulyſſes, Achilles and Ajax. The two latter being the ſtrongeſt heroes

To Ajax and Achilles reach'd the ſound,
Whoſe diſtant ſhips the guarded navy bound.
Oh Argives! ſhame of human race; he cry'd,
(The hollow veſſels to his voice reply'd)
Where now are all your glorious boaſts of yore,
Your haſty triumphs on the Lemnian ſhore?
Each fearleſs hero dares an hundred foes,
While the feaſt laſts, and while the goblet flows;
But who to meet one martial man is found,
When the fight rages, and the flames ſurround?
O mighty Jove! oh ſire of the diſtreſs'd!
Was ever king like me, like me oppreſs'd?
With pow'r immenſe, with juſtice arm'd in vain;
My glory raviſh'd, and my people ſlain!
To thee my vows were breath'd from ev'ry ſhore;
What altar ſmok'd not with our victims gore?
With fat of bulls I fed the conſtant flame,
And aſk'd deſtruction to the Trojan name.
Now, gracious God! far humbler our demand;
Give theſe at leaſt to 'ſcape from Hector's hand,
And ſave the relicts of the Grecian land!

Thus pray'd the king, and heav'n's great father heard
His vows, in bitterneſs of ſoul preferr'd;

of the army, were placed to defend either end of the fleet, as moſt obnoxious to the incurſions or ſurprizes of the enemy; and Ulyſſes, being the ableſt head, was allotted the middle place, as more ſafe and convenient for the council, and that he might be the nearer, if any emergency required his advice. Euſtathius, Spondanus.

℣. 293. *Thus pray'd the king, and heav'n's great fa-*

The wrath appeas'd, by happy ſigns declares,
And gives the people to their monarch's pray'rs.
His eagle, ſacred bird of heav'n! he ſent,
A fawn his talons truſs'd (divine portent!)

ther beard.] It is to be obſerved in general, that Homer hardly ever makes his heroes ſucceed, unleſs they have firſt offered a prayer to heaven. Whether they engage in war, go upon an embaſſy, undertake a voyage; in a word, whatever they enterprize, they almoſt always ſupplicate ſome God; and whenever we find this omitted, we may expect ſome adverſity to befall them in the courſe of the ſtory.

℣. 277. *The eagle, ſacred bird!*] Jupiter upon the prayers of Agamemnon ſends an omen to encourage the Greeks. The application of it is obvious: the eagle ſignified Hector, the fawn denoted the fear and flight of the Greeks, and being dropt at the altar of Jupiter, ſhewed that they would be ſaved by the protection of that God. The word Πανομφαῖος (ſays Euſtathius) has a great ſignificancy in this place. The Greeks having juſt received this happy omen from Jupiter, were offering oblations to him under the title of the *father of oracles*. There may alſo be a natural reaſon for this appellation, as Jupiter ſignified the Æther, which is the vehicle of all ſounds.

Virgil has a fine imitation of this paſſage, but diverſified with many more circumſtances, where he makes Juturna ſhew a prodigy of the like nature to encourage the Latins, Æn. 12.

Namque volans rubra fulvus Jovis ales in æthra,
Litoreas agitabat aves, turbamque ſonantem
Agminis aligeri: ſubito cum lapſus ad undas
Cycnum excellentem pedibus rapit improbus uncis.
Arrexere animos Itali: cunctæque volucres
Convertunt clamore fugam (mirabile viſu)

High o'er the wond'ring hosts he soar'd above,
Who paid their vows to Panomphæan Jove;
Then let the prey before his altar fall;
The Greeks beheld, and transport seiz'd on all:
Encourag'd by the sign, the troops revive,
And fierce on Troy, with doubled fury drive.
Tydides first, of all the Grecian force,
O'er the broad ditch impell'd his foaming horse,
Pierc'd the deep ranks, their strongest battel tore,
And dy'd his jav'lin red with Trojan gore.
Young Agelaus (Phradmon was his sire)
With flying coursers shun'd his dreadful ire:
Strook thro' the back, the Phrygian fell opprest;
The dart drove on, and issued at his breast:
Headlong he quits the car; his arms resound:
His pond'rous buckler thunders on the ground.
Forth rush a tide of Greeks, the passage freed;
Th' Atridæ first, th' Ajaces next succeed:

Ætheraque obscurant pennis, hostemque per auras
Facta nube premunt: donec vi victus et ipso
Pondere defecit, prædamque ex unguibus ales
Projecit fluvio, penitusque in nubila fugit.

℣. 305. *Tydides first.*] Diomed, as we have before seen, was the last that retreated from the thunder of Jupiter; he is now the first that returns to the battel. It is worth while to observe the behaviour of the hero upon this occasion: he retreats with the utmost reluctancy, and advances with the utmost ardour; he flies with greater impatience to meet danger, than he could before to put himself in safety. Eustathius.

Meriones, like Mars, in arms renown'd,
And godlike Idomen, now paſs'd the mound;
Evæmon's ſon next iſſues to the foe,
And laſt, young Teucer with his bended bow.
Secure behind the Telamonian ſhield
The ſkilful archer wide ſurvey'd the field,
With ev'ry ſhaft ſome hoſtile victim ſlew,
Then cloſe beneath the ſevenfold orb withdrew:
The conſcious infant ſo, when fear alarms,
Retires for ſafety to the mother's arms.
Thus Ajax guards his brother in the field,
Moves as he moves, and turns the ſhining ſhield.
Who firſt by Teucer's mortal arrows bled?
Orſilochus; then fell Ormenus dead:
The godlike Lycophon next preſs'd the plain,
With Chromius, Dætor, Opheleſtes ſlain:

ỷ. 321. *Secure behind the Telamonian ſhield.*] Euſtathius obſerves that Teucer being an excellent archer, and uſing only the bow, could not wear any arms which would incumber him, and render him leſs expedite in his archery. Homer, to ſecure him from the enemy, repreſents him as ſtanding behind Ajax's ſhield, and ſhooting from thence. Thus the poet gives us a new circumſtance of a battel, and though Ajax atchieves nothing himſelf, he maintains a ſuperiority over Teucer: Ajax may be ſaid to kill theſe Trojans with the arrows of Teucer.

There is alſo a wonderful tenderneſs in the ſimile with which he illuſtrates the retreat of Teucer behind the ſhield of Ajax: ſuch tender circumſtances ſoften the horrors of a battel, and diffuſe a ſort of ſerenity over the ſoul of the reader.

Bold Hamopaon breathleſs ſunk to ground;
The bloody pile great Melanippus crown'd.
Heaps fell on heaps, ſad trophies of his art,
A Trojan ghoſt attending ev'ry dart.
Great Agamemnon views with joyful eye
The ranks grow thinner as his arrows fly:
Oh youth for ever dear! (the monarch cry'd)
Thus, always thus, thy early worth be try'd;
Thy brave example ſhall retrieve our hoſt,
Thy country's ſaviour, and thy father's boaſt!
Sprung from an alien's bed thy ſire to grace,
The vig'rous offspring of a ſtol'n embrace.
Proud of his boy, he own'd the gen'rous flame,
And the brave ſon repays his cares with fame.

ỳ. 337. *Great Agamemnon views.*] Euſtathius obſerves that Homer would here teach the duty of a general in a battel. He muſt obſerve the behaviour of his ſoldiers: he muſt honour the hero, reproach the coward, reduce the diſorderly; and for the encouragement of the deſerving, he muſt promiſe rewards, that deſert in arms may not be paid with glory only.

ỳ. 343. *Sprung from an alien's bed.*] Agamemnon here, in the height of his commendations of Teucer, tells him of his ſpurious birth: this (ſays Euſtathius) was reckoned no diſgrace among the ancients; nothing being more common than for heroes of old to take their female captives to their beds; and as ſuch captives were then given for a reward of valour, and as a matter of glory, it could be no reproach to be deſcended from them. Thus Teucer (ſays Euſtathius) was deſcended from Telamon and Heſione the ſiſter of Priam, a female captive.

Now hear a monarch's vow: If heav'n's high pow'rs
Give me to raze Troy's long-defended tow'rs;
Whatever treaſures Greece for me deſign,
The next rich honorary gift be thine:
Some golden tripod, or diſtinguiſh'd car,
With courſers dreadful in the ranks of war,
Or ſome fair captive whom thy eyes approve,
Shall recompenſe the warrior's toils with love.

To this the chief: With praiſe the reſt inſpire,
Nor urge a ſoul already fill'd with fire.
What ſtrength I have, be now in battel try'd,
'Till ev'ry ſhaft in Phrygian blood be dy'd.
Since rallying from our wall we forc'd the foe,
Still aim'd at Hector have I bent my bow:
Eight forky arrows from this hand have fled,
And eight bold heroes by their points lie dead:
But ſure ſome God denies me to deſtroy
This fury of the field, this dog of Troy.

℣. 364. *This dog of Troy.*] This is literal from the Greek, and I have ventured it, as no improper expreſſion of the rage of Teucer, for having been ſo often diſappointed in his aim, and of his paſſion againſt that enemy who had ſo long prevented all the hopes of the Grecians. Milton was not ſcrupulous of imitating even theſe, which the modern refiners call unmannerly ſtrokes of our author, (who knew to what extremes human paſſions might proceed, and was not aſhamed to copy them.) He has put this very expreſſion into the mouth of God himſelf, who upon beholding the havock which *ſin* and *death* made in the world, is moved in his indignation to cry out,

See with what heat theſe dogs of hell advance!

He ſaid, and twang'd the ſtring. The weapon flies
At Hector's breaſt, and ſings along the ſkies:
He miſs'd the mark; but pierc'd Gorgythio's heart,
And drenc'd in royal blood the thirſty dart.
(Fair Caſtianira, nymph of form divine,
This offspring added to king Priam's line.)
As full-blown poppies overcharg'd with rain
Decline the head, and drooping kiſs the plain;

ỳ. 367. *He miſs'd the mark.*] Theſe words, ſays Euſtathius, are very artfully inſerted: the reader might wonder why ſo ſkilful an archer ſhould ſo often miſs his mark, and it was neceſſary that Teucer ſhould miſs Hector, becauſe Homer could not falſify the hiſtory: this difficulty he removes by the intervention of Apollo, who wafts the arrow aſide from him: the poet does not tell us that this was done by the hand of a God, until the arrow of Teucer came ſo near Hector as to kill his charioteer, which made ſome ſuch contrivance neceſſary.

ỳ. 371. *As full-blown poppies.*] This ſimile is very beautiful, and exactly repreſents the manner of Gorgythion's death: there is ſuch a ſweetneſs in the compariſon, that it makes us pity the youth's fall, and almoſt feel his wound. Virgil has applied it to the death of Euryalus.

——Inque humeros cervix collapſa recumbit:
Purpureus veluti cum flos ſuccifus aratro
Langueſcit moriens; laſſove papavera collo
Demiſere caput, pluvia cum forte gravantur.

This is finely improved by the Roman author, with the particulars of *ſuccifus aratro*, and *laſſo collo*. But it may on the other hand be obſerved in the favour of Homer,

So ſinks the youth: his beauteous head, depreſt
Beneath his helmet, drops upon his breaſt.
Another ſhaft the raging archer drew:
That other ſhaft with erring fury flew,
(From Hector Phœbus turn'd the flying wound)
Yet fell not dry or guiltleſs to the ground:
Thy breaſt, brave Archeptolemus! it tore,
And dipp'd its feathers in no vulgar gore.
Headlong he falls: his ſudden fall alarms
The ſteeds that ſtartle at his ſounding arms.
Hector with grief his charioteer beheld,
All pale and breathleſs on the ſanguine field.

that the circumſtance of the head being oppreſſed and weighed down by the helmet, is ſo remarkably juſt, that it is a wonder Virgil omitted it; and the rather becauſe he had particularly taken notice before, that it was the helmet of Euryalus which occaſioned the diſcovery and unfortunate death of this young hero and his friend.

One may take a general obſervation, that Homer in thoſe compariſons that breathe an air of tenderneſs, is very exact, and adapts them in every point to the ſubject which he is to illuſtrate: but in other compariſons, where he is to inſpire the ſoul with ſublime ſentiments, he gives a looſe to his fancy, and does not regard whether the images exactly correſpond. I take the reaſon of it to be this: in the firſt, the copy muſt be like the original to cauſe it to affect us; the glaſs needs only to return the real image to make it beautiful: whereas in the other, a ſucceſſion of noble ideas will cauſe the like ſentiments in the ſoul; and though the glaſs ſhould inlarge the image, it only ſtrikes us with ſuch thoughts as the poet intended to raiſe, ſublime and great.

Then bids Cebriones direct the rein,
Quits his bright car, and iſſues on the plain.
Dreadful he ſhouts: from earth a ſtone he took,
And ruſh'd on Teucer with the lifted rock.
The youth already ſtrain'd the forceful yew;
The ſhaft already to his ſhoulder drew;
The feather in his hand, juſt wing'd for flight,
Touch'd where the neck and hollow cheſt unite;
There, where the juncture knits the channel bone,
The furious chief diſcharg'd the craggy ſtone:
The bow ſtring burſt beneath the pond'rous blow,
And his numb'd hand diſmiſs'd his uſeleſs bow.
He fell: but Ajax his broad ſhield diſplay'd,
And ſcreen'd his brother with a mighty ſhade;
'Till great Alaſtor, and Meciſtheus, bore
The batter'd archer groaning to the ſhore.

Troy yet found grace before th' Olympian ſire,
He arm'd their hands, and fill'd their breaſts with fire.
The Greeks, repuls'd, retreat behind their wall,
Or in the trench on heaps confus'dly fall.
Firſt of the foe great Hector march'd along,
With terror cloth'd, and more than mortal ſtrong.
As the bold hound, that gives the lion chace,
With beating boſom, and with eager pace,

℣. 407. *As the bold hound that gives the lion chace.*] This ſimile is the juſteſt imaginable; and gives the moſt lively picture of the manner in which the Grecians fled, and Hector purſued them, ſtill ſlaughtering the hindmoſt. Gratius and Oppian have given us particular

Hangs on his haunch, or faſtens on his heels,
Guards as he turns, and circles as he wheels:
Thus oft' the Grecians turn'd, but ſtill they flew;
Thus following Hector ſtill the hindmoſt ſlew.
When flying they had paſs'd the trench profound,
And many a chief lay gaſping on the ground;
Before the ſhips a deſp'rate ſtand they made,
And fir'd the troops, and call'd the gods to aid.
Fierce on his rattling chariot Hector came;
His eyes like Gorgon ſhot a ſanguine flame
That wither'd all their hoſt: like Mars he ſtood,
Dire as the monſter, dreadful as the God!
Their ſtrong diſtreſs the wife of Jove ſurvey'd;
Then penſive thus, to war's triumphant maid.

Oh daughter of that God, whoſe arm can wield
Th' avenging bolt, and ſhake the ſable ſhield!
Now, in this moment of her laſt deſpair,
Shall wretched Greece no more confeſs our care,

deſcriptions of thoſe ſort of dogs, of prodigious ſtrength and ſize, which were employed to hunt and tear down wild beaſts. To one of theſe fierce animals he compares Hector, and one cannot but obſerve his care not to diſgrace his Grecian countrymen by an unworthy compariſon: though he is obliged to repreſent them flying, he makes them fly like lions; and as they fly, turn frequently back upon their purſuer: ſo that it is hard to ſay, if they, or he, be in the greater danger. On the contrary, when any of the Grecian heroes purſue the Trojans, it is he that is the lion, and the flyers are but ſheep or trembling deer.

Condemn'd to ſuffer the full force of fate,
And drain the dregs of heav'n's relentleſs hate!
Gods! ſhall one raging hand thus level all!
What numbers fell? what numbers yet ſhall fall?
What pow'r divine ſhall Hector's wrath aſſuage?
Still ſwells the ſlaughter, and ſtill grows the rage!

So ſpake th' imperial regent of the ſkies;
To whom the goddeſs with the azure eyes:
Long ſince had Hector ſtain'd theſe fields with gore,
Stretch'd by ſome Argive on his native ſhore;
But he above, the ſire of heav'n, withſtands,
Mocks our attempts, and ſlights our juſt demands.
The ſtubborn God, inflexible and hard,
Forgets my ſervice and deſerv'd reward:
Sav'd I, for this, his fav'rite * ſon diſtreſs'd,
By ſtern Euriſtheus with long labours preſs'd?
He begg'd, with tears he begg'd, in deep diſmay;
I ſhot from heav'n, and gave his arm the day.

℣. 439. *The ſtubborn God, inflexible, and hard.*] It muſt be owned that this ſpeech of Minerva againſt Jupiter, ſhocks the allegory more than perhaps any in the poem. Unleſs the deities may ſometimes be thought to mean no more than beings that preſided over thoſe parts of nature, or thoſe paſſions and faculties of the mind. Thus as Venus ſuggeſts unlawful as well as lawful deſires, ſo Minerva may be deſcribed as the goddeſs not only of wiſdom but of craft; that is, both of true and falſe wiſdom. So the moral of Minerva's ſpeaking raſhly of Jupiter, may be, that the wiſeſt of finite beings is liable to paſſion and indiſcretion, as the commentators have already obſerved.

* Hercules.

Oh had my wiſdom known this dire event,
When to grim Pluto's gloomy gates he went;
The triple dog had never felt his chain,
Nor Styx been croſs'd, nor hell explor'd in vain.
Averſe to me of all his heav'n of Gods,
At Thetis' ſuit the partial thund'rer nods.
To grace her gloomy, fierce, reſenting ſon,
My hopes are fruſtrate, and my Greeks undone.
Some future day, perhaps he may be mov'd
To call his blue-ey'd maid his beſt-belov'd.
Haſte, launch thy chariot, thro' yon' ranks to ride;
Myſelf will arm, and thunder at thy ſide.
Then goddeſs! ſay, ſhall Hector glory then,
(That terror of the Greeks, that man of men)
When Juno's ſelf, and Pallas ſhall appear,
All dreadful in the crimſon walks of war?
What mighty Trojan then, on yonder ſhore,
Expiring, pale, and terrible no more,
Shall feaſt the fowls, and glut the dogs with gore?
She ceas'd, and Juno rein'd the ſteeds with care;
(Heav'n's awful empreſs, Saturn's other heir)
Pallas, meanwhile, her various veil unbound,
With flow'rs adorn'd, with art immortal crown'd;

ỳ. 461. *What mighty Trojan then, on yonder ſhore.*] She means Hector, whoſe death the poet makes her foreſee in ſuch a lively manner, as if the image of the hero lay bleeding before her. This picture is noble, and agreeable to the obſervation we formerly made of Homer's method of propheſying in the ſpirit of poetry.

The radiant robe her ſacred fingers wove
Floats in rich waves, and ſpreads the court of Jove.
Her father's arms her mighty limbs inveſt,
His cuiraſs blazes on her ample breaſt.
The vig'rous pow'r the trembling car aſcends;
Shook by her arm, the maſſy jav'lin bends;
Huge, pond'rous, ſtrong! that when her fury burns,
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hoſts o'erturns.
   Saturnia lends the laſh; the courſers fly;
Smooth glides the chariot thro' the liquid ſky.
Heav'n gates ſpontaneous open to the pow'rs,
Heav'n's golden gates, kept by the winged Hours,
Commiſſion'd in alternate watch they ſtand,
The ſun's bright portals and the ſkies command;
Cloſe, or unfold, th' eternal gates of day,
Bar heav'n with clouds, or roll thoſe clouds away.
The ſounding hinges ring, the clouds divide;
Prone down the ſteep of heav'n their courſe they guide.
But Jove incens'd, from Ida's top ſurvey'd,
And thus injoin'd the many-colour'd maid.

℣. 469. *Floats in rich waves.*] The Greek word is *κατέχευεν*, *pours* the veil on the pavement. I muſt juſt take notice that here is a repetition of the ſame beautiful verſes which the author had uſed in the fifth book.

℣. 477. *Smooth glides the chariot,* etc.] One would almoſt think Homer made his gods and goddeſſes deſcend from Olympus, only to mount again, and mount only to deſcend again, he is ſo remarkably delighted with the deſcriptions of their horſes, and their manner of flight. We have no leſs than three of theſe in the preſent book.

Thaumantia! mount the winds, and ſtop their car;
Againſt the higheſt who ſhall wage the war?
If furious yet they dare the vain debate,
Thus have I ſpoke, and what I ſpake is fate.
Their courſers cruſh'd beneath the wheels ſhall lie,
Their car in fragments ſcatter'd o'er the ſky;
My lightning theſe rebellious ſhall confound,
And hurl them flaming, headlong to the ground,
Condemn'd for ten revolving years to weep
The wounds impreſs'd by burning thunder deep.
So ſhall Minerva learn to fear our ire,
Nor dare to combate her's and nature's ſire.
For Juno, headſtrong and imperious ſtill,
She claims ſome title to tranſgreſs our will.

Swift as the wind, the various-colour'd maid
From Ida's top her golden wings diſplay'd;
To great Olympus' ſhining gates ſhe flies,
There meets the chariot ruſhing down the ſkies,
Reſtrains their progreſs from the bright abodes,
And ſpeaks the mandate of the ſire of gods.

℣. 500. *For Juno, headſtrong and imperious ſtill, She claims*, etc.] Euſtathius obſerves here, if a good man does us a wrong, we are juſtly angry at it; but if it proceeds from a bad one, it is no more than we expected, we are not at all ſurprized, and we bear it with patience.

There are many ſuch paſſages as theſe in Homer, which glance obliquely at the fair ſex; and Jupiter is here forced to take upon himſelf the ſevere huſband, to teach Juno the duty of a wife.

What frenzy, goddesses! what rage can move
Celestial minds to tempt the wrath of Jove?
Desist, obedient to his high command;
This is his word: and know his word shall stand.
His lightning your rebellion shall confound,
And hurl ye headlong, flaming to the ground:
Your horses crush'd beneath the wheels shall lie,
Your car in fragments scatter'd o'er the sky;
Yourselves condemn'd ten rolling years to weep
The wounds impress'd by burning thunder deep.
So shall Minerva learn to fear his ire,
Nor dare to combate her's and nature's sire.
For Juno, headstrong and imperious still,
She claims some title to transgress his will:
But thee what desp'rate insolence has driv'n,
To lift thy lance against the king of heav'n?
Then mounting on the pinions of the wind,
She flew; and Juno thus her rage resign'd.

℣. 522. *But thee what desp'rate insolence.*] It is observable that Homer generally makes his messengers, divine as well as human, very punctual in delivering their messages in the very words of the persons who commissioned them. Iris however in the close of her speech has ventured to go beyond her instructions and all rules of decorum, by adding these expressions of bitter reproach to a goddess of superior rank. The words of the original, Κύον ἀδδεὲς, are too gross to be literally translated.

℣. 525. *Juno her rage resign'd.*] Homer never intended to give us the picture of a good wife in the description of Juno: she obeys Jupiter, but it is a forced

O daughter of that God, whoſe arm can wield
Th' avenging bolt, and ſhake the dreadful ſhield!
No more let beings of ſuperior birth
Contend with Jove for this low race of earth:
Triumphant now, now miſerably ſlain,
They breathe or periſh as the fates ordain.
But Jove's high counſels full effect ſhall find,
And ever conſtant, ever rule mankind.

She ſpoke, and backward turn'd her ſteeds of light,
Adorn'd with manes of gold, and heav'nly bright.
The Hours unloos'd them, panting as they ſtood,
And heap'd their mangers with ambroſial food.
There ty'd, they reſt in high celeſtial ſtalls;
The chariot propt againſt the cryſtal walls.

obedience: ſhe ſubmits rather to the governor than to the huſband, and is more afraid of his lightning than his commands.

Her behaviour in this place is very natural to a perſon under a diſappointment: ſhe had ſet her heart upon preferring the Greeks, but failing in that point, ſhe aſſumes an air of indifference, and ſays, whether they live or die, ſhe is unconcerned.

ỷ. 531. *They breathe or periſh as the fates ordain.*] The tranſlator has turned this line in compliance to an old obſervation upon Homer, which Macrobius has written, and ſeveral others have ſince fallen into: they ſay he was ſo great a fataliſt, as not ſo much as to name the word *fortune* in all his works, but conſtantly *fate* inſtead of it. This remark ſeems curious enough, and indeed does agree with the general tenor and doctrine of this poet; but unluckily it is not true, the word which they have proſcribed being implied in the original of this ỷ. 430. Ὅς κε τύχῃ.

The

The pensive goddesses, abash'd, controul'd,
Mix with the Gods, and fill their seats of gold.
  And now the Thund'rer meditates his flight
From Ida's summits to th' Olympian height.
Swifter than thought the wheels instinctive fly,
Flame thro' the vast of air, and reach the sky.
'Twas Neptune's charge his coursers to unbrace,
And fix the car on its immortal base;
There stood the chariot, beaming forth its rays,
'Till with a snowy veil he screen'd the blaze.
He, whose all-conscious eyes the world behold,
Th' eternal Thunderer, sate thron'd in gold.
High heav'n the footstool of his feet he makes,
And wide beneath him, all Olympus shakes.
Trembling afar th' offending pow'rs appear'd,
Confus'd and silent, for his frown they fear'd.
He saw their soul, and thus his word imparts:
Pallas and Juno! say, why heave your hearts?
Soon was your battel o'er: proud Troy retir'd
Before your face, and in your wrath expir'd.
But know, whoe'er almighty power withstand!
Unmatch'd our force, unconquer'd is our hand:

℣. 547. *And fix the car on its immortal base.*] It is remarked by Eustathius that the word βωμοὶ signifies not only *altars*, but *pedestals* or *bases* of statues, etc. I think our language will bear this literally, though M. Dacier durst not venture it in the French. The solemnity with which this chariot of Jupiter is set up, by the hands of a God, and covered with a fine veil, makes it easy enough to imagine that this distinction also might be shewn it.

Who ſhall the ſov'reign of the ſkies controul?
Not all the Gods that crown the ſtarry pole.
Your hearts ſhall tremble, if our arms we take,
And each immortal nerve with horror ſhake.
For thus I ſpeak, and what I ſpeak ſhall ſtand;
What pow'r ſoe'er provokes our lifted hand,
On this our hill no more ſhall hold his place,
Cut off, and exil'd from th' æthereal race.
  Juno and Pallas grieving hear the doom,
But feaſt their ſouls on Ilion's woes to come.

℣. 570. *Juno and Pallas.*] In the beginning of this book Juno was ſilent, and Minerva replied: Here, ſays Euſtathius, Homer makes Juno reply with great propriety to both their characters. Minerva reſents the uſage of Jupiter, but the reverence ſhe bears to her father, and her king, keeps her ſilent; ſhe has not leſs anger than Juno, but more reaſon. Minerva there ſpoke with all the ſubmiſſion and deference that was owing from a child to a father, or from a ſubject to a king; but Juno is more free with her huſband, ſhe is angry, and lets him know it by the firſt word ſhe utters.

Juno here repeats the ſame words which had been uſed by Minerva to Jupiter near the beginning of this book. What is there uttered by wiſdom herſelf, and approved by him, is here ſpoken by a goddeſs, who (as Homer tells us at this very time) imprudently manifeſted her paſſion, and whom Jupiter anſwers with anger. To deal fairly, I cannot defend this in my author, any more than ſome other of his repetitions; as when Ajax in the fifteenth Iliad, ℣. 668. uſes the ſame ſpeech, word for word, to encourage the Greeks, which Agamemnon had made in the fifth, ℣. 653. I think it equally an extreme, to vindicate all the repetitions of Homer, and to excuſe none. However Euſtathius very ingeniouſly

Tho' ſecret anger ſwell'd Minerva's breaſt,
The prudent goddeſs yet her wrath repreſt:
But Juno, impotent of rage, replies.
What haſt thou ſaid, oh tyrant of the ſkies!
Strength and omnipotence inveſt thy throne;
'Tis thine to puniſh; ours to grieve alone.
For Greece we grieve, abandon'd by her fate,
To drink the dregs of thy unmeaſur'd hate:
From fields forbidden we ſubmiſs refrain,
With arms unaiding ſee our Argives ſlain;
Yet grant our counſels ſtill their breaſts may move,
Leſt all ſhould periſh in the rage of Jove.
The goddeſs thus: and thus the God replies,
Who ſwells the clouds, and blackens all the ſkies.
The morning ſun, awak'd by loud alarms,
Shall ſee th' Almighty thunderer in arms.
What heaps of Argives then ſhall load the plain,
Thoſe radiant eyes ſhall view, and view in vain.
Nor ſhall great Hector ceaſe the rage of fight,
The navy flaming, and thy Greeks in flight,

excuſes this, by ſaying that the ſame ſpeeches become intirely different by the different manner of introducing them. Minerva addreſſed herſelf to Jupiter, with words full of reſpect, but Juno with terms of reſentment. This, ſays he, ſhews the effect of opening our ſpeeches with art: it prejudices the audience in our favour, and makes us ſpeak to friends: whereas the auditor naturally denies that favour, which the orator does not ſeem to aſk; ſo that what he delivers, though it has equal merit, labours under this diſadvantage, that his judges are his enemies.

℣. 590. *Nor ſhall great Hector ceaſe*, etc.] Here,

Ev'n 'till the day, when certain fates ordain
That ſtern Achilles (his Patroclus ſlain)
Shall riſe in vengeance, and lay waſte the plain.
For ſuch is fate, nor can'ſt thou turn its courſe
With all thy rage, with all thy rebel force.
Fly, if thou wilt, to earth's remoteſt bound,
Where on her utmoſt verge the ſeas reſound;
Where curs'd Iapetus and Saturn dwell,
Faſt by the brink, within the ſteams of hell;
No ſun e'er gilds the gloomy horrors there,
No chearful gales refreſh the lazy air;
There arm once more the bold Titanian band;
And arm in vain; for what I will, ſhall ſtand.
Now deep in ocean ſunk the lamp of light,
And drew behind the cloudy veil of night:
The conqu'ring Trojans mourn his beams decay'd;
The Greeks rejoicing bleſs the friendly ſhade.
The victors keep the field; and Hector calls
A martial council near the navy walls:
Theſe to Scamander's bank apart he led,
Where thinly ſcatter'd lay the heaps of dead.
Th' aſſembled chiefs, deſcending on the ground,
Attend his order, and their prince ſurround.

ſays Euſtathius, the poet prepares the reader for what is to ſucceed: he gives us the out-lines of his piece, which he is to fill up in the progreſs of the poem. This is ſo far from cloying the reader's appetite, that it raiſes it, and makes him deſirous to ſee the picture drawn in its full length.

A maſſy ſpear he bore of mighty ſtrength,
Of full ten cubits was the lance's length;
The point was braſs, refulgent to behold,
Fix'd to the wood with circling rings of gold:
The noble Hector on his lance reclin'd,
And bending forward, thus reveal'd his mind.

Ye valiant Trojans, with attention hear!
Ye Dardan bands, and gen'rous aids give ear!
This day, we hop'd, would wrap in conqu'ring flame
Greece with her ſhips, and crown our toils with fame:
But darkneſs now, to ſave the cowards, falls,
And guards them trembling in their wooden walls.
Obey the night, and uſe her peaceful hours
Our ſteeds to forage, and refreſh our pow'rs.
Strait from the town be ſheep and oxen ſought,
And ſtrength'ning bread, and gen'rous wine be brought.
Wide o'er the field, high blazing to the ſky,
Let num'rous fires the abſent ſun ſupply,
The flaming piles with plenteous fuel raiſe,
'Till the bright morn her purple beam diſplays;
Leſt in the ſilence and the ſhades of night,
Greece on her ſable ſhips attempt her flight.

℣. 621. *Ye valiant Trojans, etc.*] Euſtathius obſerves that Hector here ſpeaks like a ſoldier: he bears a ſpear, not a ſcepter in his hand; he harangues like a ſoldier, but like a victor; he ſeems to be too much pleaſed with himſelf, and in this vein of ſelf-flattery, he promiſes a compleat conqueſt over the Greeks.

Not unmolested let the wretches gain
Their lofty decks, or safely cleave the main;
Some hostile wound let ev'ry dart bestow,
Some lasting token of the Phrygian foe,
Wounds, that may long hence ask their spouses care,
And warn their children from a Trojan war.
Now thro' the circuit of our Ilian wall,
Let sacred heralds sound the solemn call;
To bid the sires with hoary honours crown'd,
And beardless youths, our battlements surround.
Firm be the guard, while distant lie our pow'rs,
And let the matrons hang with lights the tow'rs:
Lest under covert of the midnight shade,
The insidious foe the naked town invade.
Suffice, to-night, these orders to obey;
A nobler charge shall rouze the dawning day.
The Gods, I trust, shall give to Hector's hand,
From these detested foes to free the land,
Who plow'd, with fates averse, the wat'ry way;
For Trojan vultures a predestin'd prey.

ỷ. 648. *And let the matrons.*] I have been more observant of the decorum in this line than my author himself. He calls the women Θηλύτεραι an epithet of scandalous import, upon which Porphyry and the Greek scholiast have said but too much. I know no man that has yet had the impudence to translate that remark, in regard of which it is politeness to imitate the barbarians, and say, *Græcum est, non legitur*. For my part, I leave it as a motive to some very curious persons of both sexes to study the Greek language.

Our common ſafety muſt be now the care;
But ſoon as morning paints the fields of air,
Sheath'd in bright arms let ev'ry troop engage,
And the fir'd fleet behold the battel rage.
Then, then ſhall Hector and Tydides prove,
Whoſe fates are heavieſt in the ſcale of Jove.
To-morrow's light (oh haſte the glorious morn!)
Shall ſee his bloody ſpoils in triumph born,
With this keen jav'ling ſhall his breaſt be gor'd,
And proſtrate heroes bleed around their lord.
Certain as this, oh! might my days endure,
From age inglorious, and black death ſecure;
So might my life and glory know no bound,
Like Pallas worſhipp'd, like the ſun renown'd!
As the next dawn, the laſt they ſhall enjoy,
Shall cruſh the Greeks, and end the woes of Troy.

The leader ſpoke. From all his hoſt around
Shouts of applauſe along the ſhores reſound.
Each from the yoke the ſmoking ſteeds unty'd,
And fix'd their headſtalls to his chariot-ſide.
Fat ſheep and oxen from the town are led,
With gen'rous wine, and all-ſuſtaining bread.
Full hecatombs lay burning on the ſhore;
The winds to heav'n the curling vapours bore.

℣. 679. *Full hecatombs*, etc.] The ſix lines that follow, being a tranſlation of four in the original, are added from the authority of Plato in Mr. Barnes his edition: that author cites them in his ſecond Alcibiades. There is no doubt of their being genuine, but the queſtion is only whether they are rightly placed here? I ſhall not

Ungrateful off'ring to th' immortal pow'rs!
Whose wrath hung heavy o'er the Trojans tow'rs;
Nor Priam nor his sons obtain'd their grace;
Proud Troy they hated, and her guilty race.

The troops exulting sate in order round,
And beaming fires illumin'd all the ground.
As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night!
O'er heav'n's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver ev'ry mountain's head;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies:

pretend to decide upon a point which will doubtless be the speculation of future critics.

ꝟ. 687. *As when the moon*, etc.] This comparison is inferior to none in Homer. It is the most beautiful night-piece that can be found in poetry. He presents you with a prospect of the heavens, the seas, and the earth: the stars shine, the air is serene, the world enlightened, and the moon mounted in glory. Eustathius remarks that φαεινὴν does not signify the moon at full, for then the light of the stars is diminished or lost in the greater brightness of the moon. And others correct the word φαεινὴν to φαει νῆν, for φάει νέην; but this criticism is forced, and I see no necessity why the moon may not be said to be bright, though it is not in the full. A poet is not obliged to speak with the exactness of philosophy, but with the liberty of poetry.

The conſcious ſwains, rejoicing in the ſight,
Eye the blue vault, and bleſs the uſeful light.
So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,
And lighten glimm'ring Xanthus with their rays:
The long reflections of the diſtant fires
Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the ſpires.
A thouſand piles the duſky horrors gild,
And ſhoot a ſhady luſtre o'er the field.

℣. 703. *A thouſand piles.*] Homer in his catalogue of the Grecian ſhips, though he does not recount expreſly the number of the Greeks, has given ſome hints from whence the ſum of their army may be collected. But in the ſame book where he gives an account of the Trojan army, and relates the names of the leaders and nations of the auxiliaries, he ſays nothing by which we may infer the number of the army of the beſieged. To ſupply therefore that omiſſion, he has taken occaſion by this piece of poetical arithmetic, to inform his reader, that the Trojan army amounted to 50,000. That the aſſiſtant nations are to be included herein, appears from what Dolon ſays in *l.* 10. that the auxiliaries were encamped that night with the Trojans.

This paſſage gives me occaſion to animadvert upon a miſtake of a modern writer, and another of my own. The Abbe Teraſſon, in a late treatiſe againſt Homer, is under a grievous error, in ſaying that all the forces of Troy, and the auxiliaries cannot be reaſonably ſuppoſed from Homer to be above ten thouſand men. He had intirely overlooked this place, which ſays there were a thouſand fires, and fifty men at each of them. See my obſervations on the ſecond book where theſe fires by a ſlip of my memory are called funeral piles: I ſhould be glad it were the greateſt error I have committed in theſe notes.

Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,
Whose umber'd arms, by fits, thick flashes send.
Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn,
And ardent warriors wait the rising morn.

℣. 707. *The coursers o'er their heaps of corn.*] I durst not take the same liberty with M. Dacier, who has omitted this circumstance, and does not mention the horses at all. In the following line, the last of the book, Homer has given to the *morning* the epithet *fair-spher'd* or *bright thron'd*, ἐΰθρονον ἠῶ. I have already taken notice in the preface, of the method of translating the epithets of Homer, and must add here, that it is often only the uncertainty the moderns lie under, of the true genuine signification of an ancient word, which causes the many various constructions of it. So that it is probable the author's own words, at the time he used them, never meant half so many things as we translate them into. Madam Dacier generally observes one practice as to these throughout her version: she renders almost every such epithet in Greek by two or three in French, from a fear of losing the least part of its significance. This perhaps may be excusable in prose; though at best it makes the whole much more verbose and tedious, and is rather like writing a dictionary than rendering an author: but in verse, every reader knows such a redoubling of epithets would not be tolerable. A poet has therefore only to chuse that, which most agrees with the tenor and main intent of the particular passage, or with the genius of poetry itself.

It is plain that too scrupulous an adherence to many of these, gives the translation an exotic, pedantic, and whimsical air, which it is not to be imagined the original ever had. To call a hero the *great artificer of flight*, the *swift of foot*, or the *horse-tamer*, these give us ideas of little peculiarities, when in the author's time they were epithets used only in general to signify alacrity,

agility and vigour. A common reader would imagine from these servile versions, that Diomed and Achilles were foot-racers, and Hector, a horse-courser, rather than that any of them were heroes. A man shall be called a faithful translator for rendering πόδας ὠκὺς in English, *swift footed*; but laughed at if he should translate our English word *dextrous* into any other language, *right-handed*.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Embaſſy to Achilles.

AGAMEMNON, after the laſt day's defeat, propoſes to the Greeks to quit the ſiege, and return to their country. Diomed oppoſes this, and Neſtor ſeconds him, praiſing his wiſdom and reſolution. He orders the guard to be ſtrengthened, and a council ſummoned to deliberate what meaſures were to be followed in this emergency. Agamemnon purſues this advice, and Neſtor farther prevails upon him to ſend ambaſſadors to Achilles, in order to move him to a reconciliation. Ulyſſes and Ajax are made choice of, who are accompanied by old Phœnix. They make, each of them, very moving and preſſing ſpeeches, but are rejected with roughneſs by Achilles, who notwithſtanding retains Phœnix in his tent. The ambaſſadors return unſucceſsfully to the camp, and the troops betake themſelves to ſleep.

This book, and the next following, take up the ſpace of one night, which is the twenty-ſeventh from the beginning of the poem. The ſcene lies on the ſea-ſhore, the ſtation of the Grecian ſhips.

THUS joyful Troy maintain'd the watch of night;
While fear, pale comrade of inglorious flight,
And heav'n-bred horror, on the Grecian part,
Sate on each face, and ſadden'd ev'ry heart.

As from its cloudy dungeon iſſuing forth,
A double tempeſt of the weſt and north
Swells o'er the ſea, from Thracia's frozen ſhore,
Heaps waves on waves, and bids th' Ægean rore;

We have here a new ſcene of action opened; the poet has hitherto given us an account of what happened by day only: the two following books relate the adventures of the night.

It may be thought that Homer has crouded a great many actions into a very ſhort time. In the ninth book a council is convened, an embaſſy ſent, a conſiderable time paſſes in the ſpeeches and replies of the ambaſſadors and Achilles; in the tenth book a ſecond council is called; after this a debate is held, Dolon is intercepted, Diomed and Ulyſſes enter into the enemy's camp, kill Rheſus, and bring away his horſes: and all this is done in the narrow compaſs of one night.

It muſt therefore be remembered, that the ninth book takes up the firſt part of the night only; that after the firſt council was diſſolved, there paſſed ſome time before the ſecond was ſummoned, as appears by the leaders being awakened by Menelaus. So that it was almoſt morning before Diomed and Ulyſſes ſet out upon their deſign, which is very evident from the words of Ulyſſes, book 10. ℣. 251.

'Αλλ' ἴομεν· μάλα γὰρ νὺξ ἄνεται, ἐγγύθι δ' ἠώς.

So that although a great many incidents are introduced, yet every thing might eaſily have been performed in the allotted time.

℣. 7. *From Thracia's ſhore.*] Homer has been ſuppoſed by Eratoſthenes and others, to have been guilty of an error, in ſaying that Zephyrus, or the weſt wind, blows from Thrace, whereas in truth it blows toward it. But the poet ſpeaks ſo, either becauſe it is fabled to be the rendezvous of all the winds; or with reſpect to

This way and that, the boiling deeps are toſt;
Such various paſſions urg'd the troubled hoſt.
Great Agamemnon griev'd above the reſt;
Superior ſorrows ſwell'd his royal breaſt;
Himſelf his orders to the heralds bears,
To bid to council all the Grecian peers,
But bid in whiſpers: theſe ſurround their chief,
In ſolemn ſadneſs, and majeſtic grief.
The king amidſt the mournful circle roſe;
Down his wan cheek a briny torrent flows:
So ſilent fountains, from a rock's tall head,
In ſable ſtreams ſoft-trickling waters ſhed.
With more than vulgar grief he ſtood oppreſt;
Words, mixt with ſighs, thus burſting from his breaſt.

Ye ſons of Greece! partake your leader's care,
Fellows in arms, and princes of the war!

the particular ſituation of Troy and the Ægean ſea. Either of theſe replies are ſufficient to ſolve that objection.

The particular parts of this compariſon agree admirably with the deſign of Homer, to expreſs the diſtraction of the Greeks: the two winds repreſenting the different opinions of the armies, one part of which were inclined to return, the other to ſtay. Euſtathius.

℣. 15. *But bid in whiſpers.*] The reaſon why Agamemnon commands his heralds to ſummon the leaders in ſilence, is for fear the enemy ſhould diſcover their conſternation, by reaſon of their nearneſs, or perceive what their deſigns were in this extremity. Euſtathius.

℣. 23. *Agamemnon's ſpeech.*] The critics are divided in their opinion, whether this ſpeech, which is word for word the ſame with that he makes in *lib.* 2. be only

Of partial Jove too justly we complain, 25
And heav'nly oracles believ'd in vain;

ly a feint to try the army as it is there, or the real sentiments of the general. Dionysius of Halicarnassus explains it as the former, with whom Madam Dacier concurs; she thinks they must be both counterfeit, because they are both the same, and believes Homer would have varied them, had the design been different. She takes no notice that Eustathius is of the contrary opinion; as is also monsieur de la Motte, who argues as if he had read him. "Agamemnon (says he) in the Iliad, thought "himself assured of victory from the dream which Jupiter had sent to him, and in that confidence was desirous to bring the Greeks to a battel; but in the ninth "book his circumstances are changed, he is in the utmost distress and despair upon his defeat, and therefore his proposal to raise the siege is in all probability "sincere. If Homer had intended we should think otherwise, he would have told us so, as he did on the "former occasion: and some of the officers would have "suspected a feint, the rather because they had been "imposed upon by the same speech before. But none "of them suspect him at all. Diomed thinks him so "much in earnest as to reproach his cowardice, Nestor "applauds Diomed's liberty, and Agamemnon makes "not the least defence for himself."

Dacier answers, that Homer had no occasion to tell us this was counterfeit, because the officers could not but remember it to have been so before; and as for the answers of Diomed and Nestor, they only carry on the same feint, as Dionysius has proved, whose reasons may be seen in the following note.

I do not pretend to decide upon this point; but which way soever it be, I think Agamemnon's design was equally answered by repeating the same speech: so that the repetition at least is not to be blamed in Homer. What obliged Agamemnon to that feint, in the

A ſafe return was promis'd to our toils,
With conqueſt honour'd, and inrich'd with ſpoils
Now ſhameful flight alone can ſave the hoſt;
Our wealth, our people, and our glory loſt.
So Jove decrees, Almighty Lord of all!
Jove, at whoſe nod whole empires riſe or fall,
Who ſhakes the feeble props of human truſt,
And tow'rs and armies humbles to the duſt.
Haſte then, for ever quit theſe fatal fields,
Haſte to the joys our native country yields;
Spread all your canvas, all your oars employ,
Nor hope the fall of heav'n-defended Troy.
He ſaid; deep ſilence held the Grecian band,
Silent, unmov'd, in dire diſmay they ſtand,
A penſive ſcene! 'till Tydeus' warlike ſon
Roll'd on the king his eyes, and thus begun.

ſecond book, was the hatred he had incurred in the army by being the cauſe of Achilles's departure; this made it but a neceſſary precaution in him to try, before he came to a battel, whether the Greeks were diſpoſed to it: and it was equally neceſſary, in caſe the event ſhould prove unſucceſsful, to free himſelf from the odium of being the occaſion of it. Therefore when they were now actually defeated, to repeat the ſame words, was the readieſt way to put them in mind that he had propoſed the ſame advice to them before the battel; and to make it appear unjuſt that their ill fortune ſhould be charged upon him. See the 5th and 8th notes on the ſecond Iliad.

When kings advise us to renounce our fame,
First let him speak, who first has suffer'd shame.

℣. 43. *The speech of Diomed.*] I shall here translate the criticism of Dionysius on this passage. He asks, "What can be the drift of Diomed, when he insults "Agamemnon in his griefs and distresses? For what "Diomed here says, seems not only very ill-timed, but "inconsistent with his own opinion, and with the re-"spect he had shewn in the beginning of this very "speech.

If I upbraid thee, prince, thy wrath with-hold,
The laws of council bid my tongue be bold.

"This is the introduction of a man in temper, who "is willing to soften and excuse the liberty of what is "to follow, and what necessity only obliges him to "utter. But he subjoins a resentment of the reproach "the king had formerly thrown upon him, and tells "him that Jupiter had given him power and dominion "without courage and virtue. These are things which "agree but ill together, that Diomed should upbraid "Agamemnon in his adversity, with past injuries, after "he had endured his reproaches with so much mode-"ration, and had reproved Sthenelus so warmly for the "contrary practice in the fourth book. If any one "answer, that Diomed was warranted in this freedom "by the bravery of his warlike behaviour since that "reproach, he supposes this hero very ignorant how "to demean himself in prosperity. The truth is, this "whole accusation of Diomed's is only a feint to serve "the designs of Agamemnon. For being desirous to "persuade the Greeks against their departure, he effects "that design by this counterfeited anger, and licence "of speech: and seeming to resent, that Agamemnon "should be capable of imagining the army would return "to Greece, he artificially makes use of these reproaches

If I oppoſe thee, prince, thy wrath with-hold,
The laws of council bid my tongue be bold.
Thou firſt, and thou alone, in fields of fight,
Durſt brand my courage, and defame my might:
Nor from a friend th' unkind reproach appear'd,
The Greeks ſtood witneſs, all our army heard.
The Gods, O chief! from whom our honours ſpring,
The Gods have made thee but by halves a king;
They gave thee ſcepters, and a wide command,
They gave dominion o'er the ſeas and land,
The nobleſt pow'r that might the world controul
They gave thee not——a brave and virtuous ſoul.
Is this a gen'ral's voice, that would ſuggeſt
Fears like his own to ev'ry Grecian breaſt?
Confiding in our want of worth, he ſtands,
And if we fly, 'tis what our king commands.

" to cover his argument. This is farther confirmed by what follows, when he bids Agamemnon return, if he pleaſes, and affirms that the Grecians will ſtay without him. Nay, he carries the matter ſo far, as to boaſt, that if all the reſt ſhould depart, himſelf and Sthenelus alone would continue the war, which would be extreamly childiſh and abſurd in any other view than this."

ỳ. 53. *They gave thee ſcepters*, etc.] This is the language of a brave man, to affirm and ſay boldly, that courage is above ſcepters and crowns. Scepters and crowns were indeed in former times not hereditary, but the recompence of valour. With what art and haughtineſs Diomed ſets himſelf indirectly above Agamemnon! Euſtathius.

Go thou inglorious! from th' embattel'd plain;
Ships thou haſt ſtore, and neareſt to the main,
A nobler care the Grecians ſhall employ,
To combate, conquer, and extirpate Troy.
Here Greece ſhall ſtay; or if all Greece retire,
Myſelf will ſtay, 'till Troy or I expire;
Myſelf, and Sthenelus, will fight for fame;
God bade us fight, and 'twas with God we came.

He ceas'd; the Greeks loud acclamations raiſe,
And voice to voice reſounds Tydides' praiſe.
Wiſe Neſtor then his rev'rend figure rear'd;
He ſpoke: the hoſt in ſtill attention heard.

O truly great! in whom the Gods have join'd
Such ſtrength of body with ſuch force of mind;

℣. 62. *And neareſt to the main.*] There is a ſecret ſtroke of ſatire in theſe words; Diomed tells the king that his ſquadron lies next the ſea, inſinuating that they were the moſt diſtant from the battel, and readieſt for flight. Euſtathius.

℣. 68. *God bade us fight, and 'twas with God we came.*] This is literal from the Greek, and therein may be ſeen the ſtyle of holy ſcripture, where it is ſaid that they *come with God*, or that they are not come *without God*, meaning that they did not come without his order: *Numquid ſine Domino aſcendi in terram iſtam?* ſays Rabſhekah to Hezekiah, in Iſaiah 36. ℣. 8. This paſſage ſeems to me very beautiful. Homer adds it to ſhew that the valour of Diomed, which puts him upon remaining alone with Sthenelus, when all the Greeks were gone, is not a raſh and mad boldneſs, but a reaſonable one, and founded on the promiſes of God himſelf, who cannot lie. Dacier.

℣. 73. *The ſpeech of Neſtor.*] Dionyſius gives us the

In conduct, as in courage, you excel,
Still firſt to act what you adviſe ſo well.

deſign of this ſpeech in the place above cited. "Neſtor (ſays he) "ſeconds the oration of Diomed: We ſhall "perceive the artifice of his diſcourſe, if we reflect to "how little purpoſe it would be without this deſign. "He praiſes Diomed for what he has ſaid, but does it "not without declaring, that he had not ſpoken fully "to the purpoſe, but fallen ſhort in ſome points, which "he aſcribes to his youth, and promiſes to ſupply them. "Then after a long preamble, when he has turned him-"ſelf ſeveral ways, as if he was ſporting in a new and "uncommon vein of oratory, he concludes by ordering "the watch to their ſtations, and adviſing Agamemnon "to invite the elders of the army to a ſupper, there, "out of many counſels, to chuſe the beſt. All this at "firſt ſight appears abſurd; but we muſt know that "Neſtor too ſpeaks in figure. Diomed ſeems to quarrel "with Agamemnon purely to gratify him; but Neſtor "praiſes his liberty of ſpeech, as it were to vindicate a "real quarrel with the king. The end of all this is "only to move Agamemnon to ſupplicate Achilles; "and to that end he ſo much commends the young "man's freedom. In propoſing to call a council only "of the eldeſt, he conſults the dignity of Agamem-"non, that he might not be expoſed to make this con-"deſcenſion before the younger officers. And he con-"cludes by an artful inference of the abſolute neceſſity "of applying to Achilles from the preſent poſture of "their affairs.

See what a blaze from hoſtile tents aſpires,
How near our fleets approach the Trojan fires!

"This is all Neſtor ſays at this time before the gener-"al aſſembly of the Greeks; but in his next ſpeech when "the elders only are preſent, he explains the whole

Thoſe wholeſome counſels which thy wiſdom moves,
Applauding Greece with common voice approves.
Kings thou canſt blame; a bold, but prudent youth;
And blame ev'n kings with praiſe, becauſe with truth.
And yet thoſe years that ſince thy birth have run,
Would hardly ſtyle thee Neſtor's youngeſt ſon.
Then let me add what yet remains behind,
A thought unfiniſh'd in that gen'rous mind;
Age bids me ſpeak; nor ſhall th' advice I bring
Diſtaſte the people, or offend the king:

Curs'd is the man, and void of law and right,
Unworthy property, unworthy light,

" matter at large, and openly declares that they muſt " have recourſe to Achilles." Dion. Hal. *περὶ ἐσχηματισμένων*, p. 2.

Plutarch, de aud. Poetis, takes notice of this piece of decorum in Neſtor, who, when he intended to move for a mediation with Achilles, choſe not to do it in public, but propoſed a private meeting of the chiefs to that end. If what theſe two great authors have ſaid, be conſidered, there will be no room for the trivial objection ſome moderns have made to this propoſal of Neſtor's, as if in the preſent diſtreſs he did no more than impertinently adviſe them to go to ſupper.

℣. 73. *O truly great!*] Neſtor could do no leſs than commend Diomed's valour; he had lately been a witneſs of it when he was preſerved from falling into the enemy's hands until he was reſcued by Diomed. Euſtathius.

℣. 87. *Curs'd is the man.*] Neſtor, ſays the ſame author, very artfully brings in theſe words as a general maxim, in order to diſpoſe Agamemnon to a reconciliation with Achilles: he delivers it in general terms, and

Unfit for public rule, or private care;
That wretch, that monſter, who delights in war:
Whoſe luſt is murder, and whoſe horrid joy,
To tear his country, and his kind deſtroy!
This night, refreſh and fortify thy train;
Between the trench and wall let guards remain:

leaves the king to make the application. This paſſage is tranſlated with liberty, for the original comprizes a great deal in a very few words, ἀφρήτωρ, ἀθέμιστος, ἀνέστιος. It will be proper to give a particular explication of each of theſe: Ἀφρήτωρ, ſays Euſtathius, ſignifies one who is a vagabond or foreigner. The Athenians kept a regiſter, in which all that were born were inrolled, whence it eaſily appeared who were citizens, or not; ἀφρήτωρ therefore ſignifies one who is deprived of the privilege of a citizen. Ἀθέμιστος is one who had forfeited all title to be protected by the laws of his country. Ἀνέστιος, one that has no habitation, or rather, one that was not permitted to partake of any family ſacrifice. For Ἑστία is a family goddeſs; and Jupiter ſometimes is called Ζεὺς ἑστιοῦχος.

There is a ſort of gradation in theſe words. Ἀθέμιστος ſignifies a man that has loſt the privileges of his country; ἀφρήτωρ thoſe of his own tribe, and ἀνέστιος thoſe of his own family.

ỳ. 94. *Between the trench and wall.*] It is almoſt impoſſible to make ſuch particularities as theſe appear with any tolerable elegance in poetry: and as they cannot be raiſed, ſo neither muſt they be omitted. This particular ſpace here mentioned between the trench and wall, is what we muſt carry in our mind through this and the following book: otherwiſe we ſhall be at a loſs to know the exact ſcene of the actions and counſels that follow.

Be that the duty of the young and bold;
But thou, O king, to council call the old:
Great is thy ſway, and weighty are thy cares;
Thy high commands muſt ſpirit all our wars.
With Thracian wines recruit thy honour'd gueſts,
For happy counſels flow from ſober feaſts.
Wiſe, weighty counſels aid a ſtate diſtreſt,
And ſuch a monarch as can chuſe the beſt.
See! what a blaze from hoſtile tents aſpires,
How near our fleet approach the Trojan fires!
Who can, unmov'd, behold the dreadful light,
What eye beholds 'em, and can cloſe to-night?
This dreadful interval determines all;
To morrow, Troy muſt flame, or Greece muſt fall.

Thus ſpoke the hoary ſage: the reſt obey;
Swift thro' the gates the guards direct their way.
His ſon was firſt to paſs the lofty mound,
The gen'rous Thraſymed, in arms renown'd:
Next him, Aſcalaphus, Ialmen, ſtood,
The double offspring of the warrior-God.
Deïpyrus, Aphareus, Merion join,
And Lycomed, of Creon's noble line.
Sev'n were the leaders of the nightly bands,
And each bold chief a hundred ſpears commands.
The fires they light, to ſhort repaſts they fall,
Some line the trench, and others man the wall.

ỳ. 119. *The fires they light.*] They lighted up theſe fires that they might not ſeem to be under any conſternation,

The king of men, on public counſels bent,
Conven'd the princes in his ample tent;
Each ſeiz'd a portion of the kingly feaſt,
But ſtaid his hand when thirſt and hunger ceas'd.
Then Neſtor ſpoke, for wiſdom long approv'd,
And ſlowly riſing, thus the council mov'd.

Monarch of nations! whoſe ſuperior ſway
Aſſembled ſtates, and lords of earth obey,
The laws and ſcepters to thy hand are giv'n,
And millions own the care of thee and heav'n.
O king! the counſels of my age attend;
With thee my cares begin, in thee muſt end;
Thee, prince! it fits alike to ſpeak and hear,
Pronounce with judgment, with regard give ear,
To ſee no wholſome motion be withſtood,
And ratify the beſt for public good.
Nor tho' a meaner give advice, repine,
But follow it, and make the wiſdom thine.

nation, but to be upon their guard againſt any alarm. Euſtathius.

℣. 124. *When thirſt and hunger ceas'd.*] The conduct of Homer in this place is very remarkable; he does not fall into a long deſcription of the entertainment, but complies with the exigence of affairs, and paſſes on to the conſultation. Euſtathius.

℣. 138. *And make the wiſdom thine.*] Euſtathius thought that Homer ſaid this, becauſe in council, as in the army, all is attributed to the princes, and the whole honour aſcribed to them: but this is by no means Homer's thought. What he here ſays, is a maxim drawn from the profoundeſt philoſophy. That which often

Hear then a thought, not now conceiv'd in haſte,
At once my preſent judgment, and my paſt;
When from Pelides' tent you forc'd the maid,
I firſt oppos'd, and faithful, durſt diſſuade;
But bold of ſoul, when headlong fury fir'd,
You wrong'd the man, by men and Gods admir'd:
Now ſeek ſome means his fatal wrath to end,
With pray'rs to move him, or with gifts to bend.

To whom the king. With juſtice haſt thou ſhown
A prince's faults, and I with reaſon own.
That happy man whom Jove ſtill honours moſt,
Is more than armies, and himſelf an hoſt.
Bleſt in his love, this wond'rous hero ſtands;
Heav'n fights his war, and humbles all our bands.

does men the moſt harm, is envy, and the ſhame of yielding to advice, which proceeds from others. There is more greatneſs and capacity in following good advice, than in propoſing it; by executing it, we render it our own, and we raviſh even the property of it from its author; and Euſtathius ſeems to incline to this thought, when he afterwards ſays, Homer makes him that follows good advice, equal to him that gives it; but he has not fully expreſſed himſelf. Dacier.

℣. 140. *At once my preſent judgment, and my paſt.*] Neſtor here, by the word πάλαι, means the advice he gave at the time of the quarrel, in the firſt book: he ſays, as it was his opinion then, that Agamemnon ought not to diſgrace Achilles, ſo after the matureſt deliberation, he finds no reaſon to alter it. Neſtor here launches out into the praiſes of Achilles, which is a ſecret argument to induce Agamemnon to regain his friendſhip, by ſhewing the importance of it. Euſtathius.

℣. 151. *This wond'rous hero.*] It is remarkable that

Fain wou'd my heart, which err'd thro' frantic rage,
The wrathful chief and angry Gods aſſuage.
If gifts immenſe his mighty ſoul can bow,
Hear, all ye Greeks, and witneſs what I vow.
Ten weighty talents of the pureſt gold,
And twice ten vaſes of refulgent mold;

Agamemnon here never uſes the name of Achilles: though he is reſolved to court his friendſhip, yet he cannot bear the mention of his name. The impreſſion which the diſſenſion made, is not yet worn off, though he expatiates in commendation of his valour. Euſtathius.

ỳ. 155. *If gifts immenſe his mighty ſoul can bow.*] The poet, ſays Euſtathius, makes a wiſe choice of the gifts that are to be proffered to Achilles. Had he been ambitious of wealth, there are golden tripods, and ten talents of gold to bribe his reſentment. If he had been addicted to the fair ſex, there was a king's daughter, and ſeven fair captives to win his favour. Or if he had been ambitious of greatneſs, there were ſeven wealthy cities, and a kingly power to court him to a reconciliation: but he takes this way to ſhew us that his anger was ſtronger than all his other paſſions. It is farther obſervable, that Agamemnon promiſes theſe preſents at three different times; firſt, at this inſtant; ſecondly, on the taking of Troy; and laſtly, after their return to Greece. This diviſion in ſome degree multiplies them. Dacier.

ỳ. 157. *Ten weighty talents.*] The ancient critics have blamed one of the verſes in the enumeration of theſe preſents, as not ſufficiently flowing and harmonious, the pauſe is ill placed, and one word does not fall eaſily into the other. This will appear very plain, if we compare it with a more numerous verſe.

Ἄκροι ἐπὶ ῥηγμῖνος ἁλὸς πολιοῖο θέεσκον.
Αἴθωνας δὲ λέβητας ἐείκοσι, δώδεκα δ᾽ ἵππους.

Sev'n ſacred tripods, whoſe unſully'd frame
Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame:
Twelve ſteeds unmatch'd in fleetneſs and in force,
And ſtill victorious in the duſty courſe:

The ear immediately perceives the muſic of the former line; every ſyllable glides ſmoothly away, without offending the ear with any ſuch roughneſs, as is found in the ſecond. The firſt runs as ſwiftly as the courſers it deſcribes; but the latter is a broken, interrupted, uneven verſe. But it is certainly pardonable in this place, where the muſick of poetry is not neceſſary; the mind is intirely taken up in learning what preſents Agamemnon intended to make Achilles: and is not at leiſure to regard the ornaments of verſification; and even thoſe pauſes are not without their beauties, as they would of neceſſity cauſe a ſtop in the delivery, and ſo give time for each particular to ſink into the mind of Achilles. Euſtathius.

℣. 159. *Seven ſacred tripods.*] There were two kinds of tripods; in the one they uſed to boil water, the other was intirely for ſhew; to mix wine and water in, ſays Athenæus: the firſt were called λέβητας, or cauldrons, for common uſe, and made to bear the fire; the other were ἄπυροι, and made chiefly for ornament. It may be aſked why this could be a proper preſent for Achilles, who was a martial man, and regarded nothing but arms? It may be anſwered, that theſe preſents very well ſuited to the perſon to whom they were ſent, as tripods in ancient days were the uſual prizes in games, and they were given by Achilles himſelf in thoſe which he exhibited in honour of Patroclus: the ſame may be ſaid of the female captives, which were alſo among the prizes in the games of Patroclus. Euſtathius.

℣. 161. *Twelve ſteeds unmatch'd.*] From hence it is evident that games uſed to be celebrated in the Grecian army during the time of war; perhaps in honour of the

(Rich were the man whoſe ample ſtores exceed
The prizes purchas'd by their winged ſpeed:)
Sev'n lovely captives of the Leſbian line,
Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd in form divine,
The ſame I choſe for more than vulgar charms,
When Leſbos ſunk beneath the hero's arms.
All theſe, to buy his friendſhip, ſhall be paid,
And join'd with theſe the long-conteſted maid;
With all her charms, Briſeis I reſign,
And ſolemn ſwear thoſe charms were never mine;
Untouch'd ſhe ſtay'd, uninjur'd ſhe removes,
Pure from my arms, and guiltleſs of my loves.
Theſe inſtant ſhall be his; and if the pow'rs
Give to our arms proud Ilion's hoſtile tow'rs,
Then ſhall he ſtore (when Greece the ſpoil divides)
With gold and braſs his loaded navy's ſides.
Beſides full twenty nymphs of Trojan race,
With copious love ſhall crown his warm embrace;
Such as himſelf will chuſe; who yield to none,
Or yield to Helen's heav'nly charms alone.
Yet hear me farther: when our wars are o'er,
If ſafe we land on Argos' fruitful ſhore,
There ſhall he live, my ſon, our honours ſhare,
And with Oreſtes' ſelf divide my care.

deceaſed heroes. For had Agamemnon given Achilles horſes that had been victorious before the beginning of the Trojan war, they would by this time have been too old to be of any value. Euſtathius.

Yet more——three daughters in my court are bred,
And each well worthy of a royal bed;
Laodice and Iphigenia fair,
And bright Chryſothemis with golden hair;
Her let him chuſe, whom moſt his eyes approve,
I aſk no preſents, no reward for love:
Myſelf will give the dow'r; ſo vaſt a ſtore,
As never father gave a child before.

℣. 189. *Laodice and Iphigenia, etc.*] Theſe are the names of Agamemnon's daughters, among which we do not find Electra. But ſome affirm, ſays Euſtathius, that Laodice and Electra are the ſame, (as Iphianaſſa is the ſame with Iphigenia) and ſhe was called ſo either by way of ſir-name, or by reaſon of her complexion, which was, ἠλεκτρώδεις, *flava;* or by way of deriſion ἠλέκτρα *quaſi* ἄλεκτρον, becauſe ſhe was an old maid, as appears from Euripides, who ſays that ſhe remained long a virgin.

Παρθένε, μακρὸν δὴ μῆκος ἠλέκτρα χρόνου.

And in Sophocles, ſhe ſays of herſelf, Ἀνύμφευτος αἰὲν οἰχνῶ. *I wander a diſconſolate unmarried virgin,* which ſhews that it was ever looked upon as a diſgrace to continue long ſo.

℣. 192. *I aſk no preſents,——Myſelf will give the dow'r.*] For in Greece the bridegroom, before he married, was obliged to make two preſents, one to his betrothed wife, and the other to his father-in-law. This cuſtom is very ancient; it was practiſed by the Hebrews in the time of the patriarchs. Abraham's ſervant gave necklaces and ear-rings to Rebecca, whom he demanded for Iſaac, Geneſis 24. 22. Shechem ſon of Hamor ſays to Jacob and his ſons, whoſe ſiſter he was deſirous to eſpouſe, "Aſk me never ſo much dowry and gifts, Geneſis 34. 12. For the dowry was for the daughter.

Sev'n ample cities ſhall confeſs his ſway,
Him Enope, and Pheræ him obey,
Cardamyle with ample turrets crown'd,
And ſacred Pedaſus for vines renown'd;
Æpea fair, the paſtures Hira yields,
And rich Antheia with her flow'ry fields:
The whole extent to Pylos' ſandy plain,
Along the verdant margin of the main.
There heifers graze, and lab'ring oxen toil;
Bold are the men, and gen'rous is the ſoil;
There ſhall he reign with pow'r and juſtice crown'd,
And rule the tributary realms around.
All this I give, his vengeance to controul,
And ſure all this may move his mighty ſoul.
Pluto, the grizly God, who never ſpares,
Who feels no mercy, and who hears no pray'rs,

This preſent ſerved for her dowry, and the other preſents were for the father. In the firſt book of Samuel 18. 25. Saul makes them ſay to David, who by reaſon of his poverty ſaid he could not be ſon-in-law to the king: "The king deſireth not any dowry." And in the laſt two paſſages, we ſee the preſents were commonly regulated by the father of the bride. There is no mention in Homer of any preſent made to the father, but only of that which was given to the married daughter, which was called ἕδνα. The dowry which the father gave to his daughter was called μείλια· wherefore Agamemnon ſays here, ἐπιμείλια δώσω. Dacier.

℣. 209. *Pluto, the grizly God, who never ſpares.*] The meaning of this may be gathered from Æſchylus, cited here by Euſtathius.

Lives dark and dreadful in deep hell's abodes,
And mortals hate him, as the worst of Gods.
Great tho' he be, it fits him to obey;
Since more than his my years, and more my sway.
The monarch thus: the rev'rend Nestor then:
Great Agamemnon! glorious king of men!
Such are thy offers as a prince may take,
And such as fits a gen'rous king to make.
Let chosen delegates this hour be sent,
(Myself will name them) to Pelides' tent:
Let Phœnix lead, rever'd for hoary age,
Great Ajax next, and Ithacus the sage.

Μόνος θεῶν θάνατος οὐ δώρων ἐρᾷ,
Οὐδ' ἄν τι θύων οὐδ' ἐπισπένδων λάβοις,
Οὐδ' ἐστι βωμὸς, οὐδὲ παιωνίζεται.

"Death is the only God who is not moved by offerings, "whom you cannot conquer by sacrifices and oblations, "and therefore he is the only God to whom no altar "is erected, and no hymns are sung."

℣. 221. *Let Phœnix lead.*] How comes it to pass that Phœnix is in the Grecian camp, when undoubtedly he retired with his pupil Achilles? Eustathius says, the ancients conjectured that he came to the camp to see the first battel: and indeed nothing is more natural to imagine, than that Achilles would be impatient to know the event of the day, when he was himself absent from the fight: and as his revenge and glory were to be satisfied by the ill success of the Grecians, it is highly probable, that he sent Phœnix to inquire after it. Eustathius farther observes, Phœnix was not an embassador, but only the conductor of the embassy. This is evident from the words themselves, which are all along delivered in the dual number; and farther, from Achil-

Yet more to ſanctify the word you ſend,
Let Hodius and Eurybates attend.
Now pray to Jove to grant what Greece demands;
Pray, in deep ſilence, and with pureſt hands.
He ſaid, and all approv'd. The heralds bring
The cleanſing water from the living ſpring.
The youth with wine the ſacred goblets crown'd,
And large libations drench'd the ſands around.
The rite perform'd, the chiefs their thirſt allay,
Then from the royal tent they take their way;
Wiſe Neſtor turns on each his careful eye,
Forbids t' offend, inſtructs them to apply:

les's requiring Phœnix to ſtay with him when the other two departed.

℣. 222. *Great Ajax next, and Ithacus the ſage.*] The choice of theſe perſons is made with a great deal of judgment. Achilles could not but reverence the venerable Phœnix his guardian and tutor. Ajax and Ulyſſes had been diſgraced in the firſt book, line 187, as well as he, and were therefore proper perſons to perſuade him to forgive as they had forgiven: beſides, it was the greateſt honour that could be done to Achilles, to ſend the moſt worthy perſonages in the army to him. Ulyſſes was inferior to none in eloquence but to Neſtor. Ajax was ſecond to none in valour but to Achilles.

Ajax might have an influence over him as a relation, by deſcent from Æacus, Ulyſſes as an orator: to theſe are joined Hodius and Eurybates, two heralds, which though it were not cuſtomary, yet was neceſſary in this place, both to certify Achilles that this embaſſage was the act of Agamemnon himſelf, and alſo to make theſe perſons who had been witneſſes before God and man of the wrong done to Achilles in reſpect of Briſeis, witneſſes alſo of the ſatisfaction given him. Euſtathius.

Much he adviſ'd them all, Ulyſſes moſt,
To deprecate the chief, and ſave the hoſt.
Thro' the ſtill night they march, and hear the rore
Of murm'ring billows on the ſounding ſhore.
To Neptune, ruler of the ſeas profound,
Whoſe liquid arms the mighty globe ſurround,
They pour forth vows, their embaſſy to bleſs,
And calm the rage of ſtern Æacides.
And now arriv'd, where, on the ſandy bay
The Myrmidonian tents and veſſels lay;
Amus'd at eaſe, the godlike man they found,
Pleas'd with the ſolemn harp's harmonious ſound.

ỳ. 235. *Much he adviſ'd them all, Ulyſſes moſt.*] There is a great propriety in repreſenting Neſtor as ſo particularly applying himſelf on this occaſion to Ulyſſes. Though he of all men had the leaſt need of his inſtructions; yet it is highly natural for one wiſe man to talk moſt to another.

ỳ. 246. *Pleas'd with the ſolemn harp's harmonious ſound.*] "Homer (ſays Plutarch) to prove what an ex-
" cellent uſe may be made of muſic, feigned Achilles to
" compoſe by this means the wrath he had conceived
" againſt Agamemnon. He ſung to his harp the no-
" ble actions of the valiant, and the atchievements of
" heroes and demigods, a ſubject worthy of Achilles.
" Homer moreover teaches us in this fiction the proper
" ſeaſon for muſic, when a man is at leiſure and unem-
" ployed in greater affairs. For Achilles, ſo valorous
" as he was, had retired from action through his diſ-
" pleaſure to Agamemnon. And nothing was better
" ſuited to the martial diſpoſition of this hero, than
" theſe heroic ſongs, that prepared him for the deeds
" and toils he afterwards undertook, by the celebration

(The well-wrought harp from conquer'd Thebæ came,
Of poliſh'd ſilver was its coſtly frame;)
With this he ſoothes his angry ſoul, and ſings
Th' immortal deeds of heroes and of kings.
Patroclus only of the royal train,
Plac'd in his tent, attends the lofty ſtrain:
Full oppoſite he ſate, and liſten'd long,
In ſilence waiting 'till he ceas'd the ſong.
Unſeen the Grecian embaſſy proceeds
To his high tent; the great Ulyſſes leads.
Achilles ſtarting, as the chiefs he ſpy'd,
Leap'd from his ſeat, and laid the harp aſide.
With like ſurprize aroſe Menœtius' ſon:
Pelides graſp'd their hands, and thus begun.

Princes all hail! whatever brought you here,
Or ſtrong neceſſity, or urgent fear;
Welcome, tho' Greeks! for not as foes ye came;
To me more dear than all that bear the name.

" of the like in thoſe who had gone before him. Such " was the ancient muſic, and to ſuch purpoſes it was " applied." Plut. of muſic. The ſame author relates in the life of Alexander, that when the lyre of Paris was offered to that prince, he made anſwer, " He had " little value for it, but much deſired that of Achilles, " on which he ſung the actions of heroes in former " times."

℣. 261. *Princes all hail!*] This ſhort ſpeech is wonderfully proper to the occaſion, and to the temper of the ſpeaker. One is under a great expectation of what Achilles will ſay at the ſight of theſe heroes, and I know nothing in nature that could ſatisfy it but the very thing he here accoſts them with.

With that, the chiefs beneath his roof he led,
And plac'd in ſeats with purple carpets ſpread.
Then thus——Patroclus, crown a larger bowl,
Mix purer wine, and open ev'ry ſoul.
Of all the warriors yonder hoſt can ſend,
Thy friend moſt honours theſe, and theſe thy friend.
He ſaid; Patroclus o'er the blazing fire
Heaps in a brazen vaſe three chines intire:

℣. 268. *Mix purer wine.*] The meaning of this word ζωρότερον is very dubious; ſome ſay it ſignifies warm wine, from ζέω, *ferveo:* according to Ariſtotle it is an adverb, and implies to mix wine *quickly*. And others think it ſignifies pure wine. In this laſt ſenſe Herodotus uſes it. Ἐπὰν ζωρότερον βούλωνται οἱ Σπαρτιᾶται πιεῖν, ἐπισκύθισον λέγουσιν, ὡς ἀπὸ τῶν Σκυθῶν, οἵ φησιν, εἰς Σπάρτην ἀφικόμενοι πρέσβεις, ἐδίδαξαν τὸν Κλεομένην ἀκρατοποτεῖν. Which in Engliſh is thus: "When the Spartans have an inclination to drink their wine pure and not diluted, "they propoſe to drink after the manner of the Scythians; ſome of whom coming embaſſadors to Sparta, "taught Cleomenes to drink his wine unmixed." I think this ſenſe of the word is moſt natural, and Achilles might give this particular order not to dilute the wine ſo much as uſually, becauſe the embaſſadors, who were brave men, might be ſuppoſed to be much fatigued in the late battel, and to want a more than uſual refreſhment. Euſtathius. See Plut. Symp. *l.* 4. *c.* 5.

℣. 271. *Patroclus o'er the blazing fire,* etc.] The reader muſt not expect to find much beauty in ſuch deſcriptions as theſe: they give us an exact account of the ſimplicity of that age, which for all we know might be a part of Homer's deſign; there being, no doubt, a conſiderable change of cuſtoms in Greece, from the time of the Trojan war to thoſe wherein our author lived; and it ſeemed demanded of him to omit nothing

that

The brazen vaſe Automedon ſuſtains,
Which fleſh of porket, ſheep and goat contains:

that might give the Greeks an idea of the manners of their predeceſſors. But however that matter ſtood, it ſhould, methinks, be a pleaſure to a modern reader, to ſee how ſuch mighty men, whoſe actions have ſurvived their perſons three thouſand years, lived in the earlieſt ages of the world. The embaſſadors found this hero, ſays Euſtathius, without any attendants; he had no uſhers or waiters to introduce them, no ſervile paraſites about him: the latter ages degenerated into theſe pieces of ſtate and pageantry.

The ſupper alſo is deſcribed with an equal ſimplicity: three princes are buſied in preparing it, and they who made the greateſt figure in the field of battel, thought it no diſparagement to prepare their own repaſt. The objections ſome have made, that Homer's Gods and heroes do every thing for themſelves, as if ſeveral of thoſe offices were unworthy of them, proceeds from the corrupt idea of modern luxury and grandeur: whereas in truth it is rather a weakneſs and imperfection to ſtand in need of the aſſiſtance and miniſtry of others. But however it be, methinks thoſe of the niceſt taſte might reliſh this entertainment of Homer's, when they conſider theſe great men as ſoldiers in a camp, in whom the leaſt appearance of luxury would have been a crime.

℣. 271. *Patroclus o'er the blazing fire.*] Madam Dacier's general note on this paſſage deſerves to be tranſcribed. "Homer, ſays ſhe, is in the right not to a-"void theſe deſcriptions, becauſe nothing can properly "be called vulgar which is drawn from the manner and "uſages of perſons of the firſt dignity; and alſo becauſe "in his tongue even the terms of cookery are ſo noble, "and of ſo agreeable a ſound, and he likewiſe knows "how to place them ſo well, as to extract a perfect "harmony from them: ſo that he may be ſaid to be as "excellent a poet when he deſcribes theſe ſmall mat-

Achilles at the genial feaſt preſides,
The parts transfixes, and with ſkill divides.
Meanwhile Patroclus ſweats the fire to raiſe;
The tent is bright'ned with the riſing blaze:
Then, when the languid flames at length ſubſide,
He ſtrows a bed of glowing embers wide,
Above the coals the ſmoking fragments turns,
And ſprinkles ſacred ſalt from lifted urns;

" ters, as when he treats of the greateſt ſubjects. It is " not ſo either with our manners, or our language. " Cookery is left to ſervants, and all its terms ſo low " and diſagreeable, even in the ſound, that nothing can " be made of them, that has not ſome taint of their " meanneſs. This great diſadvantage made me at firſt " think of abridging this preparation of the repaſt; but " when I had well conſidered it, I was reſolved to pre- " ſerve and give Homer as he is, without retrenching " any thing from the ſimplicity of the heroic manners. " I do not write to enter the liſts againſt Homer, I will " diſpute nothing with him; my deſign is only to give " an idea of him, and to make him underſtood: the " reader will therefore forgive me if this deſcription has " none of its original graces."

ỳ. 272. *In a brazen vaſe.*] The word κρεῖον ſignifies the veſſel, and not the meat itſelf, as Euphorion conjectured, giving it as a reaſon that Homer makes no mention of boiled meat: but this does not hinder but that the meat might be parboiled in the veſſel to make it roaſt the ſooner. This, with ſome other notes on the particulars of this paſſage, belong to Euſtathius, and Madam Dacier ought not to have taken to herſelf the merit of his explanations.

ỳ. 282. *And ſprinkles ſacred ſalt.*] Many reaſons are given why ſalt is called ſacred or divine, but the beſt is becauſe it preſerves things incorrupt, and keeps them

With bread the glitt'ring canisters they load,
Which round the board Menœtius' son bestow'd;
Himself, oppos'd t' Ulysses full in sight,
Each portion parts, and orders ev'ry rite.
The first fat off'rings, to th' immortals due,
Amidst the greedy flames Patroclus threw;
Then each, indulging in the social feast,
His thirst and hunger soberly represt.
That done, to Phœnix Ajax gave the sign;
Not unperceiv'd; Ulysses crown'd with wine

from dissolution. "So thunder (says Plutarch, Sympos. *l.* 5. *qu.* 10.) "is called divine, because bodies struck "with thunder will not putrify; besides generation is "divine, because God is the principle of all things, "and salt is most operative in generation. Lycophron "calls it ἀγνίτην τὴν ἅλα: for this reason Venus was "feigned by the poets to spring from the sea."

ỳ. 291. *To Phœnix Ajax gave the sign.*] Ajax, who was a rough soldier and no orator, is impatient to have the business over: he makes a sign to Phœnix to begin, but Ulysses prevents him. Perhaps Ulysses might flatter himself that his oratory would prevail upon Achilles, and so obtain the honour of making the reconciliation himself: or if he were repulsed, there yet remained a second and a third resource in Ajax and Phœnix, who might renew the attempt, and endeavour to shake his resolution: there would still be some hopes of success, as one of these was his guardian, the other his relation. One may farther add to these reasons of Eustathius, that it would have been improper for Phœnix to have spoken first, since he was not an embassador: and therefore Ulysses was the fitter person, as being empowered by that function to make an offer of the presents, in the name of the king.

The foaming bowl, and instant thus began,
His speech addressing to the Godlike man.

Health to Achilles! happy are thy guests!
Not those more honour'd whom Atrides feasts:
Tho' gen'rous plenty crown thy loaded boards,
That Agamemnon's regal tent affords;
But greater cares sit heavy on our souls,
Not eas'd by banquets or by flowing bowls.

℣. 295. *Health to Achilles.*] There are no discourses in the Iliad better placed, better timed, or that give a greater idea of Homer's genius, than these of the embassadors to Achilles. These speeches are not only necessarily demanded by the occasion, but disposed with art, and in such an order, as raises more and more the pleasure of the reader. Ulysses speaks the first, the character of whose discourse is a well-addressed eloquence; so the mind is agreeably engaged by the choice of his reasons and applications: Achilles replies with a magnanimous freedom, whereby the mind is elevated with the sentiments of the hero: Phœnix discourses in a manner touching and pathetic, whereby the heart is moved; and Ajax concludes with a generous disdain that leaves the soul of the reader inflamed. This order undoubtedly denotes a great poet, who knows how to command attention as he pleases, by the arrangement of his matter; and I believe it is not possible to propose a better model for the happy disposition of a subject. These words are monsieur de la Motte's, and no testimony can be more glorious to Homer than this, which comes from the mouth of an enemy.

℣. 296. *Not those more honour'd whom Atrides feasts.*] I must just mention Dacier's observation: with what cunning Ulysses here slides in the odious name of Agamemnon, as he praises Achilles, that the ear of this impetuous man might be familiarized to that name.

What ſcenes of ſlaughter in yon' fields appear!
The dead we mourn, and for the living fear;
Greece on the brink of fate all doubtful ſtands,
And owns no help but from thy ſaving hands:
Troy and her aids for ready vengeance call;
Their threat'ning tents already ſhade our wall:
Hear how with ſhouts their conqueſt they proclaim,
And point at ev'ry ſhip their vengeful flame!
For them the Father of the Gods declares,
Theirs are his omens, and his thunder theirs.
See, full of Jove, avenging Hector riſe!
See! heav'n and earth the raging chief defies;
What fury in his breaſt, what lightning in his eyes!
He waits but for the morn, to ſink in flame
The ſhips, the Greeks, and all the Grecian name.
Heav'ns! how my country's woes diſtract my mind,
Leſt fate accompliſh all his rage deſign'd.
And muſt we, Gods! our heads inglorious lay
In Trojan duſt, and this the fatal day?

ꝟ. 314. *He waits but for the morn, to ſink in flame The ſhips, the Greeks*, etc.] There is a circumſtance in the original which I have omitted, for fear of being too particular in an oration of this warmth and importance; but as it preſerves a piece of antiquity, I muſt not forget it here. He ſays that Hector will not only fire the fleet, but bear off the *ſtatues of the Gods*, which were carved on the prows of the veſſels. Theſe were hung up in the temples, as a monument of victory, according to the cuſtom of thoſe times.

Return, Achilles! oh return, tho' late,
To ſave thy Greeks, and ſtop the courſe of fate;
If in that heart, or grief, or courage lies,
Riſe to redeem; ah yet, to conquer, riſe!
The day may come, when all our warriors ſlain,
That heart ſhall melt, that courage riſe in vain.
Regard in time, O prince divinely brave!
Thoſe wholſome counſels which thy father gave.
When Peleus in his aged arms embrac'd
His parting ſon, theſe accents were his laſt.
My child! with ſtrength, with glory and ſucceſs,
Thy arms may Juno and Minerva bleſs!
Truſt that to heav'n: but thou, thy cares engage
To calm thy paſſions, and ſubdue thy rage:
From gentler manners let thy glory grow,
And ſhun contention, the ſure ſource of woe;
That young and old may in thy praiſe combine,
The virtues of humanity be thine——
This, now deſpis'd advice, thy father gave;
Ah! check thy anger, and be truly brave.
If thou wilt yield to great Atrides' pray'rs,
Gifts worthy thee his royal hand prepares;
If not——but hear me, while I number o'er
The proffer'd preſents, an exhauſtleſs ſtore.

℣. 342. *But hear me, while I number o'er The proffer'd preſents.*] Monſieur de la Motte finds fault with Homer for making Ulyſſes in this place repeat all the offers of Agamemnon to Achilles. Not to anſwer that it was but neceſſary to make known to Achilles all the

Ten weighty talents of the pureſt gold,
And twice ten vaſes of refulgent mold;
Sev'n ſacred tripods, whoſe unſully'd frame
Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame;
Twelve ſteeds unmatch'd in fleetneſs and in force,
And ſtill victorious in the duſty courſe:
(Rich were the man whoſe ample ſtores exceed
The prizes purchas'd by their winged ſpeed)
Sev'n lovely captives of the Leſbian line,
Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd in form divine,
The ſame he choſe for more than vulgar charms,
When Leſbos ſunk beneath thy conqu'ring arms.
All theſe, to buy thy friendſhip, ſhall be paid,
And join'd with theſe the long-conteſted maid;
With all her charms, Briſeis he'll reſign,
And ſolemn ſwear thoſe charms were only thine;
Untouch'd ſhe ſtay'd, uninjur'd ſhe removes,
Pure from his arms, and guiltleſs of his loves.
Theſe inſtant ſhall be thine; and if the pow'rs
Give to our arms proud Ilion's hoſtile tow'rs,
Then ſhalt thou ſtore (when Greece the ſpoil divides)
With gold and braſs thy loaded navy's ſides.

propoſals, or that this diſtinct enumeration ſerved the more to move him, I think one may appeal to any perſon of common taſte, whether the ſolemn recital of theſe circumſtances does not pleaſe him more than the ſimple narration could have done, which Monſieur de la Motte would have put in its ſtead. *Ulyſſes made all the offers Agamemnon had commiſſioned him.*

Beſides full twenty nymphs of Trojan race,
With copious love ſhall crown thy warm embrace;
Such as thyſelf ſhall chuſe; who yield to none,
Or yield to Helen's heav'nly charms alone.
Yet hear me farther: when our wars are o'er,
If ſafe we land on Argos' fruitful ſhore,
There ſhalt thou live his ſon, his honours ſhare,
And with Oreſtes' ſelf divide his care.
Yet more——three daughters in his court are bred,
And each well worthy of a royal bed;
Laodice and Iphigenia fair,
And bright Chryſothemis with golden hair;
Her ſhalt thou wed whom moſt thy eyes approve;
He aſks no preſents, no reward for love:
Himſelf will give the dow'r; ſo vaſt a ſtore,
As never father gave a child before.
Sev'n ample cities ſhall confeſs thy ſway,
Thee Enope, and Pheræ thee obey,
Cardamyle with ample turrets crown'd,
And ſacred Pedaſus, for vines renown'd:
Æpea fair, the paſtures Hira yields,
And rich Antheia with her flow'ry fields:
The whole extent to Pylos' ſandy plain
Along the verdant margin of the main.
There heifers graze, and lab'ring oxen toil;
Bold are the men, and gen'rous is the ſoil.
There ſhalt thou reign with pow'r and juſtice crown'd,
And rule the tributary realms around.

Such are the proffers which this day we bring,
Such the repentance of a ſuppliant king.
But if all this relentleſs thou diſdain,
If honour, and if int'reſt plead in vain;
Yet ſome redreſs to ſuppliant Greece afford,
And be, amongſt her guardian Gods, ador'd.
If no regard thy ſuff'ring country claim,
Hear thy own glory, and the voice of fame:
For now that chief, whoſe unreſiſted ire
Made nations tremble, and whole hoſts retire,
Proud Hector, now, th' unequal fight demands,
And only triumphs to deſerve thy hands.

Then thus the goddeſs-born. Ulyſſes, hear
A faithful ſpeech, that knows nor art, nor fear;
What in my ſecret ſoul is underſtood,
My tongue ſhall utter, and my deeds make good.
Let Greece then know, my purpoſe I retain,
Nor with new treaties vex my peace in vain.

℣. 406. *Achilles's ſpeech.*] Nothing is more remarkable than the conduct of Homer in this ſpeech of Achilles. He begins with ſome degree of coolneſs, as in reſpect to the embaſſadors, whoſe perſons he eſteemed, yet even there his temper juſt ſhews itſelf in the inſinuation that Ulyſſes had dealt artfully with him, which in two periods riſes into an open deteſtation of all artifice. He then falls into a ſullen declaration of his reſolves, and a more ſedate repreſentation of his paſt ſervices; but warms as he goes on, and every minute he but names his wrongs, flies out into extravagance. His rage, awakened by that injury, is like a fire blown by a wind that ſinks and riſes by fits, but keeps continually burning, and blazes but the more for thoſe intermiſſions.

Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
My heart deteſts him as the gates of hell.
 Then thus in ſhort my fixt reſolves attend,
Which nor Atrides, nor his Greeks can bend;
Long toils, long perils in their cauſe I bore,
But now th' unfruitful glories charm no more.
Fight or not fight, a like reward we claim,
The wretch and hero find their prize the ſame;
Alike regretted in the duſt he lies,
Who yields ignobly, or who bravely dies.
Of all my dangers, all my glorious pains,
A life of labours, lo! what fruit remains?
As the bold bird her helpleſs young attends,
From danger guards them, and from want defends;
In ſearch of prey ſhe wings the ſpacious air,
And with th' untaſted food ſupplies her care:
For thankleſs Greece ſuch hardſhips have I brav'd,
Her wives, her infants by my labours ſav'd;

ỳ. 424. *As the bold bird*, etc.] This ſimile (ſays la Motte) muſt be allowed to be juſt, but was not fit to be ſpoken in a paſſion. One may anſwer, that the tenderneſs of the compariſon renders it no way the leſs proper to a man in a paſſion; it being natural enough, the more one is diſguſted at preſent, the more to recollect the kindneſs we have formerly ſhewn to thoſe who are ungrateful. Euſtathius obſerves, that ſo ſoft as the ſimile ſeems, it has nevertheleſs its *fierte*; for Achilles herein expreſſes his contempt for the Greeks, as a weak defenceleſs people, who muſt have periſhed, if he had not preſerved them. And indeed, if we conſider what is ſaid in the preceding note, it will appear that the paſſion of Achilles ought not as yet to be at the height.

Long ſleepleſs nights in heavy arms I ſtood,
And ſweat laborious days in duſt and blood.
I ſack'd twelve ample cities on the main,
And twelve lay ſmoking on the Trojan plain:
Then at Atrides' haughty feet were laid
The wealth I gather'd, and the ſpoils I made.
Your mighty monarch theſe in peace poſſeſt;
Some few my ſoldiers had, himſelf the reſt.
Some preſent too to ev'ry prince was paid;
And ev'ry prince enjoys the gift he made;
I only muſt refund, of all his train;
See what pre-eminence our merits gain!
My ſpoil alone his greedy ſoul delights;
My ſpouſe alone muſt bleſs his luſtful nights:
The woman, let him (as he may) enjoy;
But what's the quarrel then of Greece to Troy?
What to theſe ſhores th' aſſembled nations draws,
What calls for vengeance, but a woman's cauſe?

ỳ. 432. *I ſack'd twelve ample cities.*] Euſtathius ſays, that the anger of Achilles not only throws him into tautology, but alſo into ambiguity: for, ſays he, theſe words may either ſignify that he deſtroyed twelve cities with his ſhips, or barely cities with twelve ſhips. But Euſtathius in this place is like many other commentators, who can ſee a meaning in a ſentence, that never entered into the thoughts of an author. It is not eaſy to conceive how Achilles could have expreſſed himſelf more clearly. There is no doubt but δώδεκα agrees with the ſame word that ἕνδεκα does, in the following line, which is certainly πόλεις; and there is a manifeſt enumeration of the places he had conquered by ſea, and by land.

Are fair endowments and a beauteous face
Belov'd by none but those of Atreus' race?
The wife whom choice and passion both approve,
Sure ev'ry wise and worthy man will love.
Nor did my fair-one less distinction claim;
Slave as she was, my soul ador'd the dame.
Wrong'd in my love all proffers I disdain;
Deceiv'd for once, I trust not kings again.

ỳ. 450. *The wife whom choice and passion both approve, Sure ev'ry wise and worthy man will love.*] The argument of Achilles in this place is very a-propos with reference to the case of Agamemnon. If I translated it *verbatim*, I must say in plain English, *Every honest man loves his wife.* Thus Homer has made this rash, this fiery soldier governed by his passions, and in the rage of youth, bear testimony to his own respect for the ladies. But it seems Poltis king of Thrace was of another opinion, who would have parted with two wives, out of pure good-nature to two mere strangers; as I have met with the story somewhere in Plutarch. When the Greeks were raising forces against Troy, they sent embassadors to this Poltis to desire his assistance. He inquired the cause of the war, and was told it was the injury Paris had done Menelaus in taking his wife from him. "If that be "all, said the good king, let me accommodate the dif-"ference: indeed it is not just the Greek prince should "lose a wife, and on the other side it is pity the Trojan "should want one. Now I have two wives, and to "prevent all this mischief, I'll send one of them to "Menelaus, and the other to Paris." It is a shame this story is so little known, and that poor Poltis yet remains uncelebrated: I cannot but recommend him to the modern poets.

Ye have my anſwer—what remains to do,
Your king Ulyſſes, may conſult with you.
What needs he the defence this arm can make?
Has he not walls no human force can ſhake?
Has he not fenc'd his guarded navy round,
With piles, with ramparts, and a trench profound?
And will not theſe, (the wonders he has done)
Repel the rage of Priam's ſingle ſon?
There was a time ('twas when for Greece I fought)
When Hector's proweſs no ſuch wonders wrought;
He kept the verge of Troy, nor dar'd to wait
Achilles' fury at the Scæan gate;
He try'd it once, and ſcarce was ſav'd by fate.

℣. 457. *Your king, Ulyſſes, may conſult with you.*] Achilles ſtill remembers what Agamemnon ſaid to him when they quarreled, *Other brave warriors will be left behind to follow me in battel*, as we have ſeen in the firſt book. He anſwers here without either ſparing Ajax or Ulyſſes; as much his friends as they are, they have their ſhare in this ſtroke of raillery. Euſtathius.

℣. 459. *Has he not walls?*] This is a bitter ſatire, (ſays Euſtathius) againſt Agamemnon, as if his only deeds were the making of this wall, this ditch, theſe palliſades, to defend himſelf againſt thoſe whom he came to beſiege: there was no need of theſe retrenchments, whilſt Achilles fought. But (as Dacier obſerves) this ſatire does not affect Agamemnon only, but Neſtor too, who had adviſed the making of theſe retrenchments, and who had ſaid in the ſecond book, *If there are a few who ſeparate themſelves from the reſt of the army, let them ſtay and periſh*, ℣. 346. Probably this had been reported to Achilles, and that hero revenges himſelf here by mocking theſe retrenchments.

But now thoſe ancient enmities are o'er;
To-morrow we the fav'ring Gods implore,
Then ſhall you ſee our parting veſſels crown'd,
And hear with oars the Helleſpont reſound.
The third day hence ſhall Pthia greet our ſails,
If mighty Neptune ſend propitious gales;
Pthia to her Achilles ſhall reſtore
The wealth he left for this deteſted ſhore:
Thither the ſpoils of this long war ſhall paſs,
The ruddy gold, the ſteel, and ſhining braſs;
My beauteous captives thither I'll convey,
And all that reſts of my unraviſh'd prey.
One only valu'd gift your tyrant gave,
And that reſum'd; the fair Lyrneſſian ſlave.

ỳ. 473. *The third day hence ſhall Pthia, etc.*] Monſieur de la Motte thinks the mention of theſe minute circumſtances not to agree with the paſſionate character of the ſpeaker; that *he ſhall arrive at Pthia in three days, that he ſhall find there all the riches he left when he came to the ſiege, and that he ſhall carry other treaſures home.* Dacier anſwers, that we need only conſider the preſent ſituation of Achilles, and his cauſe of complaint againſt Agamemnon, and we ſhall be ſatisfied here is nothing but what is exactly agreeable to the occaſion. To convince the embaſſadors that he will return home, he inſtances the eaſineſs of doing it in the ſpace of three days. Agamemnon had injured him in the point of booty, he therefore declares he had ſufficient treaſures at home, and that he will carry off ſpoils enough, and women enough, to make amends for thoſe that prince had raviſhed from him. Every one of theſe particulars marks his paſſion and reſentment.

ỳ. 481. *One only valu'd gift your tyrant gave.*] The

Then tell him; loud, that all the Greeks may hear,
And learn to ſcorn the wretch they baſely fear;
(For arm'd in impudence, mankind he braves,
And meditates new cheats on all his ſlaves;
Tho' ſhameleſs as he is, to face theſe eyes
Is what he dares not; if he dares, he dies)
Tell him, all terms, all commerce I decline,
Nor ſhare his council, nor his battel join:
For once deceiv'd, was his; but twice, were mine.
No—let the ſtupid prince, whom Jove deprives
Of ſenſe and juſtice, run where frenzy drives;
His gifts are hateful: kings of ſuch a kind
Stand but as ſlaves before a noble mind.

injury which Agamemnon offered to Achilles is ſtill upper-moſt in his thoughts; he has but juſt diſmiſſed it, and now returns to it again. Theſe repetitions are far from being faults in Achilles's wrath, whoſe anger is perpetually breaking out upon the ſame injury.

ỳ. 494. *Kings of ſuch a kind Stand but as ſlaves before a noble mind.*] The words in the Greek, are, *I deſpiſe him as a Carian.* The Carians were people of Bœotia, the firſt that ſold their valour, and were ready to fight for any that gave them their pay. This was looked upon as the vileſt of actions in thoſe heroical ages. I think there is at preſent but one nation in the world diſtinguiſhed for this practice, who are ready to proſtitute their hands to kill for the higheſt bidder.

Euſtathius endeavours to give many other ſolutions of this place, as that ἐν καρὸς may be miſtaken for ἴκαρος from ἴκαρ, *pediculus*; but this is too mean and trivial to be Homer's ſentiment. There is more probability that it comes from κῆρ, κηρὸς and ſo καρὸς by the change of the Eta into Alpha; and then the meaning will be,

Not tho' he proffer'd all himself possest,
And all his rapine could from others wrest;
Not all the golden tides of wealth that crown
The many-peopled Orchomenian town;
Not all proud Thebes' unrival'd walls contain,
The world's great empress on th' Ægyptian plain,

that Achilles hates him as much as hell or death, agreeable to what he had said a little before.

Ἐχθρὸς μὲν μοὶ κεῖνος ὁμῶς ἀΐδαο πύλησι.

ỳ. 500. *Not all proud Thebes'*, etc.] These several circumstances concerning Thebes are thought by some not to suit with that emotion with which Achilles here is supposed to speak: but the contrary will appear true, if we reflect that nothing is more usual for persons transported with anger, than to insist, and return to such particulars as most touch them; and that exaggeration is a figure extremely natural in passion. Achilles therefore, by shewing the greatness of Thebes, its wealth, and extent, does in effect but shew the greatness of his own soul, and of that insuperable resentment which renders all these riches (though the greatest in the world) contemptible in his sight, when he compares them with the indignity his honour has received.

ỳ. 500. *Proud Thebes' unrival'd walls*, etc.] "The "city which the Greeks call Thebes, the Ægyptians "Diospolis (says Diodorus, *lib.* 1. *par.* 2.) was in circuit a hundred and forty *stadia*, adorned with stately "buildings, magnificent temples, and rich donations. "It was not only the most beautiful and noble city of "Ægypt, but of the whole world. The fame of its "wealth and grandeur was so celebrated in all parts, "that the poet took notice of it in these words;

-------------------- οὐδ' ὅσα Θήβας
Αἰγυπτίας, ὅθι πλεῖστα δόμοις ἐν κτήματα κεῖται,

(That ſpreads her conqueſts o'er a thouſand ſtates,
And pours her heroes thro' a hundred gates,

Αἵθ' ἑκατόμπυλοί εἰσι, διηκόσιοι δ' ἀν' ἑκάστην
Ἀνέρες ἐξοιχνεῦσι σὺν ἵπποισι καὶ ὄχεσφιν. ℣. 381.

"Though others affirm it had not a hundred gates, but ſeveral vaſt porches to the temples; from whence the city was called the *hundred-gated*, only as having many gates. Yet it is certain it furniſhed twenty thouſand chariots of war; for there were a hundred ſtables along the river, from Memphis to Thebes towards Libya, each of which contained two hundred horſes, the ruins whereof are ſhewn at this day. [The princes from time to time made it their care to beautify and inlarge this city, to which none under the ſun was equal in the many and magnificent treaſures of gold, ſilver, and ivory; with innumerable *coloſſuſes*, and obeliſques of one intire ſtone. There were four temples admirable in beauty and greatneſs, the moſt ancient of which was in circuit thirteen *ſtadia*, and five and forty cubits in height, with a wall of four and twenty foot broad. The ornaments and offerings within were agreeable to this magnificence, both in value and workmanſhip. The fabric is yet remaining, but the gold, ſilver, ivory, and precious ſtones were ranſacked by the Perſians, when Cambyſes burned the temples of Ægypt. There were found in the rubbiſh above three hundred talents of gold, and no leſs than two thouſand three hundred of ſilver." The ſame author proceeds to give many inſtances of the magnificence of this great city. The deſcription of the ſepulchres of their kings, and particularly that of Oſymanduas, is perfectly aſtoniſhing, to which I refer the reader.

Strabo farther informs us, that the kings of Thebes, extended their conqueſts as far as Scythia, Bactria, and India.

Two hundred horſemen, and two hundred cars
From each wide portal iſſuing to the wars)
Tho' bribes were heap'd on bribes, in number more
Than duſt in fields, or ſands along the ſhore;
Should all theſe offers for my friendſhip call;
'Tis he that offers, and I ſcorn them all.
Atrides' daughter never ſhall be led
(An ill-match'd conſort) to Achilles' bed;
Like golden Venus tho' ſhe charm'd the heart,
And vy'd with Pallas in the works of art.
Some greater Greek let thoſe high nuptials grace,
I hate alliance with a tyrant's race.
If heav'n reſtore me to my realms with life,
The rev'rend Peleus ſhall elect my wife;
Theſſalian nymphs there are, of form divine,
And kings that ſue to mix their blood with mine.
Bleſt in kind love, my years ſhall glide away,
Content with juſt hereditary ſway;
There deaf for ever to the martial ſtrife,
Enjoy the dear prerogative of life.
Life is not to be bought with heaps of gold;
Not all Apollo's Pythian treaſures hold,

℣. 525. *Not all Apollo's Pythian treaſures.*] The temple of Apollo at Delphos was the richeſt temple in the world, by the offerings which were brought to it from all parts; there were ſtatues of maſſy gold of a human ſize, figures of animals in gold, and ſeveral other treaſures. A great ſign of its wealth is, that the Phocians pillaged it in the time of Philip the ſon of Amyntas, which gave occaſion to the holy war. It is ſaid to have

Or Troy once held, in peace and pride of ſway,
Can bribe the poor poſſeſſion of a day!
Loſt herds and treaſures, we by arms regain,
And ſteeds unrivall'd on the duſty plain:
But from our lips the vital ſpirit fled,
Returns no more to wake the ſilent dead.
My fates long ſince by Thetis were diſclos'd,
And each alternate, life or fame propos'd;

been pillaged before, and that the great riches of which Homer ſpeaks, had been carried away. Euſtathius.

ỳ. 530. *The vital ſpirit fled, Returns no more.*] Nothing ſure could be better imagined, or more ſtrongly paint Achilles's reſentment, than this commendation which Homer puts into his mouth of a long and peaceable life. That hero, whoſe very ſoul was poſſeſſed with love of glory, and who preferred it to life itſelf, lets his anger prevail over this his darling paſſion: he deſpiſes even glory, when he cannot obtain that, and enjoy his revenge at the ſame time; and rather than lay this aſide, becomes the very reverſe of himſelf.

ỳ. 532. *My fates long ſince by Thetis were diſclos'd.*] It was very neceſſary for Homer to put the reader more than once in mind of this piece of Achilles's ſtory: there is a remark of monſieur de la Motte, which deſerves to be tranſcribed intire on this occaſion.

"The generality of people, who do not know "Achilles by the Iliad, and who upon a moſt noted fa- "ble conceive him invulnerable all but in the heel, find "it ridiculous that he ſhould be placed at the head of "heroes; ſo true it is, that the idea of valour implies "it always in danger.

"Should a giant, well armed, fight againſt a legion "of children, whatever ſlaughter he ſhould make, the "pity any one would have for them, would not turn "at all to any admiration of him; and the more he "

Here, if I stay, before the Trojan town,
Short is my date, but deathless my renown:
If I return, I quit immortal praise
For years on years, and long-extended days.
Convinc'd, tho' late, I find my fond mistake,
And warn the Greeks the wiser choice to make:
To quit these shores, their native seats enjoy,
Nor hope the fall of heav'n-defended Troy.

"should applaud his own courage, the more one would be offended at his pride.

"Achilles had been in this case, if Homer, besides all the superiority of strength he has given him, had not found the art of putting likewise his greatness of soul out of all suspicion.

"He has perfectly well succeeded in feigning that Achilles before his setting out to the Trojan war, was sure of meeting his death. The destinies had proposed to him by the mouth of Thetis, the alternative of a long and happy, but obscure life, if he staid in his own state; or of a short, but glorious one, if he embraced the vengeance of the Greeks. He wishes for glory in contempt of death; and thus all his actions, all his motions are so many proofs of his courage; he runs, in hastening his exploits, to a death which he knows infallibly attends him; what does it avail him, that he routs every thing almost without resistance? it is still true, that he every moment encounters and faces the sentence of his destiny, and that he devotes himself generously for glory. Homer was so sensible that this idea must force a concern for his hero, that he scatters it throughout his poem, to the end that the reader having it always in view, may esteem Achilles even for what he performs without the least danger."

Jove's arm diſplay'd aſſerts her from the ſkies;
Her hearts are ſtrengthen'd, and her glories riſe.
Go then, to Greece report our fix'd deſign;
Bid all your councils, all your armies join,
Let all your forces, all your arts conſpire,
To ſave the ſhips, the troops, the chiefs from fire.
One ſtratagem has fail'd, and others will:
Ye find, Achilles is unconquer'd ſtill.
Go then—digeſt my meſſage as ye may—
But here this night let rev'rend Phœnix ſtay:
His tedious toils, and hoary hairs demand
A peaceful death in Pthia's friendly land.
But whether he remain, or ſail with me,
His age be ſacred, and his will be free.

The ſon of Peleus ceas'd: the chiefs around
In ſilence wrapt, in conſternation drown'd,
Attend the ſtern reply. Then Phœnix roſe;
(Down his white beard a ſtream of ſorrow flows)
And while the fate of ſuff'ring Greece he mourn'd,
With accent weak theſe tender words return'd.

Divine Achilles! wilt thou then retire,
And leave our hoſts in blood, our fleets on fire!
If wrath ſo dreadful fill thy ruthleſs mind,
How ſhall thy friend, thy Phœnix, ſtay behind?

℣. 565. *How ſhall thy friend, thy Phœnix ſtay behind?*] This is a ſtrong argument to perſuade Achilles to ſtay, but dreſſed up in the utmoſt tenderneſs: the venerable old man riſes with tears in his eyes, and ſpeaks the language of affection. He tells him that he would not

The royal Peleus, when from Pthia's coaſt
He ſent thee early to th' Achaian hoſt;

be left behind him, though the God would free him from the burthen of old age, and reſtore him to his youth: but in the midſt of ſo much fondneſs, he couches a powerful argument to perſuade him not to return home, by adding that his father ſent him to be his guide and guardian; Phœnix ought not therefore to follow the inclinations of Achilles, but Achilles the directions of Phœnix. Euſtathius.

" The art of this ſpeech of Phœnix (ſays Dionyſius, " περὶ ἐσχηματισμένων, *lib.* 1) conſiſts in his ſeeming to " agree with all that Achilles had ſaid: Achilles, he " ſees, will depart, and he muſt go along with him; " but in aſſigning the reaſons why he muſt go with " him, he proves that Achilles ought not to depart. " And thus while he ſeems only to ſhew his love to his " pupil in his inability to ſtay behind him, he indeed " challenges the other's gratitude for the benefits he " had conferred upon him in his infancy and education. " At the ſame time that he moves Achilles, he gratifies " Agamemnon; and that this was the real deſign which " he diſguiſed in that manner, we are informed by " Achilles himſelf in the reply he makes: for Homer, " and all the authors that treat of this figure, generally " contrived it ſo, that the anſwers made to theſe kind " of ſpeeches, diſcover all the art and ſtructure of them. " Achilles therefore aſks him,

Is it for him theſe tears are taught to flow?
For him theſe ſorrows? for my mortal foe?

" You ſee the ſcholar reveals the art and diſſimulation " of his maſter; and as Phœnix had recounted the " benefits done him, he takes off that expoſtulation by " promiſing to divide his empire with him, as may be " ſeen in the ſame anſwer."

℣. 567. *He ſent thee early to th' Achaian hoſt.*] Achil-

Thy youth as then in sage debates unskill'd,
And new to perils of the direful field:
He bade me teach thee all the ways of war;
To shine in councils, and in camps to dare.
Never, ah never let me leave thy side!
No time shall part us, and no fate divide.
Not tho' the God, that breath'd my life, restore
The bloom I boasted, and the port I bore,
When Greece of old beheld my youthful flames,
(Delightful Greece, the land of lovely dames.)
My father, faithless to my mother's arms,
Old as he was, ador'd a stranger's charms.

les (says Eustathius) according to some of the ancients, was but twelve years old when he went to the wars of Troy (πέμπε νήπιον;) and it may be gathered from what the poet here relates of the education of Achilles under Phœnix, that the fable of his being tutored by Chiron was the invention of latter ages, and unknown to Homer.

Mr. Bayle, in his article of Achilles, has very well proved this. He might indeed, as he grew up, have learned music and physic of Chiron, without having him formally as his tutor; for it is plain from this speech, that he was put under the direction of Phœnix as his governor in morality, when his father sent him along with him to the siege of Troy.

℣. 578. *My father, faithless to my mother's arms*, etc.] Homer has been blamed for introducing two long stories into this speech of Phœnix; this concerning himself is said not to be in the proper place, and what Achilles must needs have heard over and over: it also gives (say they) a very ill impression of Phœnix himself, and makes him appear a very unfit person to be a teacher of morality to the young hero. It is answered, that

I try'd what youth could do (at her deſire)
To win the damſel, and prevent my ſire.
My ſire with curſes loads my hated head,
And cries, " Ye furies! barren be his bed."

though Achilles might have known the ſtory before in general, it is probable Phœnix had not until now ſo preſſing an occaſion to make him diſcover the exceſs his fury had tranſported him to, in attempting the life of his own father: the whole ſtory tends to repreſent the dreadful effects of paſſion: and I cannot but think the example is the more forcible, as it is drawn from his own experience.

ỳ. 581. *To win the damſel.*] The counſel that this mother gives to her ſon Phœnix is the ſame that Achitophel gave to Abſolom, to hinder him from ever being reconciled to David. *Et ait Achitophel ad Abſalom: ingredere ad concubinas patris tui, quas dimiſit ad cuſtodiendam domum, ut cum audierit omnis Iſrael quod fœdaveris patrem tuum, roborentur tecum manus eorum.* 2 Sam. 14. 20. Dacier.

ỳ. 581. *Prevent my ſire.*] This decency of Homer is worthy obſervation, who to remove all the diſagreeable ideas, which might proceed from this intrigue of Phœnix with his father's miſtreſs, took care to give us to underſtand in one ſingle word, that Amyntor had no ſhare in her affections, which makes the action of Phœnix the more excuſable. He does it only in obedience to his mother, in order to reclaim his father, and oblige him to live like her huſband: beſides, his father had yet no commerce with this miſtreſs to whoſe love he pretended. Had it been otherwiſe, and had Phœnix committed this ſort of inceſt, Homer would neither have preſented this image to his reader, nor Peleus choſen Phœnix to be governor to Achilles. Dacier.

Infernal Jove, the vengeful fiends below,
And ruthless Proserpine, confirm'd his vow.
Despair and grief distract my lab'ring mind;
Gods! what a crime my impious heart design'd?

ỳ. 584. *Infernal Jove.*] The Greek is ζεύς τε καταχθόνιος. The ancients gave the name of Jupiter not only to the God of heaven, but likewise to the God of hell, as is seen here; and to the God of the sea, as appears from Æschylus. They thereby meant to shew that one sole deity governed the world; and it was to teach the same truth, that the ancient statuaries made statues of Jupiter, which had three eyes. Priam had one of them in that manner in the court of his palace, which was there in Laomedon's time: after the taking of Troy, when the Greeks shared the booty, it fell to Sthenelus's lot, who carried it into Greece. Dacier.

ỳ. 586. *Despair and grief distract*, etc.] I have taken the liberty to replace here four verses which Aristarchus had cut out, because of the horror which the idea gave him of a son who is going to kill his father; but perhaps Aristarchus's niceness was too great. These verses seem to me necessary, and have a very good effect; for Phœnix's aim is to shew Achilles, that unless we over-come our wrath, we are exposed to commit the greatest crimes: he was going to kill his own father. Achilles in the same manner is going to let his father Phœnix and all the Greeks perish, if he does not appease his wrath. Plutarch relates these four verses in his treatise of reading the poets; and adds, "Aristarchus frightened at "this horrible crime, cut out these verses; but they "do very well in this place, and on this occasion, Phœ-"nix intending to shew Achilles what wrath is, and to "what abominable excesses it hurries men, who do not "obey reason, and who refuse to follow the counsels "of those that advise them." These sort of curtailings from Homer, often contrary to all reason, gave room

I thought (but ſome kind God that thought ſupppreſt)
To plunge the ponyard in my father's breaſt,
Then meditate my flight; my friends in vain
With pray'rs intreat me, and with force detain;
On fat of rams, black bulls, and brawny ſwine,
They daily feaſt, with draughts of fragrant wine:
Strong guards they plac'd, and watch'd nine nights intire;
The roofs and porches flam'd with conſtant fire.
The tenth, I forc'd the gates, unſeen of all;
And favour'd by the night, o'erleap'd the wall.
My travels thence thro' ſpacious Greece extend;
In Pthia's court at laſt my labours end.
Your ſire receiv'd me, as his ſon careſs'd,
With gifts enrich'd, and with poſſeſſions bleſs'd.
The ſtrong Dolopians thenceforth own'd my reign,
And all the coaſt that runs along the main.
By love to thee his bounties I repaid,
And early wiſdom to thy ſoul convey'd:
Great as thou art, my leſſons made thee brave,
A child I took thee, but a hero gave.
Thy infant breaſt a like affection ſhow'd;
Still in my arms, (an ever-pleaſing load)

to Lucian to feign that being in the fortunate iſlands, he aſked Homer a great many queſtions. Among o-
"ther things (ſays he in his ſecond book of his true
"hiſtory) I aſked him whether he had made all the
"verſes which had been rejected in his poem? he aſ-
"ſured me they were all his own, which made me laugh
"at the impertinent and bold criticiſms of Zenodorus
"and Ariſtarchus, who had retrenched them." Dacier.

Or at my knee, by Phœnix would'ſt thou ſtand;
No food was grateful but from Phœnix' hand.
I paſs my watchings o'er thy helpleſs years,
The tender labours, the compliant cares;
The Gods (I thought) revers'd their hard decree,
And Phœnix felt a father's joys in thee:
Thy growing virtues juſtify'd my cares,
And promis'd comfort to my ſilver hairs.
Now be thy rage, thy fatal rage, reſign'd;
A cruel heart ill ſuits a manly mind:
The gods (the only great, and only wiſe)
Are mov'd by off'rings, vows, and ſacrifice;
Offending man their high compaſſion wins,
And daily pray'rs atone for daily ſins.
Pray'rs are Jove's daughters, of celeſtial race,
Lame are their feet, and wrinkled is their face;

℣. 612. *I paſs my watchings o'er thy helpleſs years.*] In the original of this place Phœnix tells Achilles, that as he placed him in his infancy on his lap, *he has often caſt up the wine he had drank upon his cloaths.* I wiſh I had any authority to ſay theſe verſes were foiſted into the text: for though the idea be indeed natural, it muſt be granted to be ſo very groſs, as to be utterly unworthy of Homer; nor do I ſee any colour to ſoften the meanneſs of it: ſuch images in any age or country, muſt have been too nauſeous to be deſcribed.

℣. 624. *Pray'rs are Jove's daughters.*] Nothing can be more beautiful, noble, or religious, than this divine allegory. We have here Goddeſſes of Homer's creation; he ſets before us their pictures in lively colours, and gives theſe fancied beings all the features that reſemble mankind who offer injuries, or have recourſe to prayers.

With humble mien, and with dejected eyes,
Conſtant they follow, where Injuſtice flies:
Injuſtice ſwift, erect, and unconfin'd,
Sweeps the wide earth, and tramples o'er mankind,
While Pray'rs, to heal her wrongs, move ſlow behind.

Prayers are ſaid to be the daughters of Jove, becauſe it is he who teaches man to pray. They are lame, becauſe the poſture of a ſupplicant is with his knee on the ground. They are wrinkled, becauſe thoſe that pray have a countenance of dejection and ſorrow. Their eyes are turned aſide, becauſe through an awful regard to heaven they dare not lift them thither. They follow Ate or Injury, becauſe nothing but prayers can atone for the wrongs that are offered by the injurious. Ate is ſaid to be ſtrong and ſwift of foot, *etc.* becauſe injurious men are ſwift to do miſchief. This is the explanation of Euſtathius, with whom Dacier agrees; but when ſhe allows the circumſtance of lameneſs to intimate the cuſtom of kneeling in prayer, ſhe forgets that this contradicts her own aſſertion in one of the remarks on Iliad 7. where ſhe affirms that no ſuch cuſtom was uſed by the Greeks. And indeed the contrary ſeems inferred in ſeveral places in Homer, particularly where Achilles ſays in the 608th verſe of the eleventh book, *The Greeks ſhall ſtand round his knees ſupplicating to him.* The phraſes in that language that ſignify praying, are derived from the knee, only as it was uſual to lay hold on the knee of the perſon to whom they ſupplicated.

A modern author imagines Ate to ſignify *divine juſtice;* a notion in which he is ſingle, and repugnant to all the mythologiſts. Beſides, the whole context in this place, and the very application of the allegory to the preſent caſe of Achilles, whom he exhorts to be moved by prayers, notwithſtanding the injuſtice done him by Agamemnon, makes the contrary evident.

Who hears theſe daughters of almighty Jove,
For him they mediate to the throne above:
When man rejects the humble ſuit they make,
The ſire revenges for the daughters ſake;
From Jove commiſſion'd, fierce Injuſtice then
Deſcends, to puniſh unrelenting men.
Oh let not headlong paſſion bear the ſway;
Theſe reconciling Goddeſſes obey:
Due honours to the ſeed of Jove belong;
Due honours calm the fierce and bend the ſtrong.
Were theſe not paid thee by the terms we bring,
Were rage ſtill harbour'd in the haughty King,
Nor Greece, nor all her fortunes ſhould engage
Thy friend to plead againſt ſo juſt a rage.
But ſince what honour aſks, the gen'ral ſends,
And ſends by thoſe whom moſt thy heart commends,
The beſt and nobleſt of the Grecian train;
Permit not theſe to ſue, and ſue in vain!

ỳ. 643. *Nor Greece, nor all her fortunes.*] Plato in the third book of his republic condemns this paſſage, and thinks it very wrong, that Phœnix ſhould ſay to Achilles, that if they did not offer him great preſents, he would not adviſe him to be appeaſed: but I think there is ſome injuſtice in this cenſure, and that Plato has not rightly entered into the ſenſe of Phœnix, who does not look upon theſe preſents on the ſide of intereſt, but honour, as a mark of Agamemnon's repentance, and of the ſatisfaction he is ready to make; wherefore he ſays, that honour has a mighty power over great ſpirits. Dacier.

ỳ. 648. *Permit not theſe to ſue, and ſue in vain.*] In

Let me (my ſon) an ancient fact unfold,
A great example drawn from times of old;

the original it is———τῶν μὴ σύ γε μῦθον ἐλέγξῃς Μηδὲ πόδας.———I am pretty confident there is not any manner of ſpeaking like this uſed throughout all Homer; nor two ſubſtantives ſo oddly coupled to a verb, as μῦθον and πόδας in this place. We may indeed meet with ſuch little affectations in Ovid,——*Aurigam pariter animaque rotiſque, Expulit*——and the like; but the taſte of the ancients in general was too good for theſe fooleries. I muſt have leave to think the verſe Μηδὲ πόδας, *etc.* an interpolation; the ſenſe is compleat without it, and the latter part of the line, πρὶν δ' οὔτι νεμεσσητὸν κεχολῶσθαι, ſeems but a tautology, after what is ſaid in the ſix verſes preceding.

℣. 649. *Let me, my ſon, an ancient fact unfold.*] Phœnix, ſays Euſtathius, lays down, as the foundation of his ſtory, that great men in former ages were always appeaſed by preſents and intreaties; and to confirm this poſition, he brings Meleager as an inſtance; but it may be objected that Meleager was an ill-choſen inſtance, being a perſon whom no intreaties could move. The ſuperſtructure of this ſtory ſeems not to agree with the foundation. Euſtathius ſolves the difficulty thus. Homer did not intend to give an inſtance of a hero's compliance with the intreaties of his friends, but to ſhew that they who did not comply, were ſufferers themſelves in the end. So that the connection of the ſtory is thus: the heroes of former times were uſed always to be won by preſents and intreaties; Meleager only was obſtinate, and ſuffered becauſe he was ſo.

The length of this narration cannot be taxed as unſeaſonable; it was at full leiſure in the tent, and in the night, a time of no action. Yet I cannot anſwer but the tale may be tedious to a modern reader. I have tranſlated it therefore with all poſſible ſhortneſs, as will appear upon a compariſon. The piece itſelf is very

Hear what our fathers were, and what their praiſe,
Who conquer'd their revenge in former days.
　Where Calydon on rocky mountains ſtands,
Once fought th' Ætolian and Curetian bands;
To guard it thoſe, to conquer, theſe advance;
And mutual deaths were dealt with mutual chance.
The ſilver Cynthia bade Contention riſe,
In vengeance of neglected ſacrifice;
On Oeneus' fields ſhe ſent a monſtrous boar,
That level'd harveſts, and whole foreſts tore:
This beaſt, (when many a chief his tuſks had ſlain)
Great Meleager ſtretch'd along the plain.
Then, for his ſpoils, a new debate aroſe,
The neighbour nations thence commencing foes.
Strong as they were, the bold Curetes fail'd,
While Meleager's thund'ring arm prevail'd:
'Till rage at length inflam'd his lofty breaſt,
(For rage invades the wiſeſt and the beſt.)
　Curs'd by Althæa, to his wrath he yields,
And in his wife's embrace forgets the fields.
" (She from Marpeſſa ſprung, divinely fair,
" And matchleſs Idas, more than man in war;
" The God of day ador'd the mother's charms;
" Againſt the God the father bent his arms;

valuable, as it preſerves to us a part of ancient hiſtory that had otherwiſe been intirely loſt, as Quintilian has remarked. The ſame great critic commends Homer's manner of relating it: *Narrare quis ſignificantius poteſt quam qui Curetum Ætolorumque prælia exponit?* Lib. 10. c. 1.

"Th' afflicted pair, their ſorrows to proclaim,
"From Cleopatra chang'd this daughter's name,
"And call'd Alcyone; a name to ſhow
"The father's grief, the mourning mother's woe.)
To her the chief retir'd from ſtern debate,
But found no peace from fierce Althæa's hate:
Althæa's hate th' unhappy warrior drew,
Whoſe luckleſs hand his royal uncle ſlew;
She beat the ground, and call'd the pow'rs beneath
On her own ſon to wreak her brother's death:
Hell heard her curſes from the realms profound,
And the red fiends that walk the nightly round.
In vain Ætolia her deliv'rer waits,
War ſhakes her walls, and thunders at her gates.
She ſent embaſſadors, a choſen band,
Prieſts of the Gods, and elders of the land;
Beſought the chief to ſave the ſinking ſtate:
Their pray'rs were urgent, and their proffers great:
(Full fifty acres of the richeſt ground,
Half paſture green, and half with vin'yards crown'd.)

℣. 677. *Alcyone, a name to ſhow*, etc.] It appears (ſays Madam Dacier) by this paſſage, and by others already obſerved, that the Greeks often gave names, as did the Hebrews, not only with reſpect to the circumſtances, but likewiſe to the accidents which happened to the fathers and mothers of thoſe they named: thus Cleopatra is called Alcyone, from the lamentations of her mother. I cannot but think this digreſſion concerning Idas and Marpeſſa too long, and not very much to the purpoſe.

His ſuppliant father, aged Oeneus, came;
His ſiſters follow'd; ev'n the vengeful dame,
Althæa ſues; his friends before him fall:
He ſtands relentleſs, and rejects 'em all:
Meanwhile the victor's ſhouts aſcend the ſkies;
The walls are ſcal'd; the rolling flames ariſe;
At length his wife (a form divine) appears,
With piercing cries, and ſupplicating tears;
She paints the horrors of a conquer'd town,
The heroes ſlain, the palaces o'erthrown,
The matrons raviſh'd, the whole race enſlav'd:
The warrior heard, he vanquiſh'd, and he ſav'd.
Th' Ætolians, long diſdain'd, now took their turn,
And left the chief their broken faith to mourn.
Learn hence, betimes to curb pernicious ire,
Nor ſtay, 'till yonder fleets aſcend in fire:
Accept the preſents; draw thy conqu'ring ſword;
And be amongſt our guardian Gods ador'd.

℣. 703. *She paints the horrors of a conquer'd town,*
The heroes ſlain, the palaces o'erthrown,
The matrons raviſh'd, the whole race enſlav'd.] It is remarkable with what art Homer here in a few words ſums up the miſeries of a city taken by aſſault.

It had been unpardonable for Cleopatra to have made a long repreſentation to Meleager of theſe miſeries, when every moment that kept him from the battel could not be ſpared. It is alſo to be obſerved how perfectly the features of Meleager reſemble Achilles; they are both brave men, ambitious of glory, both of them deſcribed as giving victory to their ſeveral armies while they fought, and both of them implacable in their reſentment. Euſtathius.

Thus he: The ſtern Achilles thus reply'd.
My ſecond father, and my rev'rend guide:
Thy friend, believe me, no ſuch gifts demands,
And aſks no honours from a mortal's hands:
Jove honours me, and favours my deſigns;
His pleaſure guides me, and his will confines:
And here I ſtay, (if ſuch his high beheſt)
While life's warm ſpirit beats within my breaſt.

℣. 713. *Achilles*'s *anſwer to Phœnix.*] The character of Achilles is excellently ſuſtained in all his ſpeeches: to Ulyſſes he returns a flat denial, and threatens to leave the Trojan ſhores in the morning: to Phœnix he gives a much gentler anſwer, and begins to mention Agamemnon with leſs diſreſpect, Ἀτρείδῃ ἥρωϊ: after Ajax had ſpoken, he ſeems determined not to depart, but yet refuſes to bear arms, until it is to defend his own ſquadron. Thus Achilles's character is every where of a-piece: he begins to yield, and not to have done ſo, would not have ſpoke him a man; to have made him perfectly inexorable, had ſhewn him a monſter. Thus the poet draws the heat of his paſſion cooling by ſlow degrees, which is very natural: to have done otherwiſe, had not been agreeable to Achilles's temper, nor the reader's expectation, to whom it would have been ſhocking to have ſeen him paſſing from the greateſt ſtorm of anger to a quiet calmneſs. Euſtathius.

℣. 720. *While life's warm ſpirit beats within my breaſt.*] Euſtathius obſerves here with a great deal of penetration, that theſe words of Achilles include a ſort of oracle, which he does not underſtand: for it ſometimes happens, that men full of their objects ſay things, which, beſides the ſenſe natural and plain to every body, include another ſupernatural, which they themſelves do not underſtand, and which is underſtood by thoſe only who have penetration enough to ſee through

Yet hear one word, and lodge it in thy heart;
No more moleſt me on Atrides' part:
Is it for him theſe tears are taught to flow,
For him theſe ſorrows? for my mortal foe?
A gen'rous friendſhip no cold medium knows,
Burns with one love, with one reſentment glows;
One ſhould our int'reſts, and our paſſions be;
My friend muſt hate the man that injures me.
Do this, my Phœnix, 'tis a gen'rous part,
And ſhare my realms, my honours, and my heart.
Let theſe return: our voyage, or our ſtay,
Reſt undetermin'd 'till the dawning day.

He ceas'd; then order'd for the ſage's bed
A warmer couch with num'rous carpets ſpread,
With that, ſtern Ajax his long ſilence broke,
And thus, impatient, to Ulyſſes ſpoke.

Hence let us go—why waſte we time in vain?
See what effect our low ſubmiſſions gain!

the obſcurity of it. Thus Oedipus often ſpeaks in Sophocles; and holy ſcripture furniſhes us with great examples of enthuſiaſtic ſpeeches, which have a double ſenſe. Here we manifeſtly ſee that Achilles in ſpeaking a very ſimple and common thing, foretells without thinking of it, that his abode on that fatal ſhore will equal the courſe of his life, and conſequently that he ſhall die there: and this double meaning gives a ſenſible pleaſure to the reader. Dacier.

℣. 737. *The ſpeech of Ajax.*] I have before ſpoken of this ſhort ſoldier-like ſpeech of Ajax; Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus ſays of it, "That the perſon who intreats "moſt, and with moſt liberty, who ſupplicates moſt,

Lik'd or not lik'd, his words we muſt relate,
The Greeks expect them, and our heroes wait.
Proud as he is, that iron-heart retains
Its ſtubborn purpoſe, and his friends diſdains.
Stern, and unpitying! if a brother bleed,
On juſt atonement, we remit the deed;
A ſire the ſlaughter of his ſon forgives;
The price of blood diſcharg'd, the murd'rer lives:
The haughtieſt hearts at length their rage reſign,
And gifts can conquer ev'ry ſoul but thine.
The Gods that unrelenting breaſt have ſteel'd,
And curs'd thee with a mind that cannot yield.
One woman ſlave was raviſh'd from thy arms:
Lo, ſev'n are offer'd, and of equal charms.
Then hear, Achilles! be of better mind;
Revere thy roof, and to thy gueſts be kind;

" and preſſes moſt, is Ajax." It is probable that Ajax riſes up when he ſpeaks the word, *Let us go.* He does not vouchſafe to addreſs himſelf to Achilles, but turns himſelf to Ulyſſes, and ſpeaks with a martial eloquence.

℣. 746. *The price of blood diſcharg'd.*] It was the cuſtom for the murderer to go into baniſhment one year; but if the relations of the perſon murdered were willing, the criminal by paying them a certain fine, might buy off the exile, and remain at home. (It may not be amiſs to obſerve, that ποίνη, *quaſi* φοίνη, properly ſignifies a mulct paid for murder.) Ajax ſums up this argument with a great deal of ſtrength: we ſee, ſays he, a brother forgive the murder of his brother, a father that of his ſon: but Achilles will not forgive the injury offered him by taking away one captive woman. Euſtathius.

℣. 754. *Revere thy roof, and to thy gueſts be kind.*] Euſtathius

And know the men, of all the Grecian hoſt,
Who honour worth, and prize thy valour moſt.
O ſoul of battels, and thy people's guide!
(To Ajax thus the firſt of Greeks reply'd)
Well haſt thou ſpoke; but at the tyrant's name
My rage rekindles, and my ſoul's on flame:
'Tis juſt reſentment, and becomes the brave;
Diſgrac'd, diſhonour'd, like the vileſt ſlave!
Return then, heroes! and our anſwer bear,
The glorious combat is no more my care;
Not 'till amidſt yon' ſinking navy ſlain,
The blood of Greeks ſhall dye the ſable main;
Not 'till the flames, by Hector's fury thrown,
Conſume your veſſels, and approach my own;

Euſtathius ſays there is ſome difficulty in the original of this place. Why ſhould Ajax draw an argument to influence Achilles, by putting him in mind to reverence his own habitation? The latter part of the verſe explains the former: we, ſays Ajax, are under your roof, and let that portect us from any ill uſage; ſend us not away from your houſe with contempt, who came hither as friends, as ſupplicants, as embaſſadors.

℣. 759. *Well haſt thou ſpoke; but at the tyrant's name My rage rekindles.*] We have here the true picture of an angry man, nothing can be better imagined to heighten Achilles's wrath; he owns that reaſon will induce him to a reconciliation, but his anger is too great to liſten to reaſon. He ſpeaks with reſpect to them, but upon mentioning Agamemnon he flies into rage: anger is in nothing more like madneſs, than that madmen will talk ſenſibly enough upon any indifferent matter; but upon the mention of the ſubject that cauſed their diſorder, they fly out into their uſual extravagance.

Juſt there, th' impetuous homicide ſhall ſtand,
There ceaſe his battel, and there feel our hand.
  This ſaid, each prince a double goblet crown'd,
And caſt a large libation on the ground;
Then to their veſſels, thro' the gloomy ſhades,
The chiefs return; divine Ulyſſes leads.
Meantime Achilles' ſlaves prepar'd a bed,
With fleeces, carpets, and ſoft linen ſpread;
There, 'till the ſacred morn reſtor'd the day,
In ſlumbers ſweet the rev'rend Phœnix lay.
But in his inner tent, an ampler ſpace,
Achilles ſlept; and in his warm embrace
Fair Diomede of the Leſbian race.
Laſt, for Patroclus was the couch prepar'd,
Whoſe nightly joys the beauteous Iphis ſhar'd:
Achilles to his friend conſign'd her charms,
When Scyros fell before his conqu'ring arms.
  And now th' elected chiefs, whom Greece had ſent,
Paſs'd thro' the hoſts, and reach'd the royal tent.
Then riſing all, with goblets in their hands,
The peers, and leaders of th' Achaian bands
Hail'd their return: Atrides firſt begun.
  Say what ſucceſs? divine Laertes' ſon!
Achilles' high reſolves declare to all;
Returns the chief, or muſt our navy fall?
  Great king of nations! (Ithacus reply'd)
Fix'd is his wrath, unconquer'd is his pride;
He ſlights thy friendſhip, thy propoſals ſcorns,
And thus implor'd, with fiercer fury burns.

To ſave our army, and our fleets to free,
Is not his care; but left to Greece and thee.
Your eyes ſhall view, when morning paints the ſky,
Beneath his oars the whitening billows fly,
Us too he bids our oars and ſails employ,
Nor hope the fall of heav'n-protected Troy;
For Jove o'erſhades her with his arm divine,
Inſpires her war, and bids her glory ſhine.
Such was his word: what farther he declar'd,
Theſe ſacred heralds and great Ajax heard.
But Phœnix in his tent the chief retains,
Safe to tranſport him to his native plains,
When morning dawns: if other he decree,
His age is ſacred, and his choice is free.

ỳ. 806. *Such was his word.*] It may be aſked here why Ulyſſes ſpeaks only of the anſwer which Achilles made him at firſt, and ſays nothing of the diſpoſition to which the diſcourſes of Ajax and Phœnix had brought him. The queſtion is eaſily anſwered; it is becauſe Achilles is obſtinate in his reſentment; and that, if at length a little moved by Phœnix, and ſhaken by Ajax, he ſeemed diſpoſed to take arms, it is not out of regard to the Greeks, but only to ſave his own ſquadron, when Hector, after having put the Greeks to the ſword, ſhall come to inſult it. Thus this inflexible man abates nothing of his rage. It is therefore prudent in Ulyſſes to make this report to Agamemnon, to the end that being put out of hopes of the aid with which he flattered himſelf, he may concert with the leaders of the army the meaſures neceſſary to ſave his fleet and troops. Euſtathius.

Ulyſſes ceas'd: the great Achaian hoſt,
With ſorrow ſeiz'd, in conſternation loſt,
Attend the ſtern reply. Tydides broke
The gen'ral ſilence, and undaunted ſpoke.
Why ſhould we gifts to proud Achilles ſend?
Or ſtrive with pray'rs his haughty ſoul to bend?
His country's woes he glories to deride,
And pray'rs will burſt that ſwelling heart with pride.
Be the fierce impulſe of his rage obey'd;
Our battels let him, or deſert, or aid;
Then let him arm when Jove or he think fit;
That, to his madneſs, or to heav'n commit.
What for ourſelves we can, is always ours;
This night, let due repaſt refreſh our pow'rs;
(For ſtrength conſiſts in ſpirits and in blood,
And thoſe are ow'd to gen'rous wine and food)
But when the roſy meſſenger of day
Strikes the blue mountains with her golden ray,
Rang'd at the ſhips, let all our ſquadrons ſhine,
In flaming arms, a long extended line:

℣. 816. *Why ſhould we gifts*, etc.] This ſpeech is admirably adapted to the character of Diomed, every word is animated with a martial courage, and worthy to be delivered by a gallant ſoldier. He adviſed fighting in the beginning of the book, and continues ſtill in that opinion; and he is no more concerned at the ſpeech of Achilles now, than he was at that of Agamemnon before.

In the dread front let great Atrides ſtand,
The firſt in danger, as in high command.
Shouts of acclaim the liſt'ning heroes raiſe,
Then each to heav'n the due libations pays;
'Till ſleep deſcending o'er the tents, beſtows
The grateful bleſſings of deſir'd repoſe.

THE
ILIAD.

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Night-Adventure of Diomed and Ulysses.

UPON the refusal of Achilles to return to the army, the distress of Agamemnon is described in the most lively manner. He takes no rest that night, but passes through the camp, awaking the leaders, and contriving all possible methods for the public safety. Menelaus, Nestor, Ulysses, and Diomed, are employed in raising the rest of the captains. They call a council of war, and determine to send scouts into the enemy's camp, to learn their posture, and discover their intentions. Diomed undertakes this hazardous enterprize, and makes choice of Ulysses for his companion. In their passage they surprize Dolon, whom Hector had sent on a like design to the camp of the Grecians. From him they are informed of the situation of the Trojan and auxiliary forces, and particularly of Rhesus, and the Thracians who were lately arrived. They pass on with success; kill Rhesus, with several of his officers, and seize the famous horses of that prince, with which they return in triumph to the camp.

The same night continues; the scene lies in the two camps.

ALL night the chiefs before their vessels lay,
And lost in sleep the labours of the day:

All but the king; with various thoughts opprest,
His country's cares lay rowling in his breast.
As when by light'nings Jove's ætherial pow'r
Foretels the rattling hail, or weighty show'r,
Or sends soft snows to whiten all the shore,
Or bids the brazen throat of war to roar;
By fits one flash succeeds as one expires,
And heav'n flames thick with momentary fires.

It is observable, says Eustathius, that the poet very artfully repairs the loss of the last day by this nocturnal stratagem; and it is plain that such a contrivance was necessary: the army was dispirited, and Achilles inflexible; but by the success of this adventure the scale is turned in favour of the Grecians.

ỷ. 3. *All but the king*, etc.] Homer here with a very small alteration repeats the verses which begin the second book: he introduces Agamemnon with the same pomp, as he did Jupiter; he ascribes to the one the same watchfulness over men, as the other exercised over the Gods, and Jove and Agamemnon are the only persons awake, while heaven and earth are asleep. Eustathius.

ỷ. 7. *Or sends soft snows.*] Scaliger's criticism against this passage, that it never lightens and snows at the same time, is sufficiently refuted by experience. See Bossu of the epic poem, *lib.* 3. *c.* 7. and Barnes's note on this place.

ỷ. 8. *Or bids the brazen throat of war to roar.*] There is something very noble and sublime in this image: the *vast jaws of war* is an expression that very poetically represents the voraciousness of war, and gives us a lively idea of an insatiate monster. Eustathius.

ỷ. 9. *By fits one flash succeeds*, etc.] It requires some skill in Homer to take the chief point of his similitudes; he has often been misunderstood in that respect, and his comparisons have frequently been strained to comply

So burſting frequent from Atrides' breaſt,
Sighs following ſighs his inward fears confeſt.
Now o'er the fields, dejected, he ſurveys
From thouſand Trojan fires the mounting blaze;
Hears in the paſſing wind their muſic blow,
And marks diſtinct the voices of the foe.
Now looking backwards to the fleet and coaſt,
Anxious he ſorrows for th' endanger'd hoſt.
He rends his hairs, in ſacrifice to Jove,
And ſues to him that ever lives above:

with the fancies of commentators. This compariſon which is brought to illuſtrate the frequency of Agamemnon's ſighs, has been uſually thought to repreſent in general the groans of the king; whereas what Homer had in his view, was only the quick ſucceſſion of them.

ỳ. 13. *Now o'er the fields*, etc.] Ariſtotle anſwers a criticiſm of ſome cenſurers of Homer on this place. They aſked how it was that Agamemnon, ſhut up in his tent in the night, could ſee the Trojan camp at one view, and the fleet at another, as the poet repreſents it? it is (ſays Ariſtotle) only a metaphorical manner of ſpeech; *to caſt one's eye*, means but *to reflect upon*, or *to revolve in one's mind*: and that employed Agamemnon's thoughts in his tent, which had been the chief object of his eyes the day before.

ỳ. 19. *He rends his hairs in ſacrifice to Jove.*] I know this action of Agamemnon has been taken only as a common expreſſion of grief, and ſo indeed it was rendered by Accius, as cited by Tully, Tuſc. Quæſt. l. 3. *Scindens dolore identidem intonſam comam.* But whoever reads the context will, I believe, be of opinion, that Jupiter is mentioned here on no other account than as he was applied to in the offering of theſe hairs, in an humble

Inly he groans; while glory and despair
Divide his heart, and wage a doubtful war.
A thousand cares his lab'ring breast revolves;
To seek sage Nestor now the chief resolves,
With him, in wholsome counsels, to debate
What yet remains to save th' afflicted state.
He rose, and first he cast his mantle round,
Next on his feet the shining sandals bound;

supplication to the offended deity, who had so lately manifested his anger.

℣. 27. *He rose, and first he cast his mantle round.*] I fancy it will be entertaining to the reader, to observe how well the poet at all times suits his descriptions to the circumstances of the persons; we must remember that this book continues the actions of one night; the whole army is now asleep, and Homer takes this opportunity to give us a description of several of his heroes suitable to their proper characters. Agamemnon, who is every where described as anxious for the good of his people, is kept awake by a fatherly care for their preservation. Menelaus, for whose sake the Greeks had suffered so greatly, shares all their misfortunes, and is restless while they are in danger. Nestor, a provident, wise, old man, sacrifices his rest even in the extremity of age, to his love for his country. Ulysses, a person next to Nestor in wisdom, is ready at the first summons; he finds it hard, while the Greeks suffer, to compose himself to sleep, but is easily awaked to march to its defence; but Diomed, who is every where described as a daring warrior, sleeps unconcerned at the nearness of the enemy, but is not awaked without some violence: he is said to be asleep, but he sleeps like a soldier in compleat arms.

I could not pass over one circumstance in this place in relation to Nestor. It is a pleasure to see what care

A lion's yellow ſpoils his back conceal'd;
His warlike hand a pointed jav'lin held.
Meanwhile his brother, preſt with equal woes,
Alike deny'd the gifts of ſoft repoſe,
Laments for Greece; that in his cauſe before
So much had ſuffer'd, and muſt ſuffer more.
A leopard's ſpotted hide his ſhoulders ſpread;
A brazen helmet glitter'd on his head:
Thus (with a jav'ling in his hand) he went
To wake Atrides in the royal tent.
Already wak'd, Atrides he deſcry'd,
His armour buckling at his veſſel's ſide.
Joyful they met; the Spartan thus begun:
Why puts my brother his bright armour on!
Sends he ſome ſpy, amidſt theſe ſilent hours,
To try yon' camp, and watch the Trojan pow'rs?

the poet takes of his favourite counſellor: he deſcribes him lying in a ſoft bed, wraps him up in a warm cloak, to preſerve his age from the coldneſs of the night; but Diomed, a gallant, young hero, ſleeps upon the ground in open air; and indeed every warrior is dreſſed in arms peculiar to that ſeaſon: the hide of a lion or leopard is what they all put on, being not to engage an enemy, but to meet their friends in council. Euſtathius.

ꝟ. 43. *Sends he ſome ſpy*, etc.] Menelaus in this place ſtarts a deſign, which is afterwards propoſed by Neſtor in council; the poet knew that the project would come with greater weight from the age of the one, than from the youth of the other; and that the valiant would be ready to execute a deſign, which ſo venerable a counſellor had formed. Euſtathius.

But ſay, what hero ſhall ſuſtain that taſk?
Such bold exploits uncommon courage aſk,
Guideleſs, alone, thro' night's dark ſhade to go,
And 'midſt a hoſtile camp explore the foe?

To whom the king. In ſuch diſtreſs we ſtand,
No vulgar counſels our affairs demand;
Greece to preſerve, is now no eaſy part,
But aſks high wiſdom, deep deſign, and art.
For Jove averſe our humble pray'r denies,
And bows his head to Hector's ſacrifice.
What eye has witneſs'd, or what ear believ'd,
In one great day, by one great arm atchiev'd,
Such wond'rous deeds as Hector's hand has done,
And we beheld, the laſt revolving ſun?

℣. 57. *Such wond'rous deeds as Hector's hand,* etc.] We hear Agamemnon in this place launching into the praiſes of a gallant enemy; but if any one think that he raiſes the actions of Hector too high, and ſets him above Achilles himſelf, this objection will vaniſh, if he conſiders that he commends him as the braveſt of mere men, but ſtill he is not equal to Achilles, who was deſcended from a goddeſs. Agamemnon undoubtedly had Achilles in his thoughts when he ſays,

Sprung from no God, etc.

But his anger will not let him even name the man whom he thus obliquely praiſes.

Euſtathius proceeds to obſerve, that the poet aſcribes the gallant exploits of Hector to his piety; and had he not been favoured by Jove, he had not been thus victorious.

He alſo remarks that there is a double tautology in this

What honours the belov'd of Jove adorn!
Sprung from no God, and of no goddeſs born,
Yet ſuch his acts, as Greeks unborn ſhall tell,
And curſe the battel where their fathers fell.
  Now ſpeed thy haſty courſe along the fleet,
There call great Ajax, and the prince of Crete;
Ourſelf to hoary Neſtor will repair;
To keep the guards on duty, be his care;
(For Neſtor's influence beſt that quarter guides,
Whoſe ſon with Merion, o'er the watch preſides.)
To whom the Spartan: Theſe thy orders born,
Say ſhall I ſtay, or with diſpatch return?
There ſhalt thou ſtay, (the king of men reply'd)
Elſe may we miſs to meet, without a guide,
The paths ſo many, and the camp ſo wide.

this ſpeech of Agamemnon, as δηθὰ καὶ δολιχὸν, μέρμερα μητίσασθαι, and ἔργα ἔῤῥεξε. This proceeds from the wonder which the king endeavours to expreſs at the greatneſs of Hector's actions: he labours to make his words anſwer the great idea he had conceived of them; and while his mind dwells upon the ſame object, he falls into the ſame manner of expreſſing it. This is very natural to a perſon in his circumſtances, whoſe thoughts are as it were pent up, and ſtruggle for an utterance.

℣. 73. *The paths ſo many*, etc.] It is plain from this verſe, as well as from many others, that the art of fortification was in ſome degree of perfection in Homer's days: here are lines drawn, that traverſe the camp every way; the ſhips are drawn up in the manner of a rampart, and ſally ports made at proper diſtances, that they might without difficulty either retire or iſſue out, as the occaſion ſhould require. Euſtathius.

Still, with your voice, the ſlothful ſoldiers raiſe,
Urge by their fathers fame, their future praiſe.
Forget we now our ſtate and lofty birth;
Not titles here, but works, muſt prove our worth.
To labour is the lot of man below:
And when Jove gave us life, he gave us woe.

This ſaid, each parted to his ſev'ral cares;
The king to Neſtor's ſable ſhip repairs;
The ſage protector of the Greeks he found
Stretch'd in his bed, with all his arms around;
The various-colour'd ſcarf, the ſhield he rears,
The ſhining helmet, and the pointed ſpears:
The dreadful weapons of the warrior's rage,
That, old in arms, diſdain'd the peace of age.
Then leaning on his hand his watchful head,
The hoary monarch rais'd his eyes, and ſaid.

What art thou, ſpeak, that on deſigns unknown,
While others ſleep, thus range the camp alone;
Seek'ſt thou ſome friend, or nightly centinel;
Stand off, approach not, but thy purpoſe tell.

℣. 92. *Seek'ſt thou ſome friend, or nightly centinel?*] It has been thought that Neſtor aſks this queſtion upon the account of his ſon Thraſymedes, who commanded the guard that night. He ſeems to be under ſome apprehenſion leſt he ſhould have remitted the watch. And it may alſo be gathered from this paſſage, that in thoſe times the uſe of the watch-word was unknown; becauſe Neſtor is obliged to croud ſeveral queſtions together, before he can learn whether Agamemnon be a friend or an enemy. The ſhortneſs of the queſtions agrees admirably with the occaſion upon which they

O ſon of Neleus, (thus the king rejoin'd)
Pride of the Greeks, and glory of thy kind!
Lo here the wretched Agamemnon ſtands,
Th' unhappy gen'ral of the Grecian bands;
Whom Jove decrees with daily cares to bend,
And woes, that only with his life ſhall end!
Scarce can my knees theſe trembling limbs ſuſtain,
And ſcarce my heart ſupport its load of pain.
No taſte of ſleep theſe heavy eyes have known;
Confus'd, and ſad, I wander thus alone,
With fears diſtracted, with no fix'd deſign;
And all my people's miſeries are mine.
If ought of uſe thy waking thoughts ſuggeſt,
(Since cares, like mine, deprive thy ſoul of reſt)
Impart thy counſel, and aſſiſt thy friend;
Now let us jointly to the trench deſcend,

were made; it being neceſſary that Neſtor ſhould be immediately informed who he was, that paſſed along the camp: if a ſpy, that he might ſtand upon his guard; if a friend, that he might not cauſe an alarm to be given to the army, by multiplying queſtions. Euſtathius.

℣. 96. *Lo here the wretched Agamemnon ſtands.*] Euſtathius obſerves, that Agamemnon here paints his diſtreſs in a very pathetical manner: while the meaneſt ſoldier is at reſt, the general wanders about diſconſolate, and is ſuperior now in nothing ſo much as in ſorrow: but this ſorrow proceeds not from a baſe abject ſpirit, but from a generous diſpoſition; he is not anxious for the loſs of his own glory, but for the ſufferings of his people: it is a noble ſorrow, and ſprings from a commendable tenderneſs and humanity.

At ev'ry gate the fainting guard excite,
Tir'd with the toils of day and watch of night:
Elſe may the ſudden foe our works invade,
So near, and favour'd by the gloomy ſhade.

To him thus Neſtor. Truſt the pow'rs above,
Nor think proud Hector's hopes confirm'd by Jove:
How ill agree the views of vain mankind,
And the wiſe counſels of th' eternal mind?
Audacious Hector, if the Gods ordain
That great Achilles riſe and rage again,
What toils attend thee, and what woes remain?
Lo faithful Neſtor thy command obeys;
The care is next our other chiefs to raiſe:
Ulyſſes, Diomed we chiefly need;
Meges for ſtrength, Oileus fam'd for ſpeed.
Some other be diſpatch'd, of nimbler feet,
To thoſe tall ſhips, remoteſt of the fleet,
Where lie great Ajax, and the king of Crete.
To rouſe the Spartan I myſelf decree;
Dear as he is to us, and dear to thee,
Yet muſt I tax his ſloth, that claims no ſhare
With his great brother in his martial care:
Him it behov'd to ev'ry chief to ſue,
Preventing ev'ry part perform'd by you;
For ſtrong neceſſity our toils demands,
Claims all our hearts, and urges all our hands.

To whom the king: With rev'rence we allow
Thy juſt rebukes, yet learn to ſpare them now.

My gen'rous brother is of gentle kind,
He ſeems remiſs, but bears a valiant mind;
Thro' too much def'rence to our ſov'reign ſway,
Content to follow when we lead the way.
But now, our ills induſtrious to prevent,
Long ere the reſt, he roſe, and ſought my tent.
The chiefs you nam'd, already, at his call,
Prepare to meet us near the navy-wall;
Aſſembling there, between the trench and gates,
Near the night-guards, our choſen council waits.
  Then none (ſaid Neſtor) ſhall his rule withſtand,
For great examples juſtify command.
  With that, the venerable warrior roſe;
The ſhining greaves his manly legs incloſe;
His purple mantle golden buckles join'd,
Warm with the ſofteſt wool, and doubly lin'd.

ỳ. 138. *My gen'rous brother is of gentle kind.*] Agamemnon is every where repreſented as the greateſt example of brotherly affection; and he at all times defends Menelaus, but never with more addreſs than now: Neſtor had accuſed Menelaus of ſloth; the king is his advocate, but pleads his excuſe only in part: he does not intirely acquit him, becauſe he would not contradict ſo wiſe a man as Neſtor; nor does he condemn him, becauſe his brother at this time was not guilty; but he very artfully turns the imputation of Neſtor to the praiſe of Menelaus; and affirms, that what might ſeem to be remiſſneſs in his character, was only a deference to his authority, and that his ſeeming inactivity was but an unwillingneſs to act without command. Euſtathius.

Then ruſhing from his tent, he ſnatch'd in haſte
His ſteely lance, that lighten'd as he paſt.
The camp he travers'd thro' the ſleeping croud,
Stopt at Ulyſſes' tent, and call'd aloud.
Ulyſſes, ſudden as the voice was ſent,
Awakes, ſtarts up, and iſſues from his tent.
What new diſtreſs, what ſudden cauſe of fright
Thus leads you wand'ring in the ſilent night?
O prudent chief! (the Pylian ſage reply'd)
Wiſe as thou art, be now thy wiſdom try'd:
Whatever means of ſafety can be ſought,
Whatever counſels can inſpire our thought,
Whatever methods, or to fly or fight;
All, all depend on this important night!

He heard, return'd, and took his painted ſhield:
Then join'd the chiefs, and follow'd thro' the field.
Without his tent, bold Diomed they found,
All ſheath'd in arms, his brave companions round:
Each ſunk in ſleep, extended on the field,
His head reclining on his boſſy ſhield.
A wood of ſpears ſtood by, that fixt upright,
Shot from their flaſhing points a quiv'ring light.

℣. 174. *A wood of ſpears ſtood by*, etc.] The picture here given us of Diomed ſleeping in his arms, with his ſoldiers about him, and the ſpears ſticking upright in the earth, has a near reſemblance to that in the firſt book of Samuel, ch. 26. ℣. 7. *Saul lay ſleeping within the trench, and his ſpear ſtuck in the ground at his bolſter; but Abner and the people lay round about him.*

A bull's black hide compos'd the hero's bed;
A ſplendid carpet roll'd beneath his head.
Then, with his foot, old Neſtor gently ſhakes
The ſlumb'ring chief, and in theſe words awakes.

Riſe, ſon of Tydeus! to the brave and ſtrong
Reſt ſeems inglorious, and the night too long.
But ſleep'ſt thou now? when from yon' hill the foe
Hangs o'er the fleet, and ſhades our walls below?

At this, ſoft ſlumber from his eye-lids fled;
The warrior ſaw the hoary chief, and ſaid,
Wond'rous old man! whoſe ſoul no reſpite knows,
Tho' years and honours bid thee ſeek repoſe.
Let younger Greeks our ſleeping warriors wake;
Ill fits thy age theſe toils to undertake.
My friend, (he anſwer'd) gen'rous is thy care,
Theſe toils, my ſubjects and my ſons might bear,
Their loyal thoughts and pious loves conſpire
To eaſe a ſov'reign, and relieve a ſire.

℣. 182. *From yon' hill the foe*, etc.] It is neceſſary, if we would form an exact idea of the battels of Homer, to carry in our minds the place where the action was fought. It will therefore be proper to inquire where that eminence ſtood, upon which the Trojans encamped this night. Euſtathius is inclinable to believe it was Callicolone, (the ſituation of which you will find in the map of Homer's battels) but it will appear from what Dolon ſays ℣. 487. (of Hector's being encamped at the monument of Ilus) that this eminence muſt be the Tumulus on which that monument was ſituate, and ſo the old ſcholiaſt rightly explains it.

But now the laſt deſpair ſurrounds our hoſt;
No hour muſt paſs, no moment muſt be loſt;
Each ſingle Greek, in this concluſive ſtrife,
Stands on the ſharpeſt edge of death or life:
Yet if my years thy kind regard engage,
Employ thy youth as I employ my age;
Succeed to theſe my cares, and rouze the reſt;
He ſerves me moſt, who ſerves his country beſt.

This ſaid, the hero o'er his ſhoulders flung
A lion's ſpoils, that to his ankles hung;
Then ſeiz'd his pond'rous lance, and ſtrode along.
Meges the bold, with Ajax fam'd for ſpeed,
The warrior rouz'd, and to the intrenchments led.

And now the chiefs approach the nightly guard;
A wakeful ſquadron, each in arms prepar'd:

℣. 194. *But now the laſt deſpair ſurrounds our hoſt.*] The different behaviour of Neſtor upon the ſame occaſion, to different perſons, is worthy obſervation: Agamemnon was under a concern and dejection of ſpirit from the danger of his army: to raiſe his courage, Neſtor gave him hopes of ſucceſs, and repreſented the ſtate of affairs in the moſt favourable view. But he applies himſelf to Diomed, who is at all times enterprizing and incapable of deſpair, in a far different manner: he turns the darkeſt ſide to him, and gives the worſt proſpect of their condition. This conduct (ſays Euſtathius) ſhews a great deal of prudence: it is the province of wiſdom to encourage the diſheartened with hopes, and to qualify the forward courage of the daring with fears; that the valour of the one may not ſink through deſpair, nor that of the other fly out into raſhneſs.

℣. 207. *And now the chiefs approach the nightly guard.*]

Th' unweary'd watch their liſt'ning leaders keep,
And couching cloſe, repel invading ſleep.
So faithful dogs their fleecy charge maintain,
With toil protected from the prowling train;
When the gaunt lioneſs, with hunger bold,
Springs from the mountains tow'rd the guarded fold:

It is uſual in poetry to paſs over little circumſtances, and carry on the greater. Menelaus in this book was ſent to call ſome of the leaders: the poet has too much judgment to dwell upon the trivial particulars of his performing this meſſage, but lets us know by the ſequel that he had performed it. It would have clogged the poetical narration to have told us how Menelaus waked the heroes to whom he was diſpatched, and had been but a repetition of what the poet had fully deſcribed before: he therefore (ſays the ſame author) drops theſe particularities, and leaves them to be ſupplied by the imagination of the reader. It is ſo in painting, the painter does not always draw at the full length, but leaves what is wanting to be added by the fancy of the beholder.

ỳ. 211. *So faithful dogs*, etc.] This ſimile is in all its parts juſt to the deſcription it is meant to illuſtrate. The dogs repreſent the watch, the flock the Greeks, the fold their camp, and the wild beaſt that invades them Hector. The place, poſture, and circumſtance, are painted with the utmoſt life and nature.

Euſtathius takes notice of one particular in this deſcription, which ſhews the manner in which their centinels kept their guard. The poet tells us, that they *ſate down with their arms in their hands*. I think that this was not ſo prudent a method as is now uſed; it being almoſt impoſſible for a man that ſtands, to drop aſleep, whereas one that is ſeated, may eaſily be overpowered by the fatigue of a long watch.

Thro' breaking woods her ruſtling courſe they hear;
Loud, and more loud, the clamours ſtrike their ear
Of hounds and men; they ſtart, they gaze around,
Watch ev'ry ſide, and turn to ev'ry ſound.
Thus watch'd the Grecians, cautious of ſurprize,
Each voice, each motion, drew their ears and eyes;
Each ſtep of paſſing feet increas'd th' affright;
And hoſtile Troy was ever full in ſight.
Neſtor with joy the wakeful band ſurvey'd,
And thus accoſted thro' the gloomy ſhade.
'Tis well, my ſons! your nightly cares employ,
Elſe muſt our hoſt become the ſcorn of Troy.
Watch thus, and Greece ſhall live—The hero ſaid;
Then o'er the trench the following chieftains led.
His ſon, and godlike Merion march'd behind,
(For theſe the princes to their council join'd)
The trenches paſt, th' aſſembled kings around
In ſilent ſtate the conſiſtory crown'd.

ỿ. 228. *Then o'er the trench the following chieftains led.*] The reaſon why Neſtor did not open the council within the trenches, was with a deſign to encourage the guards, and thoſe whom he intended to ſend to enter the Trojan camp. It would have appeared unreaſonable to ſend others over the intrenchments upon a hazardous enterprize, and not to have dared himſelf to ſet a foot beyond them. This alſo could not fail of inflaming the courage of the Grecian ſpies, who would know themſelves not to be far from aſſiſtance, while ſo many of the princes were paſſed over the ditch as well as they. Euſtathius.

A place there was yet undefil'd with gore,
The ſpot where Hector ſtopp'd his rage before,
When night deſcending, from his vengeful hand,
Repriev'd the relicks of the Grecian band:
(The plain beſide with mangled corps was ſpread,
And all his progreſs mark'd by heaps of dead.)
There ſate the mournful kings: when Neleus' ſon
The council opening, in theſe words begun.

Is there (ſaid he) a chief ſo greatly brave,
His life to hazard, and his country ſave?
Lives there a man, who ſingly dares to go
To yonder camp, or ſeize ſome ſtraggling foe?

℣. 241. *Is there (ſaid he) a chief ſo greatly brave?*] Neſtor propoſes his deſign of ſending ſpies into the Trojan army with a great deal of addreſs: he begins with a general ſentence, and will not chuſe any one hero, for fear of diſguſting the reſt: had Neſtor named the perſon, he would have paid him a complement that was ſure to be attended with the hazard of his life; and that perſon might have believed that Neſtor expoſed him to a danger, which his honour would not let him decline; while the reſt might have reſented ſuch a partiality, which would have ſeemed to give the preference to another before them. It therefore was wiſdom in Neſtor to propoſe the deſign in general terms, whereby all the gallant men that offered themſelves ſatisfied their honour, by being willing to ſhare the danger with Diomed; and it was no diſgrace to be left behind, after they had offered to hazard their lives for their country. Euſtathius.

℣. 244. *Or ſeize ſome ſtraggling foe?*] It is worthy obſervation with how much caution Neſtor opens this deſign, and with how much courage Diomed accepts it.

Or favour'd by the night approach ſo near,
Their ſpeech, their counſels, and deſigns to hear?
If to beſiege our navies they prepare,
Or Troy once more muſt be the ſeat of war!
This could he learn, and to our peers recite,
And paſs unharm'd the dangers of the night;
What fame were his thro' all ſucceeding days,
While Phœbus ſhines, or men have tongues to praiſe?
What gifts his grateful country would beſtow?
What muſt not Greece to her deliv'rer owe?
A ſable ewe each leader ſhould provide,
With each a ſable lambkin by her ſide;
At ev'ry rite his ſhare ſhould be increas'd,
And his the foremoſt honours of the feaſt.

Fear held them mute: alone, untaught to fear,
Tydides ſpoke——The man you ſeek, is here.
Thro' yon' black camps to bend my dang'rous way,
Some God within commands, and I obey.
But let ſome other choſen warrior join,
To raiſe my hopes, and ſecond my deſign.
By mutual confidence, and mutual aid,
Great deeds are done, and great diſcov'ries made;

Neſtor forms it with coolneſs, but Diomed embraces it with warmth and reſolution. Neſtor only propoſes that ſome man would approach the enemy and intercept ſome ſtraggling Trojan, but Diomed offers to penetrate the very camp. Neſtor was afraid leſt no one ſhould undertake it: Diomed overlooks the danger, and preſents himſelf, as willing to march againſt the whole army of Troy. Euſtathius.

The

The wiſe new prudence from the wiſe acquire,
And one brave hero fans another's fire.
  Contending leaders at the word aroſe:
Each gen'rous breaſt with emulation glows:
So brave a taſk each Ajax ſtrove to ſhare,
Bold Merion ſtrove, and Neſtor's valiant heir;
The Spartan wiſh'd the ſecond place to gain,
And great Ulyſſes wiſh'd, nor wiſh'd in vain.
Then thus the king of men the conteſt ends:
Thou firſt of warriors, and thou beſt of friends,
Undaunted Diomed! what chief to join
In this great enterprize, is only thine.
Juſt be thy choice, without affection made,
To birth, or office, no reſpect be paid;
Let worth determine here. The monarch ſpake,
And inly trembled for his brother's ſake.

℣. 280. *To birth or office no reſpect be paid.*] Euſtathius remarks, that Agamemnon artfully ſteals away his brother from danger; the fondneſs he bears to him makes him think him unequal to ſo bold an enterprize, and prefer his ſafety to his glory. He farther adds, that the poet intended to condemn that faulty modeſty which makes one ſometimes prefer a nobleman before a perſon of more real worth. To be greatly born is an happineſs, but no merit; whereas perſonal virtues ſhew a man worthy of that greatneſs to which he is not born.

It appears from hence, how honourable it was of old to go upon theſe parties by night, or undertake thoſe offices which are now only the taſk of common ſoldiers. Gideon in the book of Judges (as Dacier obſerves) goes as a ſpy into the camp of Midian, though he was at that time general of the Iſraelites.

Then thus (the Godlike Diomed rejoin'd)
My choice declares the impulſe of my mind.
How can I doubt, while great Ulyſſes ſtands
To lend his counſels, and aſſiſt our hands?
A chief, whoſe ſafety is Minerva's care;
So fam'd, ſo dreadful, in the works of war:
Bleſt in his conduct, I no aid require,
Wiſdom like his might paſs thro' flames of fire.
It fits thee not, before theſe chiefs of fame,
(Reply'd the ſage) to praiſe me, or to blame;

ỳ. 289. *Bleſt in his conduct.*] There required ſome addreſs in Diomed to make his choice without offending the Grecian princes; each of them might think it an indignity to be refuſed ſuch a place of honour. Diomed therefore chuſes Ulyſſes, not becauſe he is braver than the reſt, but becauſe he is wiſer. This part of his character was allowed by all the leaders of the army; and none of them thought it a diſparagement to themſelves as they were men of valour, to ſee the firſt place given to Ulyſſes in point of wiſdom. No doubt but the poet, by cauſing Diomed to make this choice, intended to inſinuate that valour ought always to be tempered with wiſdom; to the end that what is deſigned with prudence may be executed with reſolution. Euſtathius.

ỳ. 291. *It fits thee not to praiſe me or to blame.*] The modeſty of Ulyſſes in this paſſage is very remarkable; though undoubtedly he deſerved to be praiſed, yet he interrupts Diomed rather than he would be a hearer of his own commendation. What Diomed ſpoke in praiſe of Ulyſſes, was uttered to juſtify his choice of him to the leaders of the army; otherwiſe the praiſe he had given him, would have been no better than flattery. Euſtathius.

Praiſe from a friend, or cenſure from a foe,
Are loſt on hearers that our merits know.
But let us haſte—Night rolls the hours away,
The red'ning orient ſhews the coming day,
The ſtars ſhine fainter on th' ætherial plains,
And of night's empire but a third remains.
Thus having ſpoke, with gen'rous ardour preſt,
In arms terrific their huge limbs they dreſt.

ỳ. 295. ——— *Night rolls the hours away,*
The ſtars ſhine fainter on th' ætherial plains,
And of night's empire but a third remains.]
It has been objected that Ulyſſes is guilty of a threefold tautology, when every word he uttered ſhews the neceſſity of being conciſe: if the night was nigh ſpent, there was the leſs time to loſe in tautologies. But this is ſo far from being a fault, that it is a beauty: Ulyſſes dwells upon the ſhortneſs of the time before the day appears, in order to urge Diomed to the greater ſpeed in proſecuting the deſign. Euſtathius.

ỳ. 298. *But a third remains.*] One ought to take notice with how much exactneſs Homer proportions his incidents to the time of action: theſe two books take up no more than the compaſs of one night; and his deſign could not have been executed in any other part of it. The poet had before told us, that all the plain was enlightened by the fires of Troy, and conſequently no ſpy could paſs over to their camp, until they were almoſt ſunk and extinguiſhed, which could not be until near the morning.

It is obſervable that the poet divides the night into three parts, from whence we may gather, that the Grecians had three watches during the night: the firſt and ſecond of which were over, when Diomed and Ulyſſes ſet out to enter the enemy's camp. Euſtathius.

A two-edg'd faulchion Thraſymed the brave,
And ample buckler, to Tydides gave:
Then in a leathern helm he cas'd his head,
Short of its creſt, and with no plume o'erſpread:
(Such as by youths unus'd to arms, are worn;
No ſpoils enrich it, and no ſtuds adorn.)
Next him Ulyſſes took a ſhining ſword,
A bow and quiver, with bright arrows ſtor'd:

ỷ. 301. *A two-edg'd faulchion Thraſymed the brave,* etc.] It is a very impertinent remark of Scaliger, that Diomed ſhould not have gone from his tent without a ſword. The expedition he now goes upon could not be foreſeen by him at the time he roſe: he was awaked of a ſudden, and ſent in haſte to call ſome of the princes: beſides, he went but to council, and even then carried his ſpear with him, as Homer had already informed us. I think if one were to ſtudy the art of cavilling, there would be more occaſion to blame Virgil for what Scaliger praiſes him, giving a ſword to Euryalus, when he had one before, Æn. 9. ỷ. 303.

ỷ. 303. *Then in a leathern helm.*] It may not be improper to obſerve how conformably to the deſign the poet arms theſe two heroes: Ulyſſes has a bow and arrows, that he might be able to wound the enemy at a diſtance, and ſo retard his flight until he could overtake him; and for fear of a diſcovery, Diomed is armed with an helmet of leather, that the glittering of it might not betray him. Euſtathius.

There is ſome reſemblance in this whole ſtory to that of Niſus and Euryalus in Virgil: and as the heroes are here ſucceſsful, and in Virgil unfortunate, it was perhaps as great an inſtance of Virgil's judgment to deſcribe the unhappy youth in a glittering helmet, which occaſioned his diſcovery, as it was in Homer to arm his ſucceſsful one in the contrary manner.

A well-prov'd caſque with leather braces bound
(Thy gift, Meriones) his temples crown'd;
Soft wool within; without, in order ſpread,
A boar's white teeth grinn'd horrid o'er his head.
This from Amyntor, rich Ormenus' ſon,
Autolychus by fraudful rapine won,
And gave Amphidamas; from him the prize
Molus receiv'd, the pledge of ſocial ties;
The helmet next by Merion was poſſeſs'd,
And now Ulyſſes' thoughtful temples preſs'd.
Thus ſheath'd in arms, the council they forſake,
And dark thro' paths oblique their progreſs take.

ỳ. 309. *A well-prov'd caſque.*] Mr. Barnes has a pretty remark on this place, that it was probably from this deſcription, πῖλος ἀρήρει, that the ancient painters and tragic poets conſtantly repreſented Ulyſſes with the Pileus on his head; but this particularity could not be preſerved with any grace in the tranſlation.

ỳ. 313. *This from Amyntor,* etc.] The ſucceſſion of this helmet deſcending from one hero to another, is imitated by Virgil in the ſtory of Niſus and Euryalus.

Euryalus phaleras Rhamnetis, et aurea bullis
Cingula: Tiburti Remulo ditiſſimus olim
Quæ mittit dona, hoſpitio cum jungeret abſens
Cædicus; ille ſuo moriens dat habere nepoti:
Poſt mortem bello Rutuli pugnaque potiti.

It was anciently a cuſtom to make theſe military preſents to brave adventurers. So Jonathan in the firſt book of Samuel, *ſtript himſelf of the robe that was upon him, and gave it to David; and his garments, even to his ſword, and his bow, and his girdle.* Ch. 18. ỳ. 4.

Juſt then, in ſign ſhe favour'd their intent,
A long-wing'd heron great Minerva ſent:
This, tho' ſurrounding ſhades obſcur'd their view,
By the ſhrill clang and whiſtling wings, they knew.
As from the right ſhe ſoar'd, Ulyſſes pray'd,
Hail'd the glad omen, and addreſs'd the maid.

O daughter of that God, whoſe arm can wield
Th' avenging bolt, and ſhake the dreadful ſhield!
O thou! for ever preſent in my way,
Who, all my motions, all my toils ſurvey!
Safe may we paſs beneath the gloomy ſhade,
Safe by thy ſuccour to our ſhips convey'd;
And let ſome deed this ſignal night adorn,
To claim the tears of Trojans yet unborn.

Then godlike Diomed preferr'd his pray'r:
Daughter of Jove, unconquer'd Pallas! hear.

ỳ. 326. *Ulyſſes——Hail'd the glad omen.*] This paſſage ſufficiently juſtifies Diomed for his choice of Ulyſſes; Diomed, who was moſt renowned for valour, might have given a wrong interpretation to this omen, and ſo have been diſcouraged from proceeding in the attempt. For though it really ſignified, that as the bird was not ſeen, but only heard by the ſound of its wings, ſo they ſhould not be diſcovered by the Trojans, but perform actions which all Troy ſhould hear with ſorrow; yet on the other hand it might imply, that as they diſcovered the bird by the noiſe of its wings, ſo they ſhould be betrayed by the noiſe they ſhould make in the Trojan army. The reaſon why Pallas does not ſend the bird that is ſacred to herſelf, but the heron, is becauſe it is a bird of prey, and denoted that they ſhould ſpoil the Trojans. Euſtathius.

Great queen of arms, whose favour Tydeus won,
As thou defend'st the sire, defend the son.
When on Æsopus' banks the banded pow'rs
Of Greece he left, and sought the Theban tow'rs,
Peace was his charge; receiv'd with peaceful show,
He went a legate, but return'd a foe:
Then help'd by thee, and cover'd by thy shield,
He fought with numbers, and made numbers yield.
So now be present, oh celestial maid!
So still continue to the race thine aid!
A youthful steer shall fall beneath the stroke,
Untam'd, unconscious of the galling yoke,
With ample forehead, and with spreading horns,
Whose taper tops refulgent gold adorns.

The heroes pray'd, and Pallas from the skies,
Accords their vow, succeeds their enterprize.
Now, like two lions panting for the prey,
With deathful thoughts they trace the dreary way,
Thro' the black horrors of th' ensanguin'd plain,
Thro' dust, thro' blood, o'er arms, and hills of slain.

ỿ. 356. *Thro' dust, thro' blood,* etc.] Xenophon (says Eustathius) has imitated this passage; but what the poet gives us in one line, the historian protracts into several sentences. Ἐπεὶ δὲ ἔληξεν ἡ μάχη, παρῆν ἰδεῖν, τὴν μὲν γῆν αἵματι πεφυρμένην, etc. "*When the battel was over, one* "*might behold through the whole extent of the field, the* "*ground dyed red with blood, the bodies of friends and ene-* "*mies stretched over each other, the shields pierced, the* "*spears broken, and the drawn swords, some scattered on* "*the earth, some plunged in the bodies of the slain, and* "*some yet grasped in the hands of the soldiers.*"

Nor leſs bold Hector, and the ſons of Troy,
On high deſigns the wakeful hours employ;
Th' aſſembled peers their lofty chief inclos'd;
Who thus the counſels of his breaſt propos'd.
What glorious man, for high attempts prepar'd,
Dares greatly venture for a rich reward?
Of yonder fleet a bold diſcov'ry make,
What watch they keep, and what reſolves they take?
If now ſubdu'd they meditate their flight,
And ſpent with toil neglect the watch of night?
His be the chariot that ſhall pleaſe him moſt,
Of all the plunder of the vanquiſh'd hoſt;
His the fair ſteeds that all the reſt excel,
And his the glory to have ſerv'd ſo well.

ỳ. 357. *Nor leſs bold Hector*, etc.] It is the remark of Euſtathius, that Homer ſends out the Trojan ſpy in this place in a very different manner from the Grecian ones before. Having been very particular in deſcribing the council of the Greeks, he avoids tiring the reader here with parallel circumſtances, and paſſes it in general terms. In the firſt, a wiſe old man propoſes the adventure with an air of deference; in the ſecond, a brave young man with an air of authority. The one promiſes a ſmall gift, but very honourable and certain; the other a great one, but uncertain and leſs honourable, becauſe it is given as a reward. So that Diomed and Ulyſſes are inſpired with the love of glory. Dolon is poſſeſt with a thirſt of gain: they proceed with a ſage and circumſpect valour, he with raſhneſs and vanity; they go in conjunction, he alone; they croſs the fields out of the road, he follows the common track. In all there is a contraſte that is admirable, and a moral that ſtrikes every reader at firſt ſight.

A youth there was among the tribes of Troy
Dolon his name, Eumedes' only boy.
(Five girls beside the rev'rend herald told)
Rich was the son in brass, and rich in gold;
Not blest by nature with the charms of face,
But swift of foot, and matchless in the race.

℣. 372. *Dolon his name.*] It is scarce to be conceived with what conciseness the poet has here given us the name, the fortunes, the pedigree, the office, the shape, the swiftness of Dolon. He seems to have been eminent for nothing so much as for his wealth, though undoubtedly he was by place one of the first rank in Troy: Hector summons him to this assembly amongst the chiefs of Troy; nor was he unknown to the Greeks, for Diomed immediately after he had seized him, calls him by his name. Perhaps being an herald, he had frequently passed between the armies in the execution of his office.

The ancients observed upon this place, that it was the office of Dolon which made him offer himself to Hector. The sacred character gave him hopes that they would not violate his person, should he happen to be taken; and his riches he knew were sufficient to purchase his liberty; besides all which advantages, he had hopes from his swiftness to escape any pursuers. Eustathius.

℣. 375. *Not blest by nature with the charms of face.*] The original is,

Ὃς δή τοι εἶδος μὲν ἔην κακός, ἀλλὰ ποδώκης.

Which some ancient critics thought to include a contradiction, because the man who is ill shaped can hardly be swift in running; taking the word εἶδος as applied in general to the air of the whole person. But Aristotle acquaints us that word was as proper in regard to the face only, and that it was usual with the Cretans to call a man with a handsome face, εὐειδής. So that Dolon

Hector! (he ſaid) my courage bids me meet
This high atchievement, and explore the fleet:
But firſt exalt thy ſceptre to the ſkies,
And ſwear to grant me the demanded prize;
Th' immortal courſers, and the glitt'ring car,
That bear Pelides thro' the ranks of war.

might want a good face, and yet be well-ſhaped enough to make an excellent racer. Poet. c. 26.

℣. 380. *Swear to grant me*, etc.] It is evident from this whole narration, that Dolon was a man of no worth or courage; his covetouſneſs ſeems to be the ſole motive of his undertaking this exploit: and whereas Diomed neither deſired any reward, nor when promiſed required any aſſurance of it; Dolon demands an oath, and will not truſt the promiſe of Hector; he every where diſcovers a baſe ſpirit, and by the ſequel it will appear, that this vain boaſter inſtead of diſcovering the army of the enemy, becomes a traitor to his own. Euſtathius.

℣. 381. *Th' immortal courſers, and the glitt'ring car.*] Hector in the foregoing ſpeech promiſes the beſt horſes in the Grecian army, as a reward to any one who would undertake what he propoſed. Dolon immediately demands thoſe of Achilles, and confines the general promiſe of Hector to the particular horſes of that brave hero.

There is ſomething very extraordinary in Hector's taking a ſolemn oath, that he will give the chariots and ſteeds of Achilles to Dolon. The ancients, ſays Euſtathius, knew not whoſe vanity moſt to wonder at, that of Dolon or Hector; the one for demanding this, or the other for promiſing it. Though we may take notice, that Virgil liked this extravagance ſo well as to imitate it, where Aſcanius (without being aſked) promiſes the horſes and armour of Turnus to Niſus, on his undertaking a like enterprize.

Encourag'd thus no idle ſcout I go,
Fulfil thy wiſh, their whole intention know,
Ev'n to the royal tent purſue my way,
And all their counſels, all their aims betray.
The chief then heav'd the golden ſceptre high,
Atteſting thus the monarch of the ſky.
Be witneſs thou! immortal Lord of all!
Whoſe thunder ſhakes the dark aerial hall:
By none but Dolon ſhall this prize be born,
And him alone th' immortal ſteeds adorn.
Thus Hector ſwore: the Gods were call'd in vain,
But the raſh youth prepares to ſcour the plain:
Acroſs his back the bended bow he flung,
A wolf's grey hide around his ſhoulders hung,
A ferret's downy fur his helmet lin'd,
And in his hand a pointed jav'lin ſhin'd.
Then (never to return) he ſought the ſhore,
And trod the path his feet muſt tread no more.
Scarce had he paſs'd the ſteeds and Trojan throng,
(Still bending forward as he cours'd along)
When, on the hollow way, th' approaching tread
Ulyſſes mark'd, and thus to Diomed.

Vidiſti, quo Turnus equo, quibus ibat in armis,
Aureus; ipſum illum, clypeum criſtaſque rubentes
Excipiam ſorti, jam nunc tua præmia, Niſe.

Unleſs one ſhould think the raſhneſs of ſuch a promiſe better agreed with the ardour of this youthful prince, than with the character of an experienced warrior like Hector.

O Friend! I hear ſome ſtep of hoſtile feet,
Moving this way, or haſt'ning to the fleet;
Some ſpy perhaps, to lurk beſide the main;
Or nightly pillager that ſtrips the ſlain.
Yet let him paſs, and win a little ſpace;
Then ruſh behind him, and prevent his pace.
But if too ſwift of foot he flies before,
Confine his courſe along the fleet and ſhore,
Betwixt the camp and him our ſpears employ,
And intercept his hop'd return to Troy.

With that they ſtep'd aſide, and ſtoop'd their head,
(As Dolon paſs'd) behind a heap of dead:
Along the path the ſpy unwary flew;
Soft, at juſt diſtance, both the chiefs purſue.
So diſtant they, and ſuch the ſpace between,
As when two teams of mules divide the green,

℣. 419.———*Such the ſpace between, As when two teams of mules,* etc.] I wonder Euſtathius takes no notice of the manner of plowing uſed by the ancients, which is deſcribed in theſe verſes, and of which we have the beſt account from Dacier. She is not ſatisfied with the explanation given by Didymus, that Homer meant the ſpace which mules by their ſwiftneſs gain upon oxen, that plow in the ſame field. "The Grecians (ſays "ſhe) did not plow in the manner now in uſe. They "firſt broke up the ground with oxen, and then plowed "it more lightly with mules. When they employed "two ploughs in a field, they meaſured the ſpace they "could plow in a day, and ſet their ploughs at the two "ends of that ſpace, and thoſe ploughs proceeded to- "ward each other. This intermediate ſpace was con- "ſtantly fixed, but leſs in proportion for two ploughs of

(To whom the hind like ſhares of land allows)
When now few furrows part th' approaching ploughs.
Now Dolon liſt'ning heard them as they paſt;
Hector (he thought) had ſent, and check'd his haſte,
'Till ſcarce at diſtance of a jav'lin's throw,
No voice ſucceeding, he perceiv'd the foe.

" of oxen than for two of mules; becauſe oxen are " ſlower, and toil more in a field that has not been yet " turned up; whereas mules are naturally ſwifter, and " make greater ſpeed in a ground that has already had " the firſt plowing. I therefore believe that what Ho- " mer calls ἐπιύρα, is the ſpace left by the huſbandmen " between two ploughs of mules which till the ſame " field: and as this ſpace was ſo much the greater in a " field already plowed by oxen, he adds what he ſays of " mules, that they are ſwifter and fitter to give the ſe- " cond plowing than oxen, and therefore diſtinguiſhes " the field ſo plowed by the epithet of *deep*, νειοῖο βαθείης· " for that ſpace was certain of ſo many acres or perches, " and always larger than in a field as yet untilled, which " being heavier and more difficult, required the interval " to be ſo much the leſs between two ploughs of oxen, " becauſe they could not diſpatch ſo much work. Ho- " mer could not have ſerved himſelf of a juſter com- " pariſon for a thing that paſſed in the fields; at the " ſame time he ſhews his experience in the art of a- " griculture, and gives his verſes a moſt agreeable or- " nament, as indeed all the images drawn from this art " are peculiarly entertaining."

This manner of meaſuring a ſpace of ground by a compariſon from plowing, ſeems to have been cuſtomary in thoſe times, from that paſſage in the firſt book of Samuel, ch. 14. ℣. 14. *And the firſt ſlaughter which Jonathan and his armour-bearer made, was about twenty men, within as it were half a furrow of an acre of land, which a yoke of oxen might plow.*

As when two ſkilful hounds the lev'ret wind,
Or chaſe thro' woods obſcure the trembling hind;
Now loſt, now ſeen, they intercept his way,
And from the herd ſtill turn the flying prey:
So faſt, and with ſuch fears the Trojan flew;
So cloſe, ſo conſtant, the bold Greeks purſue.
Now almoſt on the fleet the daſtard falls,
And mingles with the guards that watch the walls;
When brave Tydides ſtopp'd; a gen'rous thought
(Inſpir'd by Pallas) in his boſom wrought,
Leſt on the foe ſome forward Greek advance,
And ſnatch the glory from his lifted lance.
Then thus aloud: Whoe'er thou art, remain;
This jav'lin elſe ſhall fix thee to the plain.
He ſaid, and high in air the weapon caſt,
Which wilful err'd, and o'er his ſhoulder paſt;
Then fix'd in earth. Againſt the trembling wood
The wretch ſtood propp'd, and quiver'd as he ſtood;
A ſudden palſy ſeiz'd his turning head;
His looſe teeth chatter'd, and his colour fled:

ỳ. 444. *Quiver'd as he ſtood*, etc.] The poet here gives us a very lively picture of a perſon in the utmoſt agonies of fear: Dolon's ſwiftneſs forſakes him, and he ſtands ſhackled by his cowardice. The very words expreſs the thing he deſcribes by the broken turn of the Greek verſes. And ſomething like it is aimed at in the Engliſh.

——— ——— ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἔϛη, τάρβησέν τε
Βαμβαίνων· ἄραβος δὲ διὰ ϛόμα γίνετ' ὀδόντων
Χλωρὸς ὑπαὶ δείυς.———

The panting warriors ſeize him as he ſtands,
And with unmanly tears his life demands.
  O ſpare my youth, and for the breath I owe,
Large gifts of price my father ſhall beſtow:
Vaſt heaps of braſs ſhall in your ſhips be told,
And ſteel well-temper'd, and refulgent gold.
  To whom Ulyſſes made this wiſe reply;
Whoe'er thou art, be bold, nor fear to die.
What moves thee, ſay, when ſleep has clos'd the ſight,
To roam the ſilent fields in dead of night?
Cam'ſt thou the ſecrets of our camp to find,
By Hector prompted, or thy daring mind?
Or art ſome wretch by hopes of plunder led,
Thro' heaps of carnage, to deſpoil the dead?
  Then thus pale Dolon with a fearful look,
(Still, as he ſpoke, his limbs with horror ſhook)
Hither I came, by Hector's words deceiv'd;
Much did he promiſe, raſhly I believ'd:
No leſs a bribe than great Achilles' car,
And thoſe ſwift ſteeds that ſweep the ranks of war,

℣. 454. *Be bold, nor fear to die.*] It is obſervable what caution the poet here uſes in reference to Dolon: Ulyſſes does not make him any promiſes of life, but only bids him very artfully not to think of dying: ſo that when Diomed kills him, he was not guilty of a breach of promiſe, and the ſpy was deceived rather by the art and ſubtlety of Ulyſſes, than by his falſhood. Dolon's underſtanding ſeems intirely to be diſturbed by his fears; he was ſo cautious as not to believe a friend juſt before without an oath, but here he truſts an enemy without ſo much as a promiſe. Euſtathius.

Urg'd me, unwilling, this attempt to make;
To learn what counſels, what reſolves you take:
If now ſubdu'd, you fix your hopes on flight,
And tir'd with toils, neglect the watch of night?
Bold was thy aim, and glorious was the prize,
(Ulyſſes, with a ſcornful ſmile, replies)
Far other rulers thoſe proud ſteeds demand,
And ſcorn the guidance of a vulgar hand;
Ev'n great Achilles ſcarce their rage can tame,
Achilles ſprung from an immortal dame.
But ſay, be faithful, and the truth recite!
Where lies encamp'd the Trojan chief to-night?
Where ſtand his courſers? in what quarter ſleep
Their other princes? tell what watch they keep?
Say, ſince this conqueſt, what their counſels are?
Or here to combate, from their city far,
Or back to Ilion's walls transfer the war?
Ulyſſes thus, and thus Eumedes' ſon:
What Dolon knows, his faithful tongue ſhall own.

ỳ. 467. *Urg'd me, unwilling.*] It is obſervable that the cowardice of Dolon here betrays him into a falſehood: though Euſtathius is of opinion that the word in the original means no more than *contrary to my judgment.*

ỳ. 478. *Where lies encamp'd.*] The night was now very far advanced, the morning approached, and the two heroes had their whole deſign ſtill to execute: Ulyſſes therefore complies with the neceſſity of the time, and makes his queſtions very ſhort, though at the ſame time very full. In the like manner when Ulyſſes comes to ſhew Diomed the chariot of Rheſus, he uſes a ſudden tranſition without the uſual form of ſpeaking.

Hector, the peers assembling in his tent,
A council holds at Ilus' monument.
No certain guards the nightly watch partake;
Where'er yon' fires ascend, the Trojans wake;
Anxious for Troy, the guard the natives keep;
Safe in their cares, th' auxiliar forces sleep,
Whose wives and infants, from the danger far,
Discharge their souls of half the fears of war.

Then sleep those aids among the Trojan train,
(Inquir'd the chief) or scatter'd o'er the plain?

To whom the spy: Their pow'rs they thus dispose:
The Pæons, dreadful with their bended bows,
The Carians, Caucons, the Pelasgian host,
And Leleges encamp along the coast.

ỳ. 488. *No certain guards.*] Homer to give an air of probability to this narration, lets us understand that the Trojan camp might easily be entered without discovery, because there were no centinels to guard it. This might happen partly through the security which their late success had thrown them into, and partly through the fatigues of the former day. Besides which, Homer gives us another very natural reason, the negligence of the auxiliar forces, who being foreigners, had nothing to lose by the fall of Troy.

ỳ. 489. *Where'er yon' fires ascend.*] This is not to be understood of those fires which Hector commanded to be kindled at the beginning of this night, but only of the houshold fires of the Trojans, distinct from the auxiliars. The expression in the original is somewhat remarkable; but implies those people that were natives of Troy: ἱστίη and ἐσχάρα πυρὸς signifying the same thing. So that ἱστίας ἔχειν and ἐσχάρας ἔχειν mean to have houses or hearths in Troy. Eustathius.

Not diſtant far, lie higher on the land,
The Lycian, Myſian, and Mœonian band,
And Phrygia's horſe, by Thymbras' ancient wall;
The Thracians utmoſt, and a-part from all.
Theſe Troy but lately to her ſuccour won,
Led on by Rheſus, great Eioneus' ſon:
I ſaw his courſers in proud triumph go,
Swift as the wind, and white as winter-ſnow:
Rich ſilver plates his ſhining car infold;
His ſolid arms, refulgent, flame with gold;
No mortal ſhoulders ſuit the glorious load,
Celeſtial Panoply, to grace a God!
Let me, unhappy, to your fleet be born,
Or leave me here, a captive's fate to mourn,
In cruel chains; 'till your return reveal
The truth or falſhood of the news I tell.

To this Tydides, with a gloomy frown:
Think not to live, tho' all the truth be ſhown:
Shall we diſmiſs thee, in ſome future ſtriſe
To riſk more bravely thy now forfeit life?
Or that again our camps thou may'ſt explore?
No—once a traitor, thou betray'ſt no more.

Sternly he ſpoke, and as the wretch prepar'd
With humble blandiſhment to ſtroke his beard,
Like lightning ſwift the wrathful faulchion flew,
Divides the neck, and cuts the nerves in two;

ỳ. 525. *Divides the neck.*] It may ſeem a piece of barbarity in Diomed to kill Dolon thus, in the very act of ſupplicating for mercy. Euſtathius anſwers, that it

One inſtant ſnatch'd his trembling ſoul to hell,
The head, yet ſpeaking, mutter'd as it fell.
The furry helmet from his brow they tear,
The wolf's grey hide, th' unbended bow and ſpear;
These great Ulyſſes lifting to the ſkies,
To fav'ring Pallas dedicates the prize.

Great queen of arms! receive this hoſtile ſpoil,
And let the Thracian ſteeds reward our toil:
Thee firſt of all the heav'nly hoſt we praiſe;
O ſpeed our labours, and direct our ways!
This ſaid, the ſpoils with dropping gore defac'd,
High on a ſpreading tamariſk he plac'd;
Then heap'd with reeds and gather'd boughs the plain,
To guide their footſteps to the place again.

Thro' the ſtill night they croſs the devious fields,
Slipp'ry with blood, o'er arms and heaps of ſhields,
Arriving where the Thracian ſquadrons lay,
And eas'd in ſleep the labours of the day,
Rang'd in three lines they view the proſtrate band:
The horſes yok'd beſide each warrior ſtand;
Their arms in order on the ground reclin'd,
Thro' the brown ſhade the fulgid weapons ſhin'd;
Amidſt lay Rheſus, ſtretch'd in ſleep profound,
And the white ſteeds behind his chariot bound.

was very neceſſary that it ſhould be ſo, for fear, if he had deferred his death, he might have cried out to the Trojans, who hearing his voice, would have been upon their guard.

The welcome ſight Ulyſſes firſt deſcries,
And points to Diomed the tempting prize.
The man, the courſers, and the car behold!
Deſcrib'd by Dolon, with the arms of gold.
Now, brave Tydides! now thy courage try,
Approach the chariot, and the ſteeds untye;
Or if thy ſoul aſpire to fiercer deeds,
Urge thou the ſlaughter, while I ſeize the ſteeds.

Pallas (this ſaid) her hero's boſom warms,
Breath'd in his heart, and ſtrung his nervous arms;
Where'er he paſs'd, a purple ſtream purſu'd;
His thirſty faulchion, fat with hoſtile blood,
Bath'd all his footſteps, dy'd the fields with gore,
And a low groan remurmur'd thro' the ſhore.
So the grim lion, from his nightly den,
O'erleaps the fences, and invades the pen;
On ſheep or goats, reſiſtleſs in his way,
He falls, and foaming rends the guardleſs prey.
Nor ſtopp'd the fury of his vengeful hand,
'Till twelve lay breathleſs of the Thracian band.
Ulyſſes following, as his part'ner ſlew,
Back by the foot each ſlaughter'd warrior drew;
The milk-white courſers ſtudious to convey
Safe to the ſhips, he wiſely clear'd the way;
Leſt the fierce ſteeds, not yet to battels bred,
Should ſtart, and tremble at the heaps of dead.
Now twelve diſpatch'd, the monarch laſt they found;
Tydides' faulchion fix'd him to the ground.

Juſt then a deathful dream Minerva ſent;
A warlike form appear'd before his tent,
Whoſe viſionary ſteel his boſom tore:
So dream'd the monarch, and awak'd no more.

Ulyſſes now the ſnowy ſteeds detains,
And leads them, faſten'd by the ſilver reins;
Theſe, with his bow unbent, he laſh'd along;
(The ſcourge forgot, on Rheſus' chariot hung.)
Then gave his friend the ſignal to retire;
But him, new dangers, new atchievements fire:
Doubtful he ſtood, or with his reeking blade
To ſend more heroes to th' infernal ſhade,
Drag off the car where Rheſus' armour lay,
Or heave with manly force, and lift away.
While unreſolv'd the ſon of Tydeus ſtands,
Pallas appears, and thus her chief commands.

Enough, my ſon, from farther ſlaughter ceaſe,
Regard thy ſafety, and depart in peace;
Haſte to the ſhips, the gotten ſpoils enjoy,
Nor tempt too far the hoſtile Gods of Troy.

℣. 578. *Juſt then a deathful dream Minerva ſent.*] All the circumſtances of this action, the night, Rheſus buried in a profound ſleep, and Diomed with the ſword in his hand hanging over the head of that prince, furniſhed Homer with the idea of this fiction, which repreſents Rheſus dying faſt aſleep, and as it were beholding his enemy in a dream plunging a ſword into his boſom. This image is very natural, for a man in this condition awakes no farther than to ſee confuſedly what environs him, and to think it not a reality, but a viſion. Euſtathius, Dacier.

The voice divine confeſs'd the martial maid;
In haſte he mounted, and her word obey'd;
The courſers fly before Ulyſſes' bow,
Swift as the wind, and white as winter-ſnow.

Not unobſerv'd they paſs'd: the God of light
Had watch'd his Troy, and mark'd Minerva's flight,
Saw Tydeus' ſon with heav'nly ſuccour bleſt,
And vengeful anger fill'd his ſacred breaſt.
Swift to the Trojan camp deſcends the pow'r,
And wakes Hippocoon in the morning hour,
(On Rheſus' ſide accuſtom'd to attend,
A faithful kinſman, and inſtructive friend.)
He roſe, and ſaw the field deform'd with blood,
An empty ſpace where late the courſers ſtood,
The yet-warm Thracians panting on the coaſt;
For each he wept, but for his Rheſus moſt:
Now while on Rheſus' name he calls in vain,
The gath'ring tumult ſpreads o'er all the plain;
On heaps the Trojans ruſh, with wild affright,
And wond'ring view the ſlaughters of the night.

Meanwhile the chiefs, arriving at the ſhade
Where late the ſpoils of Hector's ſpy were laid,
Ulyſſes ſtopp'd; to him Tydides bore
The trophy, dropping yet with Dolon's gore:
Then mounts again; again their nimble feet
The courſers ply, and thunder tow'rds the fleet.

℣. 607. *And wakes Hippocoon.*] Apollo's waking the Trojans is only an allegory to imply that the light of the morning awakened them. Euſtathius.

Old Neſtor firſt perceiv'd th' approaching ſound,
Beſpeaking thus the Grecian peers around.
Methinks the noiſe of trampling ſteeds I hear,
Thick'ning this way, and gath'ring on my ear;
Perhaps ſome horſes of the Trojan breed
(So may, ye Gods! my pious hopes ſucceed)
The great Tydides and Ulyſſes bear,
Return'd triumphant with this prize of war.
Yet much I fear (ah may that fear be vain)
The chiefs out-number'd by the Trojan train;
Perhaps, ev'n now purſu'd, they ſeek the ſhore;
Or oh! perhaps thoſe heroes are no more.
Scarce had he ſpoke, when lo! the chiefs appear,
And ſpring to earth; the Greeks diſmiſs their fear:
With words of friendſhip and extended hands
They greet the kings; and Neſtor firſt demands:

ỿ. 624. *Old Neſtor firſt perceiv'd,* etc.] It may with an appearance of reaſon be aſked, whence it could be that Neſtor, whoſe ſenſe of hearing might be ſuppoſed to be impaired by his great age, ſhould be the firſt perſon among ſo many youthful warriors who hears the tread of the horſes feet at a diſtance? Euſtathius anſwers, that Neſtor had a particular concern for the ſafety of Diomed and Ulyſſes on this occaſion, as he was the perſon who, by propoſing the undertaking, had expoſed them to a very ſignal danger; and conſequently his extraordinary care for their preſervation, did more than ſupply the diſadvantage of his age. This agrees very well with what immediately follows; for the old man breaks out into a tranſport at the ſight of them, and in a wild ſort of joy aſks ſome queſtions, which could not have proceeded from him, but while he was under that happy ſurprize. Euſtathius.

Say thou, whoſe praiſes all our hoſt proclaim,
Thou living glory of the Grecian name!
Say whence theſe courſers? by what chance beſtow'd,
The ſpoil of foes, or preſent of a God?
Not thoſe fair ſteeds ſo radiant and ſo gay,
That draw the burning chariot of the day.
Old as I am, to age I ſcorn to yield,
And daily mingle in the martial field;
But ſure 'till now no courſers ſtruck my ſight
Like theſe, conſpicuous thro' the ranks of fight.
Some God, I deem, conferr'd the glorious prize,
Bleſt as ye are, and fav'rites of the ſkies;
The care of him who bids the thunder roar,
And * her, whoſe fury bathes the world with gore.
Father! not ſo, (ſage Ithacus rejoin'd)
The gifts of heav'n are of a nobler kind.
Of Thracian lineage are the ſteeds ye view,
Whoſe hoſtile king the brave Tydides ſlew;
Sleeping he dy'd, with all his guards around,
And twelve beſide lay gaſping on the ground.

* Minerva.

℣. 656. *Of Thracian lineage*, etc.] It is obſervable, ſays Euſtathius, that Homer in this place unravels the ſeries of this night's exploits, and inverts the order of the former narration. This is partly occaſioned by a neceſſity of Neſtor's inquiries, and partly to relate the ſame thing in a different way, that he might not tire the reader with an exact repetition of what he knew before.

℣. 659. *And twelve beſide*, etc.] How comes it to paſs that the poet ſhould here call Dolon the thirteenth that was ſlain, whereas he had already numbered up thirteen

These other ſpoils from conquer'd Dolon came,
A wretch, whoſe ſwiftneſs was his only fame,
By Hector ſent our forces to explore,
He now lies headleſs on the ſandy ſhore.
Then o'er the trench the bounding courſers flew;
The joyful Greeks with loud acclaim purſue.
Strait to Tydides' high pavilion born,
The matchleſs ſteeds his ample ſtall adorn:
The neighing courſers their new fellows greet,
And the full racks are heap'd with gen'rous wheat.
But Dolon's armour, to his ſhips convey'd,
High on the painted ſtern Ulyſſes laid,
A trophy deſtin'd to the blue-ey'd maid.
Now from nocturnal ſweat, and ſanguine ſtain,
They cleanſe their bodies in the neighb'ring main;
Then in the poliſh'd bath, refreſh'd from toil,
Their joints they ſupple with diſſolving oil,

thirteen beſides him? Euſtathius anſwers, that he mentions Rheſus by himſelf, by way of eminence. Then coming to recount the Thracians, he reckons twelve of them; ſo that taking Rheſus ſeparately, Dolon will make the thirteenth.

ỳ. 674. *They cleanſe their bodies in the main*, etc.] We have here a regimen very agreeable to the ſimplicity and auſterity of the old heroic times. Theſe warriors plunge into the ſea to waſh themſelves; for the ſalt water is not only more purifying than any other, but more corroborates the nerves. They afterwards enter into a bath, and rub their bodies with oil, which by ſoftening and moiſtening the fleſh prevents too great a diſſipation, and reſtores the natural ſtrength. Euſtathius.

In due repaſt indulge the genial hour,
And firſt to Pallas the libations pour:
They ſit, rejoicing in her aid divine,
And the crown'd goblet foams with floods of wine.

℣. 677. *In due repaſt*, etc.] It appears from hence with what preciſeneſs Homer diſtinguiſhes the time of theſe actions. It is evident from this paſſage, that immediately after their return, it was day-light; that being the time of taking ſuch a repaſt as is here deſcribed.

I cannot conclude the notes to this book without obſerving, that what ſeems the principal beauty of it, and what diſtinguiſhes it among all the others, is the livelineſs of its paintings: the reader ſees the moſt natural night ſcene in the world; he is led ſtep by ſtep with the adventurers, and made the companion of all their expectations, and uncertainties. We ſee the very colour of the ſky, know the time to a minute, are impatient while the heroes are arming, our imagination ſteals out after them, becomes privy to all their doubts, and even to the ſecret wiſhes of their hearts ſent up to Minerva. We are alarmed at the approach of Dolon, hear his very footſteps, aſſiſt the two chiefs in purſuing him, and ſtop juſt with the ſpear that arreſts him. We are perfectly acquainted with the ſituation of all the forces, with the figure in which they lie, with the diſpoſition of Rheſus and the Thracians, with the poſture of his chariot and horſes. The marſhy ſpot of ground where Dolon is killed, the tamariſk, or aquatic plants upon which they hang his ſpoils, and the reeds that are heaped together to mark the place, are circumſtances the moſt *pictureſque* imaginable. And though it muſt be owned, that the human figures in this piece are excellent, and diſpoſed in the propereſt actions; I cannot but confeſs my opinion, that the chief beauty of it is in the proſpect, a finer than which was never drawn by any pencil.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The third battel, and the acts of Agamemnon.

AGAMEMNON having armed himself, leads the Grecians to battel: Hector prepares the Trojans to receive them; while Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva give the signals of war. Agamemnon bears all before him; and Hector is commanded by Jupiter (who sends Iris for that purpose) to decline the engagement, until the king shall be wounded and retire from the field. He then makes a great slaughter of the enemy; Ulysses and Diomed put a stop to him for a time; but the latter being wounded by Paris, is obliged to desert his companion, who is encompassed by the Trojans, wounded, and in the utmost danger, until Menelaus and Ajax rescue him. Hector comes against Ajax, but that hero alone opposes multitudes, and rallies the Greeks. In the mean time Machaon, in the other wing of the army, is pierced with an arrow by Paris, and carried from the fight in Nestor's chariot. Achilles (who overlooked the action from his ship) sent Patroclus to inquire which of the Greeks was wounded in that manner? Nestor entertains him in his tent with an account of the accidents of the day, and a long recital of some former wars which he remembered, tending to put Patroclus upon persuading Achilles to fight for his countrymen, or at least to permit him to do it, clad in Achilles's armour. Patroclus in his return

meets Eurypylus alſo wounded, and aſſiſts him in that diſtreſs.

This book opens with the eight and twentieth day of the poem; and the ſame day, with its various actions and adventures, is extended through the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, ſixteenth, ſeventeenth, and part of the eighteenth books. The ſcene lies in the field near the monument of Ilus.

THE ſaffron morn, with early bluſhes ſpread,
Now roſe refulgent from Tithonus' bed;
With new-born day to gladden mortal ſight,
And gild the courts of heav'n with ſacred light.

As Homer's invention is in nothing more wonderful, than in the great variety of characters with which his poems are diverſified, ſo his judgment appears in nothing more exact, than in that propriety with which each character is maintained. But this exactneſs muſt be collected by a diligent attention to his conduct through the whole: and when the particulars of each character are laid together, we ſhall find them all proceeding from the ſame temper and diſpoſition of the perſon. If this obſervation be neglected, the poet's conduct will loſe much of its true beauty and harmony.

I fancy it will not be unpleaſant to the reader, to conſider the picture of Agamemnon, drawn by ſo maſterly a hand as that of Homer, in its full length, after having ſeen him in ſeveral views and lights ſince the beginning of the poem.

He is a maſter of policy and ſtratagem, and maintains a good underſtanding with his council; which was but neceſſary, conſidering how many different, independent nations and intereſts he had to manage: he ſeems fully conſcious of his own ſuperior authority, and always knows the time when to exert it: he is perſonally very valiant, but not without ſome mixture of fierceneſs;

When baleful Eris, ſent by Jove's command,
The torch of diſcord blazing in her hand,

highly reſentful of the injuries done his family, even more than Menelaus himſelf: warm both in his paſſions and affections, particularly in the love he bears his brother. In ſhort, he is (as Homer himſelf in another place deſcribes him) both a good king, and a great warrior.

Ἀμφότερον, βασιλεύς τ' ἀγαθὸς, κρατερός τ' αἰχμητής.

It is very obſervable how this hero riſes in the eſteem of the reader as the poem advances: it opens with many circumſtances very much to the diſadvantage of his character; he inſults the prieſt of Apollo, and outrages Achilles: but in the ſecond book he grows ſenſible of the effects of his raſhneſs, and takes the fault intirely upon himſelf: in the fourth he ſhews himſelf a ſkilful commander, by exhorting, reproving, and performing all the offices of a good general: in the eighth he is deeply touched by the ſufferings of his army, and makes all the peoples calamities his own: in the ninth he endeavours to reconcile himſelf to Achilles, and condeſcends to be the petitioner, becauſe it is for the public good: in the tenth finding thoſe endeavours ineffectual, his concern keeps him the whole night awake, in contriving all poſſible methods to aſſiſt them: and now in the eleventh as it were reſolving himſelf to ſupply the want of Achilles, he grows prodigiouſly in his valour, and performs wonders in his ſingle perſon.

Thus we ſee Agamemnon continually winning upon our eſteem, as we grow acquainted with him; ſo that he ſeems to be like that goddeſs the poet deſcribes, who was low at the firſt, but riſing by degrees, at laſt reaches the very heavens.

℣. 5. *When baleful Eris*, etc.] With what a wonderful ſublimity does the poet begin this book! he awakens the reader's curioſity, and ſounds an alarm to

Thro' the red ſkies her bloody ſign extends,
And wrapt in tempeſts, o'er the fleet deſcends.
High on Ulyſſes' bark, her horrid ſtand
She took, and thunder'd thro' the ſeas and land.
Ev'n Ajax and Achilles heard the ſound,
Whoſe ſhips, remote, the guarded navy bound.
Thence the black fury thro' the Grecian throng
With horror ſounds the loud Orthian ſong:
The navy ſhakes, and at the dire alarms
Each boſom boils, each warrior ſtarts to arms.
No more they ſigh, inglorious to return,
But breathe revenge, and for the combate burn.

the approaching battel. With what magnificence does he uſher in the deeds of Agamemnon! He ſeems for a while to have loſt all view of the main battel, and lets the whole action of the poem ſtand ſtill, to attend the motions of this ſingle hero. Inſtead of a herald, he brings down a goddeſs to inflame the army; inſtead of a trumpet, or ſuch warlike muſic, Juno and Minerva thunder over the field of battel: Jove rains down drops of blood, and averts his eyes from ſuch a ſcene of horrors.

By the goddeſs Eris is meant that ardour and impatience for the battel which now inſpired the Grecian army: they who juſt before were almoſt in deſpair, now burn for the fight, and breathe nothing but war. Euſtathius.

℣. 14. *Orthian ſong.*] This is a kind of an Odaic ſong, invented and ſung on purpoſe to fire the ſoul to noble deeds in war. Such was that of Timotheus before Alexander the Great, which had ſuch an influence upon him, that he leaped from his ſeat, and laid hold on his arms. Euſtathius.

The king of men his hardy hoſt inſpires
With loud command, with great example fires;
Himſelf firſt roſe, himſelf before the reſt
His mighty limbs in radiant armour dreſt.
And firſt he cas'd his manly legs around
In ſhining greaves, with ſilver buckles bound:
The beaming cuiraſs next adorn'd his breaſt,
The ſame which once king Cinyras poſſeſt:
(The fame of Greece and her aſſembled hoſt
Had reach'd that monarch on the Cyprian coaſt;
'Twas then the friendſhip of the chief to gain,
This glorious gift he ſent, nor ſent in vain.)
Ten rows of azure ſteel the work infold,
Twice ten of tin, and twelve of ductile gold;
Three glitt'ring dragons to the gorget riſe,
Whoſe imitated ſcales againſt the ſkies
Reflected various light, and arching bow'd,
Like colour'd rainbows o'er a ſhow'ry cloud:
(Jove's wondrous bow, of three celeſtial dies,
Plac'd as a ſign to man amid the ſkies.)

℣. 26. *King Cinyras.*] It is probable this paſſage of Cinyras, king of Cyprus, alludes to a true hiſtory; and what makes it the more ſo, is, that this iſland was famous for its mines of ſeveral metals. Euſtathius.

℣. 35. *Arching bow'd,* etc.] Euſtathius obſerves, that the poet intended to repreſent the bending figure of theſe ſerpents as well as their colour, by comparing them to rainbows. Dacier obſerves here how cloſe a parallel this paſſage of Homer bears to that in Geneſis, where God tells Noah, *I have ſet my bow in the clouds, that it may be for a ſign of the covenant between me and the earth.*

A radiant baldric o'er his ſhoulder ty'd,
Suſtain'd the ſword that glitter'd at his ſide:
Gold was the hilt, a ſilver ſheath encas'd
The ſhining blade, and golden hangers grac'd.
His buckler's mighty orb was next diſplay'd,
That round the warrior caſt a dreadful ſhade;
Ten zones of braſs its ample brim ſurround,
And twice ten boſſes the bright convex crown'd:
Tremendous Gorgon frown'd upon its field,
And circling terrors fill'd th' expreſſive ſhield:
Within its concave hung a ſilver thong,
On which a mimic ſerpent creeps along,
His azure length in eaſy waves extends,
'Till in three heads th' embroider'd monſter ends.
Laſt o'er his brows his fourfold helm he plac'd,
With nodding horſe-hair formidably grac'd;
And in his hands two ſteely jav'lins wields,
That blaze to heav'n, and lighten all the fields.

That inſtant Juno, and the martial maid
In happy thunders promis'd Greece their aid;
High o'er the chief they claſh'd their arms in air,
And leaning from the clouds, expect the war.

Cloſe to the limits of the trench and mound,
The fiery courſers to their chariots bound
The ſquires reſtrain'd: The foot, with thoſe who wield
The lighter arms, ruſh forward to the field.

℣. 63. *The foot, which thoſe who wield The lighter arms, ruſh forward.*] Here we ſee the order of battel is inverted, and oppoſite to that which Neſtor propoſed in

To ſecond theſe, in cloſe array combin'd,
The ſquadrons ſpread their ſable wings behind.
Now ſhouts and tumults wake the tardy ſun,
As with the light the warriors toils begun.
Ev'n Jove, whoſe thunder ſpoke his wrath, diſtill'd
Red drops of blood o'er all the fatal field;
The woes of men unwilling to ſurvey,
And all the ſlaughters that muſt ſtain the day.
  Near Ilus' tomb in order rang'd around,
The Trojan lines poſſeſs'd the riſing ground,
There wiſe Polydamas and Hector ſtood;
Æneas, honour'd as a guardian God;
Bold Polybus, Agenor the divine;
The brother warriors of Antenor's line;

the fourth book: for it is the cavalry which is there ſuſtained by the infantry; here the infantry by the cavalry. But to deliver my opinion, I believe it was the nearneſs of the enemy that obliged Agamemnon to change the diſpoſition of the battel: he would break their battalions with his infantry, and compleat their defeat by his cavalry, which ſhould fall upon the flyers. Dacier.

℣. 70. *Red drops of blood.*] Theſe prodigies, with which Homer embelliſhes his poetry, are the ſame with thoſe which hiſtory relates not as ornaments, but as truths. Nothing is more common in hiſtory than ſhowers of blood, and philoſophy gives us the reaſon of them: the two battels which had been fought on the plains of Troy, had ſo drenched them with blood, that a great quantity of it might be exhaled in vapours, and carried into the air, and being there condenſed, fall down again in dews and drops of the ſame colour. Euſtathius. See notes on *lib.* 16. ℣. 560.

With youthful Acamas, whoſe beauteous face,
And fair proportion, match'd th' etherial race;
Great Hector, cover'd with his ſpacious ſhield,
Plies all the troops, and orders all the field.
As the red ſtar now ſhows his ſanguine fires
Thro' the dark clouds, and now in night retires;
Thus thro' the ranks appear'd the Godlike man,
Plung'd in the rear, or blazing in the van;
While ſtreamy ſparkles, reſtleſs as he flies,
Flaſh from his arms as light'ning from the ſkies.
As ſweating reapers in ſome wealthy field,
Rang'd in two bands, their crooked weapons wield,

℣. 83. *As the red ſtar.*] We have juſt ſeen at full length the picture of the general of the Greeks: here we ſee Hector beautifully drawn in miniature. This proceeded from the great judgment of the poet: it was neceſſary to ſpeak fully of Agamemnon, who was to be the chief hero of this battel, and briefly of Hector, who had been ſo often ſpoken of at large before. This is an inſtance that the poet well knew when to be conciſe, and when to be copious. It is impoſſible that any thing ſhould be more happily imagined, than this ſimilitude: it is ſo lively, that we ſee Hector ſometimes ſhining in arms at the head of his troops; and then immediately loſe ſight of him, while he retires in the ranks of the army. Euſtathius.

℣. 89. *As ſweating reapers.*] It will be neceſſary for the underſtanding of this ſimilitude, to explain the method of mowing in Homer's days: they mowed in the ſame manner as they plowed, beginning at the extremes of the field, which was equally divided, and proceeded until they met in the middle of it. By this means they raiſed an emulation between both parties, which

Bear down the furrows, 'till their labours meet;
Thick fall the heapy harveſts at their feet.
So Greece and Troy the field of war divide,
And falling ranks are ſtrow'd on ev'ry ſide.
None ſtoop'd a thought to baſe inglorious flight;
But horſe to horſe, and man to man they fight.
Not rabid wolves more fierce conteſt their prey;
Each wounds, each bleeds, but none reſign the day.
Diſcord with joy the ſcene of death deſcries,
And drinks large ſlaughter at her ſanguine eyes:
Diſcord alone, of all th' immortal train,
Swells the red horrors of this direful plain:
The Gods in peace their golden manſions fill,
Rang'd in bright order on th' Olympian hill;
But gen'ral murmurs told their griefs above,
And each accus'd the partial will of Jove.
Meanwhile apart, ſuperior, and alone,
Th' eternal monarch, on his awful throne,
Wrapt in the blaze of boundleſs glory ſate;
And fix'd, fulfill'd the juſt decrees of fate.
On earth he turn'd his all-conſid'ring eyes,
And mark'd the ſpot where Ilion's tow'rs ariſe;
The ſea with ſhips, the fields with armies ſpread,
The victor's rage, the dying, and the dead.

ſhould finiſh their ſhare firſt. If we conſider this cuſtom, we ſhall find it a very happy compariſon to the two armies advancing againſt each other, together with an exact reſemblance in every circumſtance the poet intended to illuſtrate.

Thus while the morning beams increaſing bright
O'er heav'n's pure azure ſpread the growing light,
Commutual death the fate of war confounds,
Each adverſe battel goar'd with equal wounds.
But now (what time in ſome ſequeſter'd vale
The weary woodman ſpreads his ſparing meal,

ℽ. 119. *What time in ſome ſequeſter'd vale The weary woodman*, etc.] One may gather from hence, that in Homer's time they did not meaſure the day by hours, but by the progreſſion of the ſun; and diſtinguiſhed the parts of it by the moſt noted employments; as in the 12th of the Odyſſeis, ℽ. 439. from the riſing of the judges, and here from the dining of the labourer.

It may perhaps be entertaining to the reader to ſee a general account of the menſuration of time among the ancients, which I ſhall take from Spondanus. At the beginning of the world it is certain there was no diſtinction of time but by the light and darkneſs, and the whole day was included in the general terms of the evening and the morning. Munſter makes a pretty obſervation upon this cuſtom: our long-lived foreſathers (ſays he) had not ſo much occaſion to be exact obſervers how the day paſſed, as their frailer ſons, whoſe ſhortneſs of life makes it neceſſary to diſtinguiſh every part of time, and ſuffer none of it to ſlip away without their obſervation.

It is not improbable but that the Chaldæans, many ages after the flood, were the firſt who divided the day into hours; they being the firſt who applied themſelves with any ſucceſs to aſtrology. The moſt ancient ſun-dial we read of, is that of Achaz, mentioned in the ſecond book of Kings, ch. 20. about the time of the building of Rome: but as theſe were of no uſe in clouded days, and in the night, there was another invention of meaſuring the parts of time by water; but that not being

When his tir'd arms refuse the axe to rear,
And claim a respite from the sylvan war;

being sufficiently exact, they laid it aside for another by sand.

It is certain the use of dials was earlier among the Greeks than the Romans; it was above three hundred years after the building of Rome before they knew any thing of them: but yet they had divided the day and night into twenty-four hours, as appears from Varro and Macrobius, though they did not count the hours as we do, numerically, but from midnight to midnight, and distinguished them by particular names, as by the cock-crowing, the dawn, the mid-day, *etc.* The first sun-dial we read of among the Romans which divided the day into hours, is mentioned by Pliny, *lib.* 1. *cap.* 20. fixed upon the temple of Quirinus by L. Papyrius the censor, about the twelfth year of the wars with Pyrrhus. But the first that was of any use to the public, was set up near the *rostra* in the *forum* by Valerius Messala the consul, after the taking of Catana in Sicily; from whence it was brought, thirty years after the first had been set up by Papyrius: but this was still an imperfect one, the lines of it not exactly corresponding with the several hours. Yet they made use of it many years, until Q. Marcius Philippus placed another by it, greatly improved: but these had still one common defect of being useless in the night, and when the skies were overcast. All these inventions being thus ineffectual, Scipio Nasica some years after measured the day and night into hours from the dropping of water.

Yet near this time, it may be gathered that sun-dials were very frequent in Rome, from a fragment preserved by Aulus Gellius, and ascribed to Plautus: the lines are so beautiful, that I cannot deny the reader the satisfaction of seeing them. They are supposed to be spoken by a hungry parasite, upon a sight of one of these dials.

But not 'till half the prostrate forests lay
Stretch'd in long ruin, and expos'd to day)
Then, nor 'till then, the Greeks impulsive might
Pierc'd the black Phalanx, and let in the light.
Great Agamemnon then the slaughter led,
And slew Bienor at his people's head:
Whose squire Oileus, with a sudden spring,
Leap'd from the chariot to revenge his king,

Ut illum Dii perdant, primus qui horas repperit,
Quique adeo primus statuit heic solarium:
Qui mihi comminuit misero, articulatim, diem!
Nam me puero uterus hic erat solarium,
Multo omnium istorum optimum et verissumum,
Ubi iste monebat esse, nisi cum nihil erat.
Nunc etiam quod est, non est, nisi Soli lubet:
Itaque adeo jam oppletum est oppidum solariis,
Major pars populi aridi reptant fame.

We find frequent mention of the hours in the course of this poem; but to prevent any mistake, it may not be improper to take notice, that they must always be understood to mean the seasons, and not the division of the day by hours.

℣. 125. *The Greeks impulsive might.*] We had just before seen that all the Gods were withdrawn from the battel; that Jupiter was resolved, even against the inclinations of them all, to honour the Trojans. Yet we here see the Greeks breaking through them; the love the poet bears to his countrymen makes him aggrandize their valour, and over-rule even the decrees of fate. To vary his battels, he supposes the Gods to be absent this day; and they are no sooner gone, but the courage of the Greeks prevails, even against the determination of Jupiter. Eustathius.

But in his front he felt the fatal wound,
Which pierc'd his brain, and stretch'd him on the ground.
Atrides spoil'd, and left them on the plain:
Vain was their youth, their glitt'ring armour vain:
Now soil'd with dust, and naked to the sky,
Their snowy limbs and beauteous bodies lie.

Two sons of Priam next to battel move,
The product one of marriage, one of love;
In the same car the brother warriors ride,
This took the charge to combate, that to guide;
Far other task! than when they wont to keep,
On Ida's tops, their father's fleecy sheep.
These on the mountains once Achilles found,
And captive led, with pliant osiers bound;

ỳ. 135. *Naked to the sky.*] Eustathius refines upon this place, and believes that Homer intended, by particularizing the whiteness of the limbs, to ridicule the effeminate education of these unhappy youths. But as such an interpretation may be thought below the majesty of an epic poem, and a kind of barbarity to insult the unfortunate, I thought it better to give the passage an air of compassion. As the words are equally capable of either meaning, I imagined the reader would be more pleased with the humanity of the one, than with the satire of the other.

ỳ. 143. *These on the mountains once Achilles found.*] Homer, says Eustathius, never lets any opportunity pass of mentioning the hero of his poem, Achilles: he gives here an instance of his former resentment, and at once varies his poetry, and exalts his character. Nor does he mention him cursorily; he seems unwilling to leave him; and when he pursues the thread of the story in a few lines, takes occasion to speak again of him. This

Then to their ſire for ample ſums reſtor'd;
But now to periſh by Atrides' ſword:
Pierc'd in the breaſt the baſe-born Iſus bleeds:
Cleft thro' the head, his brother's fate ſucceeds.
Swift to the ſpoil the haſty victor falls,
And ſtript, their features to his mind recals.
The Trojans ſee the youths untimely die,
But helpleſs tremble for themſelves, and fly.
So when a lion, ranging o'er the lawns,
Finds, on ſome graſſy lare, the couching fawns,
Their bones he cracks, their reeking vitals draws,
And grinds the quiv'ring fleſh with bloody jaws;
The frighted hind beholds, and dares not ſtay,
But ſwift thro' ruſtling thickets burſts her way;
All drown'd in ſweat the panting mother flies,
And the big tears roll trickling from her eyes.
Amidſt the tumult of the routed train,
The ſons of falſe Antimachus were ſlain;
He, who for bribes his faithleſs counſels ſold,
And voted Helen's ſtay for Paris' gold.
Atrides mark'd as theſe their ſafety ſought,
And ſlew the children for the father's fault;
Their headſtrong horſe unable to reſtrain,
They ſhook with fear, and dropp'd the ſilken rein;

is a very artful conduct; by mentioning him ſo frequently, he takes care that the reader ſhould not forget him, and ſhews the importance of that hero, whoſe anger is the ſubject of his poem.

Then in their chariot on their knees they fall,
And thus with lifted hands for mercy call.
  Oh ſpare our youth, and for the life we owe
Antimachus ſhall copious gifts beſtow;
Soon as he hears, that not in battel ſlain,
The Grecian ſhips his captive ſons detain,
Large heaps of braſs in ranſom ſhall be told,
And ſteel well-temper'd, and perſuaſive gold.
  Theſe words, attended with a flood of tears,
The youths addreſs'd to unrelenting ears:
The vengeful monarch gave this ſtern reply;
If from Antimachus ye ſpring, ye die:
The daring wretch who once in council ſtood
To ſhed Ulyſſes' and my brother's blood,
For proffer'd peace! and ſues his ſeed for grace!
No, die, and pay the forfeit of your race.
  This ſaid, Piſander from the car he caſt,
And pierc'd his breaſt: ſupine he breath'd his laſt.
His brother leap'd to earth; but as he lay,
The trenchant faulchion lopp'd his hands away;

℣. 181. *Antimachus, who once,* etc.] It is obſervable that Homer with a great deal of art interweaves the true hiſtory of the Trojan war in his poem; he here gives a circumſtance that carries us back from the tenth year of the war to the very beginning of it. So that although the action of the poem takes up but a ſmall part of the laſt year of the war, yet by ſuch incidents as theſe we are taught a great many particulars that happened through the whole ſeries of it. Euſtathius.

℣. 188. *Lopp'd his hands away.*] I think one cannot but compaſſionate the fate of theſe brothers, who ſuffer

His ſever'd head was toſs'd among the throng,
And rolling, drew a bloody trail along.
Then, where the thickeſt fought, the victor flew;
The king's example all his Greeks purſue.
Now by the foot the flying foot were ſlain,
Horſe trod by horſe, lay foming on the plain.
From the dry fields thick clouds of duſt ariſe,
Shade the black hoſt, and intercept the ſkies.
The braſs-hoof'd ſteeds tumultuous plunge and bound,
And the thick thunder beats the lab'ring ground.

for the ſins of their father, notwithſtanding the juſtice which the commentators find in this action of Agamemnon. And I can much leſs imagine that his cutting off their *hands* was meant for an expreſs example againſt bribery, in revenge for the gold which Antimachus had received from Paris. Euſtathius is very refining upon this point; but the grave Spondanus outdoes them all, who has found there was an excellent conceit in cutting off the hands and head of the ſon; the firſt, becauſe the father had been for *laying hands* on the Grecian embaſſadors; and the ſecond, becauſe it was from his *head* that the advice proceeded of detaining Helena.

℣. 193. *Now by the foot the flying foot*, etc.] After Homer with a poetical juſtice has puniſhed the ſons of Antimachus for the crimes of the father; he carries on the narration, and preſents all the terrors of the battel to our view: we ſee in the lively deſcription the men and chariots overthrown, and hear the trampling of the horſes feet. Thus the poet very artfully, by ſuch ſudden alarms, awakens the attention of the reader, that is apt to be tired and grow remiſs by a plain and more cool narration.

℣. 197. *The braſs hoof'd ſteeds.*] Euſtathius obſerves, that the cuſtom of ſhoeing horſes was in uſe in Homer's

Still slaught'ring on, the king of men proceeds;
The distanc'd army wonders at his deeds.
As when the winds with raging flames conspire,
And o'er the forests roll the flood of fire,
In blazing heaps the grove's old honours fall,
And one refulgent ruin levels all.
Before Atrides' rage so sinks the foe,
Whole squadrons vanish, and proud heads lie low.
The steeds fly trembling from his waving sword;
And many a car, now lighted of its lord,
Wide o'er the field with guideless fury rolls,
Breaking their ranks, and crushing out their souls;
While his keen faulchion drinks the warriors lives;
More grateful, now, to vultures than their wives!

time, and calls the shoes σεληναῖα, from the figure of a half-moon.

℣. 212. *More grateful, now, to vultures than their wives.*] This is a reflection of the poet, and such a one as arises from a sentiment of compassion; and indeed there is nothing more moving than to see those heroes, who were the love and delight of their spouses, reduced suddenly to such a condition of horror, that those very wives durst not look upon them. I was very much surprised to find a remark of Eustathius upon this, which seems very wrong and unjust: he would have it that there is in this place an ellipsis, which comprehends a severe raillery: "For, says he, Homer would imply, "that those dead warriors were now more agreeable to "vultures, than they had ever been in all their days to "their wives." This is very ridiculous; to suppose that these unhappy women did not love their husbands, is to insult them barbarously in their affliction; and every body can see that such a thought in this place

Perhaps great Hector then had found his fate,
But Jove and destiny prolong'd his date.
Safe from the darts, the care of heav'n he stood,
Amidst alarms, and death, and dust, and blood.
Now past the tomb where ancient Ilus lay,
Thro' the mid field the routed urge their way.
Where the wild figs th' adjoining summit crown,
That path they take, and speed to reach the town.
As swift Atrides with loud shouts pursu'd,
Hot with his toil, and bath'd in hostile blood.
Now near the beech-tree, and the Scæan gates,
The hero halts, and his associates waits.
Meanwhile on ev'ry side, around the plain,
Dispers'd, disorder'd, fly the Trojan train.
So flies a herd of beeves, that hear dismay'd
The lion's roaring thro' the midnight shade;
On heaps they tumble with successless haste;
The savage seizes, draws, and rends the last:

would have appeared mean, frigid, and out of season. Homer, on the contrary, always endeavours to excite compassion by the grief of the wives, whose husbands are killed in the battel. Dacier.

ỳ. 217. *Now past the tomb where ancient Ilus lay.*] By the exactness of Homer's description we see as in a landscape the very place where this battel was fought. Agamemnon drives the Trojans from the tomb of Ilus, where they encamped all the night; that tomb stood in the middle of the plain: from thence he pursues them by the wild fig-tree to the beech-tree, and from thence to the very Scæan gate. Thus the scene of action is fixed, and we see the very rout through which the one retreats, and the other advances. Eustathius.

Not with leſs fury ſtern Atrides flew,
Still preſs'd the rout, and ſtill the hindmoſt ſlew;
Hurl'd from their cars the braveſt chiefs are kill'd,
And rage, and death, and carnage, load the field.
Now ſtorms the victor at the Trojan wall;
Surveys the tow'rs, and meditates their fall.
But Jove deſcending ſhook th' Idæan hills,
And down their ſummits pour'd a hundred rills:
Th' unkindled lightning in his hand he took,
And thus the many-colour'd maid beſpoke.
Iris, with haſte thy golden wings diſplay,
To godlike Hector this our word convey.
While Agamemnon waſtes the ranks around,
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground,
Bid him give way; but iſſue forth commands,
And truſt the war to leſs important hands;

℣. 241. *Iris, with haſte thy golden wings diſplay.*] It is evident that ſome ſuch contrivance as this was neceſſary; the Trojans, we learn from the beginning of this book, were to be victorious this day; but if Jupiter had not now interpoſed, they had been driven even within the walls of Troy. By this means alſo the poet conſults both for the honour of Hector, and that of Agamemnon. Agamemnon has time enough to ſhew the greatneſs of his valour, and it is no diſgrace to Hector not to encounter him when Jupiter interpoſes.

Euſtathius obſerves, that the poet gives us here a ſketch of what is drawn out at large in the ſtory of this whole book: this he does to raiſe the curioſity of the reader, and make him impatient to hear thoſe great actions, which muſt be performed before Agamemnon can retire, and Hector be victorious.

But when, or wounded by the ſpear, or dart,
That chief ſhall mount his chariot, and depart:
Then Jove ſhall ſtring his arm, and fire his breaſt,
Then to her ſhips ſhall flying Greece be preſs'd,
'Till to the main the burning ſun deſcend,
And ſacred night her awful ſhade extend.

He ſpoke, and Iris at his word obey'd;
On wings of winds deſcends the various maid.
The chief ſhe found amidſt the ranks of war,
Cloſe to the bulwarks, on his glitt'ring car.
The Goddeſs then: O ſon of Priam, hear!
From Jove I come, and his high mandate bear.
While Agamemnon waſtes the ranks around,
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground,
Abſtain from fight; yet iſſue forth commands,
And truſt the war to leſs important hands.
But when, or wounded by the ſpear, or dart,
The chief ſhall mount his chariot, and depart:
Then Jove ſhall ſtring thy arm, and fire thy breaſt,
Then to her ſhips ſhall flying Greece be preſs'd,
'Till to the main the burning ſun deſcend,
And ſacred night her awful ſhade extend.

She ſaid, and vaniſh'd: Hector, with a bound,
Springs from his chariot on the trembling ground,
In clanging arms: he graſps in either hand
A pointed lance, and ſpeeds from band to band;
Revives their ardour, turns their ſteps from flight,
And wakes anew the dying flames of fight.

They ſtand to arms: the Greeks their onſet dare,
Condenſe their pow'rs, and wait the coming war.
New force, new ſpirit to each breaſt returns:
The fight renew'd with fiercer fury burns:
The king leads on; all fix on him their eye,
And learn from him, to conquer, or to die.

Ye ſacred nine, celeſtial muſes! tell,
Who fac'd him firſt, and by his prowefs fell?
The great Iphidamas, the bold and young:
From ſage Antenor and Theano ſprung;
Whom from his youth his grandſire Ciſſeus bred,
And nurs'd in Thrace where ſnowy flocks are fed.

ỳ. 281. *Ye ſacred nine.*] The poet, to win the attention of the reader, and ſeeming himſelf to be ſtruck with the exploits of Agamemnon while he recites them (who when the battel was rekindled, ruſhes out to engage his enemies) invokes not one muſe, as he did in the beginning of the poem, but as if he intended to warn us that he was about to relate ſomething ſurprizing, he invokes the whole nine; and then, as if he had received their inſpiration, goes on to deliver what they ſuggeſted to him. By means of this apoſtrophe, the imagination of the reader is ſo filled, that he ſeems not only preſent, but active in the ſcene to which the ſkill of the poet has tranſported him. Euſtathius.

ỳ. 283. *Iphidamas, the bold and young.*] Homer here gives us the hiſtory of this Iphidamas, his parentage, the place of his birth, and many circumſtances of his private life. This he does to diverſify his poetry, and to ſoften with ſome amiable embelliſhments, the continual horrors that muſt of neceſſity ſtrike the imagination, in an uninterrupted narration of blood and ſlaughter. Euſtathius.

Scarce did the down his roſy cheeks inveſt,
And early honour warm his gen'rous breaſt,
When the kind ſire conſign'd his daughter's charms
(Theano's ſiſter) to his youthful arms.
But call'd by glory to the wars of Troy,
He leaves untaſted the firſt fruits of joy;
From his lov'd bride departs with melting eyes,
And ſwift to aid his dearer country flies.
With twelve black ſhips he reach'd Percope's ſtrand,
Thence took the long, laborious march by land.
Now fierce for fame, before the ranks he ſprings,
Tow'ring in arms, and braves the king of kings.
Atrides firſt diſcharg'd the miſſive ſpear;
The Trojan ſtoop'd, the jav'lin paſs'd in air.
Then near the corſelet, at the monarch's heart,
With all his ſtrength the youth directs his dart:
But the broad belt, with plates of ſilver bound,
The point rebated, and repell'd the wound.
Incumber'd with the dart, Atrides ſtands,
'Till graſp'd with force, he wrench'd it from his hands,
At once his weighty ſword diſcharg'd a wound
Full on his neck, that fell'd him to the ground.

℣. 290. *Theano's ſiſter.*] That the reader may not be ſhocked at the marriage of Iphidamas with his mother's ſiſter, it may not be amiſs to obſerve from Euſtathius, that conſanguinity was no impediment in Greece in the days of Homer: nor is Iphidamas ſingular in this kind of marriage, for Diomed was married to his own aunt as well as he.

Stretch'd

Stretch'd in the duſt th' unhappy warrior lies,
And ſleep eternal ſeals his ſwimming eyes.
Oh worthy better fate! oh early ſlain!
Thy country's friend; and virtuous, tho' in vain!
No more the youth ſhall join his conſort's ſide,
At once a virgin, and at once a bride!
No more with preſents her embraces meet,
Or lay the ſpoils of conqueſt at her feet,
On whom his paſſion, laviſh of his ſtore,
Beſtow'd ſo much, and vainly promis'd more!
Unwept, uncover'd on the plain he lay,
While the proud victor bore his arms away.

Coon, Antenor's eldeſt hope, was nigh:
Tears, at the ſight, came ſtarting from his eye,
While pierc'd with grief the much-lov'd youth he view'd,
And the pale features now deform'd with blood.
Then with his ſpear, unſeen, his time he took,
Aim'd at the king, and near his elbow ſtrook.
The thrilling ſteel transpierc'd the brawny part,
And thro' his arm ſtood forth the barbed dart.
Surpriz'd the monarch feels, yet void of fear
On Coon ruſhes with his lifted ſpear:
His brother's corps the pious Trojan draws,
And calls his country to aſſert his cauſe,
Defends him breathleſs on the ſanguine field,
And o'er the body ſpreads his ample ſhield.
Atrides, marking an unguarded part,
Transfix'd the warrior with his brazen dart;

Prone on his brother's bleeding breaſt he lay,
The monarch's faulchion lopp'd his head away:
The ſocial ſhades the ſame dark journey go,
And join each other in the realms below.

The vengeful victor rages round the fields,
With ev'ry weapon, art or fury yields:
By the long lance, the ſword, or pond'rous ſtone,
Whole ranks are broken, and whole troops o'erthrown.
This, while yet warm, diſtill'd the purple flood;
But when the wound grew ſtiff with clotted blood,
Then grinding tortures his ſtrong boſom rend,
Leſs keen thoſe darts the fierce Ilythiæ ſend,
(The pow'rs that cauſe the teeming matron's throes,
Sad mothers of unutterable woes!)
Stung with the ſmart, all panting with the pain,
He mounts the car, and gives his ſquire the rein:

ỳ. 349. *The fierce Ilythiæ.*] Theſe Ilythiæ are the goddeſſes that Homer ſuppoſes to preſide over child-birth; he arms their hands with a kind of inſtrument, from which a pointed dart is ſhot into the diſtreſſed mother, as an arrow from a bow: ſo that as Eris has her torch, and Jupiter his thunder, theſe goddeſſes have their darts, which they ſhoot into women in travail. He calls them the daughters of Juno, becauſe ſhe preſides over the marriage-bed. Euſtathius. Here (ſays Dacier) we find the ſtyle of the holy ſcripture, which to expreſs a ſevere pain, uſually compares it to that of women in labour. Thus David, *Pain came upon them as upon a woman in travail;* and Iſaiah, *They ſhall grieve as a woman in travail.* And all the prophets are full of the like expreſſions.

Then with a voice which fury made more ſtrong,
And pain augmented, thus exhorts the throng.

O friends! O Greeks! aſſert your honours won;
Proceed, and finiſh what this arm begun:
Lo! angry Jove forbids your chief to ſtay,
And envies half the glories of the day.

He ſaid; the driver whirls his lengthful thong;
The horſes fly! the chariot ſmokes along.
Clouds from their noſtrils the fierce courſers blow,
And from their ſides the foam deſcends in ſnow;
Shot thro' the battel in a moment's ſpace,
The wounded monarch at his tent they place.

No ſooner Hector ſaw the king retir'd,
But thus his Trojans and his aids he fir'd;
Hear all ye Dardan, all ye Lycian race!
Fam'd in cloſe fight, and dreadful face to face.
Now call to mind your ancient trophies won,
Your great forefathers virtues, and your own.

ỳ. 358. *Lo! angry Jove forbids your chief to ſtay.*] Euſtathius remarks upon the behaviour of Agamemnon in his preſent diſtreſs: Homer deſcribes him as racked with almoſt intolerable pains, yet he does not complain of the anguiſh he ſuffers, but that he is obliged to retire from the fight.

This indeed, as it proved his undaunted ſpirit, ſo did it likewiſe his wiſdom: had he ſhewed any unmanly dejection, it would have diſpirited the army; but his intrepidity makes them believe his wound leſs dangerous, and renders them not ſo highly concerned for the abſence of their general.

Behold, the gen'ral ſlies! deſerts his pow'rs!
Lo Jove himſelf declares the conqueſt ours!
Now on yon' ranks impel your foaming ſteeds;
And, ſure of glory, dare immortal deeds.

With words like theſe the fiery chief alarms
His fainting hoſt, and ev'ry boſom warms.
As the bold hunter chears his hounds to tear
The brindled lion, or the tuſky bear,
With voice and hand provokes their doubting heart,
And ſprings the foremoſt with his lifted dart:
So god-like Hector prompts his troops to dare;
Nor prompts alone, but leads himſelf the war.
On the black body of the foes he pours,
As from the cloud's deep boſom, ſwell'd with ſhow'rs,
A ſudden ſtorm the purple ocean ſweeps,
Drives the wild waves, and toſſes all the deeps.
Say, muſe! when Jove the Trojan's glory crown'd,
Beneath his arm what heroes bit the ground?

℣. 388. *Say, muſe! when Jove the Trojan's glory crown'd.*] The poet juſt before has given us an invocation of the muſes, to make us attentive to the great exploits of Agamemnon. Here we have one with regard to Hector, but this laſt may perhaps be more eaſily accounted for than the other. For in that, after ſo ſolemn an invocation, we might reaſonably have expected wonders from the hero: whereas in reality he kills but one man before he himſelf is wounded: and what he does afterwards ſeems to proceed from a frantic valour, ariſing from the ſmart of the wound: we do not find by the text that he kills one man, but overthrows ſeveral in his fury, and then retreats: ſo that

Aſſæus, Dolops, and Autonous dy'd,
Opites next was added to their ſide,
Then brave Hipponous fam'd in many a fight,
Opheltius, Orus, ſunk to endleſs night,
Æſymnus, Agelaus; all chiefs of name;
The reſt were vulgar deaths, unknown to fame.
As when a weſtern whirlwind, charg'd with ſtorms,
Diſpels the gather'd clouds that Notus forms;

one would imagine he invoked the muſes only to deſcribe his retreat.

But upon a nearer view, we ſhall find that Homer ſhews a commendable partiality to his own countryman and hero Agamemnon: he ſeems to detract from the greatneſs of Hector's actions, by aſcribing them to Jupiter; whereas Agamemnon conquers by the dint of bravery: and that this is a juſt obſervation, will appear by what follows. Thoſe Greeks that fall by the ſword of Hector, he paſſes over as if they were all vulgar men: he ſays nothing of them but that they died; and only briefly mentions their names, as if he endeavoured to conceal the overthrow of the Greeks. But when he ſpeaks of his favourite Agamemnon, he expatiates and dwells upon his actions; and ſhews us, that thoſe that fell by his hand were all men of diſtinction, ſuch as were the ſons of Priam, of Antenor, and Antimachus. It is true, Hector killed as many leaders of the Greeks as Agamemnon of the Trojans, and more of the common ſoldiers; but by particularizing the deaths of the chiefs of Troy, he ſets the deeds of Agamemnon in the ſtrongeſt point of light, and by his ſilence in reſpect to the leaders whom Hector ſlew, he caſts a ſhade over the greatneſs of the action, and conſequently it appears leſs conſpicuous.

The guſt continu'd, violent, and ſtrong,
Rolls ſable clouds in heaps on heaps along;
Now to the ſkies the foaming billows rears,
Now breaks the ſurge, and wide the bottom bares.
Thus raging Hector, with reſiſtleſs hands,
O'erturns, confounds, and ſcatters all their bands.
Now the laſt ruin the whole hoſt appalls;
Now Greece had trembled in her wooden walls;
But wiſe Ulyſſes call'd Tydides forth,
His ſoul rekindled, and awak'd his worth.
And ſtand we deedleſs, O eternal ſhame!
'Till Hector's arm involve the ſhips in flame?
Haſte, let us join, and combate ſide by ſide.
The warrior thus, and thus the friend reply'd.
  No martial toil I ſhun, no danger fear;
Let Hector come; I wait his fury here.
But Jove with conqueſt crowns the Trojan train;
And, Jove our foe, all human force is vain.

ỿ. 406. *But wiſe Ulyſſes call'd Tydides forth.*] There is ſomething inſtructive in thoſe which ſeem the moſt common paſſages of Homer, who by making the wiſe Ulyſſes direct the brave Diomed in all the enterprizes of the laſt book, and by maintaining the ſame conduct in this, intended to ſhew this moral, that valour ſhould always be under the guidance of wiſdom. Thus in the eighth book, when Diomed could ſcarce be reſtrained by the thunder of Jupiter, Neſtor is at hand to moderate his courage; and this hero ſeems to have made a very good uſe of thoſe inſtructions; his valour no longer runs out into raſhneſs: though he is too brave to decline the fight, yet he is too wiſe to fight againſt Jupiter.

He ſigh'd; but ſighing, rais'd his vengeful ſteel,
And from his car the proud Thymbræus fell:
Molion, the charioteer, purſu'd his lord,
His death ennobled by Ulyſſes' ſword.
There ſlain, they left them in eternal night;
Then plung'd amidſt the thickeſt ranks of fight.
So two wild boars outſtrip the following hounds,
Then ſwift revert, and wounds return for wounds.
Stern Hector's conqueſts in the middle plain
Stood check'd awhile, and Greece reſpir'd again.

The ſons of Merops ſhone amidſt the war;
Tow'ring they rode in one refulgent car:
In deep prophetic arts their father ſkill'd,
Had warn'd his children from the Trojan field;
Fate urg'd them on; the father warn'd in vain,
They ruſh'd to fight, and periſh'd on the plain!
Their breaſts no more the vital ſpirit warms;
The ſtern Tydides ſtrips their ſhining arms.
Hypirochus by great Ulyſſes dies,
And rich Hippodamus becomes his prize.
Great Jove from Ide with ſlaughter fills his ſight,
And level hangs the doubtful ſcale of fight.
By Tydeus' lance Agaſtrophus was ſlain,
The far-fam'd hero of Pæonian ſtrain;
Wing'd with his fears, on foot he ſtrove to fly,
His ſteeds too diſtant, and the foe too nigh;
Thro' broken orders, ſwifter than the wind,
He fled, but flying left his life behind.

This Hector sees, as his experienc'd eyes
Traverse the files, and to the rescue flies;
Shouts, as he past, the chrystal regions rend,
And moving armies on his march attend.
Great Diomed himself was seiz'd with fear,
And thus bespoke his brother of the war.

Mark how this way yon' bending squadrons yield!
The storm rolls on, and Hector rules the field:
Here stand his utmost force—The warrior said;
Swift at the word his pondrous jav'lin fled;
Nor miss'd its aim, but where the plumage danc'd,
Raz'd the smooth cone, and thence obliquely glanc'd.
Safe in his helm (the gift of Phœbus' hands)
Without a wound the Trojan hero stands;
But yet so stunn'd, that stagg'ring on the plain,
His arm and knee his sinking bulk sustain;
O'er his dim sight the misty vapours rise,
And a short darkness shades his swimming eyes.

ỳ. 448. *Great Diomed himself was seiz'd with fear.*] There seems to be some difficulty in these words: this brave warrior, who has frequently met Hector in the battel, and offered himself for the single combate, is here said to be seized with fear at the very sight of him: this may be thought not to agree with his usual behaviour, and to derogate from the general character of his intrepidity; but we must remember that Diomed himself has but just told us, that Jupiter fought against the Grecians; and that all the endeavours of himself and Ulysses would be vain: this fear therefore of Diomed is far from being dishonourable; it is not Hector, but Jupiter of whom he is afraid. Eustathius.

Tydides follow'd to regain his lance;
While Hector roſe, recover'd from the trance,
Remounts the car, and herds amidſt the croud;
The Greek purſues him, and exults aloud.

Once more thank Phœbus for thy forfeit breath,
Or thank that ſwiftneſs which outſtrips the death.
Well by Apollo are thy pray'rs repaid,
And oft' that partial pow'r has lent his aid.
Thou ſhalt not long the death deſerv'd withſtand,
If any God aſſiſt Tydides' hand.
Fly then, inglorious! but thy flight, this day,
Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghoſts ſhall pay.

Him, while he triumph'd, Paris ey'd from far,
(The ſpouſe of Helen, the fair cauſe of war)
Around the fields his feather'd ſhafts he ſent,
From ancient Ilus' ruin'd monument;
Behind the column plac'd, he bent his bow,
And wing'd an arrow at th' unwary foe;
Juſt as he ſtoop'd, Agaſtrophus's creſt
To ſeize, and drew the corſelet from his breaſt.

ỳ. 477. *Ilus' monument.*] I thought it neceſſary juſt to put the reader in mind, that the battel ſtill continues near the tomb of Ilus: by a juſt obſervation of that, we may with pleaſure ſee the various turns of the fight, and how every ſtep of ground is won or loſt, as the armies are repulſed or victorious.

ỳ. 480. *Juſt as he ſtoop'd, Agaſtrophus's creſt*
To ſeize, and drew the corſelet from his breaſt.]
One would think that the poet at all times endeavoured to condemn the practice of ſtripping the dead, during the heat of action; he frequently deſcribes the victor

The bow-ſtring twang'd; nor flew the ſhaft in vain,
But pierc'd his foot, and nail'd it to the plain.
The laughing Trojan, with a joyful ſpring
Leaps from his ambuſh and inſults the king.

wounded, while he is ſo employed about the bodies of the ſlain; thus in the preſent book we ſee Agamemnon, Diomed, Ulyſſes, Elephenor, and Eurypylus, all ſuffer as they ſtrip the men they ſlew; and in the ſixth book he brings in the wiſe Neſtor directly forbidding it. Euſtathius.

ℽ. 483. *But pierc'd his foot.*] It cannot but be a ſatisfaction to the reader to ſee the poet ſmitten with the love of his country, and at all times conſulting its glory; this day was to be glorious to Troy, but Homer takes care to remove with honour moſt of the braveſt Greeks from the field of battel, before the Trojans can conquer. Thus Agamemnon, Diomed, and Ulyſſes muſt bleed, before the poet can allow his countrymen to retreat. Euſtathius.

ℽ. 484. *The laughing Trojan.*] Euſtathius is of opinion that Homer intended to ſatirize in this place the unwarlike behaviour of Paris: ſuch an effeminate laugh and geſture is unbecoming a brave warrior, but agrees very well with the character of Paris: nor do I remember that in the whole Iliad any one perſon is deſcribed in ſuch an indecent tranſport, though upon a much more glorious or ſucceſsful action. He concludes his ludicrous inſult with a circumſtance very much to the honour of Diomed, and very much to the diſadvantage of his own character; for he reveals to an enemy the fears of Troy, and compares the Greeks to lions, and the Trojans to ſheep. Diomed is the very reverſe of him; he deſpiſes and leſſens the wound he received, and in the midſt of his pain, would not gratify his enemy with the little joy he might give him by letting him know it.

He bleeds! (he cries) ſome God has ſped my dart;
Would the ſame God had fixt it in his heart!
So Troy reliev'd from that wide-waſting hand,
Shall breathe from ſlaughter and in combate ſtand,
Whoſe ſons now tremble at his darted ſpear,
As ſcatter'd lambs the ruſhing lion fear.

He dauntleſs thus: thou conqu'ror of the fair,
Thou woman-warrior with the curling hair;
Vain archer! truſting to the diſtant dart,
Unſkill'd in arms to act a manly part!
Thou haſt but done what boys or women can;
Such hands may wound, but not incenſe a man.
Nor boaſt the ſcratch thy feeble arrow gave,
A coward's weapon never hurts the brave.
Not ſo this dart, which thou may'ſt one day feel:
Fate wings its flight, and death is on the ſteel,
Where this but lights, ſome noble life expires,
Its touch makes orphans, bathes the cheeks of ſires.
Steeps earth in purple, gluts the birds of air,
And leaves ſuch objects, as diſtract the fair.
Ulyſſes haſtens with a trembling heart,
Before him ſteps, and bending draws the dart:
Forth flows the blood; an eager pang ſucceeds;
Tydides mounts, and to the navy ſpeeds.

Now on the field Ulyſſes ſtands alone,
The Greeks all fled, the Trojans pouring on:

But ſtands collected in himſelf and whole,
And queſtions thus his own unconquer'd ſoul.
 What farther ſubterfuge! what hopes remain?
What ſhame, inglorious if I quit the plain?
What danger, ſingly if I ſtand the ground,
My friends all ſcatter'd, all the foes around?
Yet wherefore doubtful? let this truth ſuffice;
The brave meets danger, and the coward flies:
To die or conquer, proves a hero's heart;
And knowing this, I know a ſoldier's part.
 Such thoughts revolving in his careful breaſt,
Near, and more near, the ſhady cohorts preſt;
Theſe, in the warrior, their own fate incloſe:
And round him deep the ſteely circle grows.
So fares a boar whom all the troop ſurrounds
Of ſhouting huntſmen, and of clam'rous hounds;
He grinds his iv'ry tuſks; he foams with ire;
His ſanguine eyeballs glare with living fire;
By theſe, by thoſe, on ev'ry part is ply'd;
And the red ſlaughter ſpreads on ev'ry ſide.

℣. 513. *And queſtions thus his own unconquer'd ſoul.*] This is a paſſage which very much ſtrikes me: we have a brave hero making a noble ſoliloquy, or rather calling a council within himſelf, when he was ſingly to encounter an army: it is impoſſible for the reader not to be in pain for ſo gallant a man in ſuch an inminent danger; he muſt be impatient for the event, and his whole curioſity muſt be awakened until he knows the fate of Ulyſſes, who ſcorned to fly though encompaſſed by an army.

Pierc'd thro' the ſhoulder, firſt Deiopis fell;
Next Ennomus and Thoon ſunk to hell;
Cherſidamas, beneath the navel thruſt,
Falls prone to earth, and graſps the bloody duſt.
Charops, the ſon of Hippaſus, was near;
Ulyſſes reach'd him with the fatal ſpear;
But to his aid his brother Socus flies,
Socus, the brave, the gen'rous, and the wiſe:
Near as he drew, the warrior thus began.

O great Ulyſſes, much enduring man!
Not deeper ſkill'd in ev'ry martial ſlight,
Than worn to toils, and active in the fight!
This day two brothers ſhall thy conqueſt grace,
And end at once the great Hippaſian race,
Or thou beneath this lance muſt preſs the field—
He ſaid, and forceful pierc'd his ſpacious ſhield:
Thro' the ſtrong braſs the ringing jav'lin thrown,
Plow'd half his ſide, and bar'd it to the bone.
By Pallas' care, the ſpear, tho' deep infix'd,
Stopp'd ſhort of life, nor with his entrails mix'd.

℣. 550. *By Pallas' care.*] It is a juſt obſervation, that there is no moral ſo evident, or ſo conſtantly carried on through the Iliad, as the neceſſity mankind at all times has of divine aſſiſtance. Nothing is performed with ſucceſs, without particular mention of this; Hector is not ſaved from a dart without Apollo, or Ulyſſes without Minerva. Homer is perpetually acknowleging the hand of God in all events, and aſcribing to that only, all the victories, triumphs, rewards, or puniſhments of men. Thus the grand moral he laid down at the entrance of his poem, Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλή, *The will of*

The wound not mortal wiſe Ulyſſes knew,
Then furious thus, (but firſt ſome ſteps withdrew.)
Unhappy man! whoſe death our hands ſhall grace!
Fate calls thee hence, and finiſh'd is thy race.
No longer check my conqueſts on the foe;
But pierc'd by this, to endleſs darkneſs go,
And add one ſpectre to the realms below!

He ſpoke, while Socus ſeiz'd with ſudden fright,
Trembling gave way, and turn'd his back to flight,
Between his ſhoulders pierc'd the following dart,
And held its paſſage thro' the panting heart.
Wide in his breaſt appear'd the grizly wound;
He falls; his armour rings againſt the ground.
Then thus Ulyſſes gazing on the ſlain:
Fam'd ſon of Hippaſus! there preſs the plain;

God was fulfilled, runs through his whole work, and is with a moſt remarkable care and conduct put into the mouths of his greateſt and wiſeſt perſons on every occaſion.

Homer generally makes ſome peculiar God attend on each hero: for the ancients believed that every man had his particular tutelary deity; theſe in ſucceeding times were called Dæmons or Genii, who (as they thought) were given to men at the hour of their birth, and directed the whole courſe of their lives. See Cebes's Tablet. Menander, as he is cited by Ammianus Marcellinus, ſtyles them μυσταγωγοὶ βίου, *the inviſible guides of life.*

℣. 566. *Fam'd ſon of Hippaſus!*] Homer has been blamed by ſome late cenſurers for making his heroes addreſs diſcourſes to the dead. Dacier replies, that paſſion dictates theſe ſpeeches, and it is generally to the

There ends thy narrow ſpan aſſign'd by fate,
Heav'n owes Ulyſſes yet a longer date.
Ah wretch! no father ſhall thy corps compoſe,
Thy dying eyes no tender mother cloſe,
But hungry birds ſhall tear thoſe balls away,
And hov'ring vultures ſcream around their prey.
Me Greece ſhall honour, when I meet my doom,
With ſolemn fun'rals and a laſting tomb.

dying, not to the dead, that they are addreſſed. However, one may ſay, that they are often rather reflections, than inſults. Were it otherwiſe, Homer deſerves not to be cenſured for feigning what hiſtories have reported as truth. We find in Plutarch, that Mark Antony upon ſight of the dead body of Brutus, ſtopped and reproached him with the death of his brother Caius, whom Brutus had killed in Macedonia in revenge for the murder of Cicero. I muſt confeſs I am not altogether pleaſed with the railleries he ſometimes uſes to a vanquiſhed warrior: which inhumanities, if ſpoken to the dying, would I think be yet worſe than after they were dead.

℣. 572. *And hov'ring vultures ſcream around their prey.*] This is not literally tranſlated; what the poet ſays gives us the moſt lively picture imaginable of the vultures in the act of tearing their prey with their bills: they beat the body with their wings as they rend it, which is a very natural circumſtance, but ſcarce poſſible to be copied by a tranſlator without loſing the beauty of it.

℣. 573. *Me Greece ſhall honour, when I meet my doom, With ſolemn fun'rals*———] We may ſee from ſuch paſſages as theſe that honours paid to the aſhes of the dead have been greatly valued in all ages: this poſthumous honour was paid as a public acknowlegement that the perſon deceaſed had deſerved well of his country, and conſequently was an incitement to the living

Then raging with intolerable ſmart,
He writhes his body, and extracts the dart.
The dart a tide of ſpouting gore purſu'd,
And gladden'd Troy with ſight of hoſtile blood.
Now troops on troops the fainting chief invade,
Forc'd he recedes, and loudly calls for aid.
Thrice to its pitch his lofty voice he rears;
The well known voice thrice Menelaus hears:
Alarm'd, to Ajax Telamon he cry'd,
Who ſhares his labours, and defends his ſide.
O friend! Ulyſſes' ſhouts invade my ear;
Diſtreſs'd he ſeems, and no aſſiſtance near:
Strong as he is; yet, one oppos'd to all,
Oppreſs'd by multitudes, the beſt may fall.
Greece, robb'd of him, muſt bid her hoſt deſpair,
And feel a loſs, not ages can repair.
Then, where the cry directs, his courſe he bends;
Great Ajax, like the God of war, attends.

to imitate his actions: in this view there is no man but would be ambitious of them, not as they are teſtimonies of titles or riches, but of diſtinguiſhed merit.

ỳ. 592. *Great Ajax, like the God of war, attends.*] The ſilence of other heroes on many occaſions is very beautiful in Homer, but particularly ſo in Ajax, who is a gallant rough ſoldier, and readier to act than to ſpeak: the preſent neceſſity of Ulyſſes required ſuch a behaviour, for the leaſt delay might have been fatal to him: Ajax therefore complying both with his own inclinations, and the urgent condition of Ulyſſes, makes no reply to Menelaus, but immediately haſtens to his relief. The reader will obſerve how juſtly the poet maintains

The prudent chief in ſore diſtreſs they found,
With bands of furious Trojans compaſs'd round.
As when ſome huntſman, with a flying ſpear,
From the blind thicket wounds a ſtately deer;
Down his cleft ſide while freſh the blood diſtils,
He bounds aloft, and ſcuds from hills to hills:
'Till life's warm vapour iſſuing thro' the wound,
Wild mountain wolves the fainting beaſt ſurround;
Juſt as their jaws his proſtrate limbs invade,
The lion ruſhes thro' the woodland ſhade,
The wolves, tho' hungry, ſcour diſpers'd away;
The lordly ſavage vindicates his prey.
Ulyſſes thus, unconquer'd by his pains,
A ſingle warrior, half an hoſt ſuſtains:
But ſoon as Ajax heaves his tow'r-like ſhield,
The ſcatter'd crouds fly frighted o'er the field;
Atrides' arm the ſinking hero ſtays,
And ſav'd from numbers, to his car conveys.

  Victorious Ajax plies the routed crew;
And firſt Doryclus, Priam's ſon, he ſlew,
On ſtrong Pandocus next inflicts a wound,
And lays Lyſander bleeding on the ground.
As when a torrent, ſwell'd with wintry rains,
Pours from the mountains o'er the delug'd plains,

this character of Ajax throughout the whole Iliad, who is often ſilent when he has an opportunity to ſpeak, and when he ſpeaks, it is like a ſoldier, with a martial air, and always with brevity. Euſtathius.

And pines and oaks, from their foundations torn,
A country's ruins! to the ſeas are born:
Fierce Ajax thus o'erwhelms the yielding throng,
Men, ſteeds, and chariots, roll in heaps along.

But Hector, from this ſcene of ſlaughter far,
Rag'd on the left, and rul'd the tide of war:
Loud groans proclaim his progreſs thro' the plain,
And deep Scamander ſwells with heaps of ſlain.
There Neſtor and Idomeneus oppoſe
The warrior's fury, there the battel glows;
There fierce on foot, or from the chariot's height,
His ſword deforms the beauteous ranks of fight,
The ſpouſe of Helen dealing darts around,
Had pierc'd Machaon with a diſtant wound:
In his right ſhoulder the broad ſhaft appear'd,
And trembling Greece for her phyſician fear'd.
To Neſtor then Idomeneus begun;
Glory of Greece, old Neleus' valiant ſon!
Aſcend thy chariot, haſte with ſpeed away,
And great Machaon to the ſhips convey.
A wiſe Phyſician, ſkill'd our wounds to heal,
Is more than armies to the public weal.

℣. 637. *A wiſe Phyſician.*] The poet paſſes a very ſignal commendation upon Phyſicians: the army had ſeen ſeveral of their braveſt heroes wounded, yet were not ſo much diſpirited for them all, as they were at the ſingle danger of Machaon: but the perſon whom he calls a Phyſician ſeems rather to be a ſurgeon; the cutting out of arrows, and the applying of anodynes being the province of the latter: however (as Euſtathius

Old Neſtor mounts the ſeat: beſide him rode
The wounded offspring of the healing God.
He lends the laſh; the ſteeds with ſounding feet
Shake the dry field, and thunder tow'rd the fleet.

But now Cebriones, from Hector's car,
Survey'd the various fortune of the war.
While here (he cry'd) the flying Greeks are ſlain;
Trojans on Trojans yonder load the plain.
Before great Ajax ſee the mingled throng
Of men and chariots driv'n in heaps along!

ſays) we muſt conclude that Machaon was both a phyſician and ſurgeon, and that thoſe two profeſſions were practiſed by one perſon.

It is reaſonable to think, from the frequency of their wars, that the profeſſion in thoſe days was chiefly chirurgical: Celſus ſays expreſly that the Diætetic was long after invented; but that Botany was in great eſteem and practice, appears from the ſtories of Medea, Circe, etc. We often find mention among the moſt ancient writers, of women eminent in that art; as of Agamede in this very book, ✝. 876. who is ſaid (like Solomon) to have known the virtues of every plant that grew on the earth, and of Polydamne in the fourth book of the Odyſſeis, ✝. 277, *etc.*

Homer, I believe, knew all that was known in his time of the practice of theſe arts. His methods of extracting of arrows, ſtanching of blood by the bitter root, fomenting of wounds with warm water, applying proper bandages and remedies, are all according to the true precepts of art. There are likewiſe ſeveral paſſages in his works that ſhew his knowlege of the virtues of plants, even of thoſe qualities which are commonly (though perhaps erroneouſly) aſcribed to them, as of the Moly againſt inchantments, the willow which cauſes barrenneſs, the *nepenthe*, *etc.*

I know him well, diſtinguiſh'd o'er the field
By the broad glitt'ring of the ſev'n-fold ſhield.
Thither, O Hector, thither urge thy ſteeds;
There danger calls, and there the combate bleeds,
There horſe and foot in mingled deaths unite,
And groans of ſlaughter mix with ſhouts of fight.
  Thus having ſpoke, the driver's laſh reſounds;
Swift thro' the ranks the rapid chariot bounds;
Stung by the ſtroke, the courſers ſcour the fields,
O'er heaps of carcaſſes, and hills of ſhields.
The horſes hoofs are bath'd in heroes gore,
And daſhing, purple all the car before;
The groaning axle ſable drops diſtils,
And mangled carnage clogs the rapid wheels.
Here Hector plunging thro' the thickeſt fight,
Broke the dark Phalanx, and let in the light:
(By the long lance, the ſword, or pond'rous ſtone,
The ranks lie ſcatter'd, and the troops o'erthrown)
Ajax he ſhuns, thro' all the dire debate,
And fears that arm, whoſe force he felt ſo late.
But partial Jove, eſpouſing Hector's part,
Shot heav'n-bred horror thro' the Grecian's heart;

℣. 669. *But partial Jove*, etc.] The addreſs of Homer in bringing off Ajax with decency, is admirable: he makes Hector afraid to approach him: he brings down Jupiter himſelf to terrify him: ſo that he retreats not from a mortal, but from a God.

This whole paſſage is inimitably juſt and beautiful: we ſee Ajax drawn in the moſt bold and ſtrong colours, and in a manner alive in the deſcription. We ſee him

Confus'd, unnerv'd in Hector's presence grown,
Amaz'd he stood, with terrors not his own.

slowly and sullenly retreat between two armies, and even with a look repulse the one, and protect the other: there is not one line but what resembles Ajax; the character of a stubborn but undaunted warrior is perfectly maintained, and must strike the reader at the first view. He compares him first to the lion for his undauntedness in fighting, and then to the ass for his stubborn slowness in retreating; though in the latter comparison there are many other points of likeness that enliven the image: the havock he makes in the field is represented by the tearing and trampling down the harvests; and we see the bulk, strength, and obstinacy of the hero, when the Trojans in respect to him are compared but to troops of boys that impotently endeavour to drive him away.

Eustathius is silent as to those objections which have been raised against this last simile, for a pretended want of delicacy: this alone is conviction to me that they are all of a latter date: for else he would not have failed to have vindicated his favourite poet in a passage that had been applauded many hundreds of years, and stood the test of ages.

But monsieur Dacier has done it very well in his remarks upon Aristotle. "In the time of Homer (says "that author) an ass was not in such circumstances of "contempt as in ours: the name of that animal was "not then converted into a term of reproach, but it "was a beast upon which kings and princes might be "seen with dignity. And it will not be very discreet "to ridicule this comparison, which the holy scripture "has put into the mouth of Jacob, who says in the "benediction of his children, *Issachar shall be as a* "*strong ass.*" Monsieur de la Motte allows this point, and excuses Homer for his choice of this animal, but is unhappily disgusted at the circumstance of the *boys*, and

O'er his broad back his moony ſhield he threw,
And glaring round, by tardy ſteps withdrew.

the obſtinate *gluttony* of the aſs, which he ſays are images too mean to repreſent the determined valour of Ajax, and the fury of his enemies. It is anſwered by madam Dacier, that what Homer here images is not the gluttony, but the patience, the obſtinacy, and ſtrength of the aſs, (as Euſtathius had before obſerved.) To judge rightly of compariſons, we are not to examine if the ſubject from whence they are derived be great or little, noble or familiar; but we are principally to conſider if the image produced be clear and lively, if the poet has the ſkill to dignify it by poetical words, and if it perfectly paints the thing it is intended to repreſent. A company of boys whipping a top is very far from a great and noble ſubject, yet Virgil has not ſcrupled to draw from it a ſimilitude which admirably expreſſes a princeſs in the violence of her paſſion.

Ceu quondam torto volitans ſub verbere turbo,
Quem pueri magno in gyro vacua atria circum
Intenti ludo exercent; ille actus habena
Curvatis fertur ſpatiis: ſtupet inſcia ſupra
Impubeſque manus, mirata volubile buxum:
Dant animos plagæ———etc. Æn. lib. 7.

However, upon the whole, a tranſlator owes ſo much to the taſte of the age in which he lives, as not to make too great a complement to a former; and this induced me to omit the mention of the word *aſs* in the tranſlation. I believe the reader will pardon me, if on this occaſion I tranſcribe a paſſage from Mr. Boileau's notes on Longinus.

"There is nothing (ſays he) that more diſgraces a "compoſition than the uſe of mean and vulgar words; "inſomuch that (generally ſpeaking) a mean thought

Thus the grim lion his retreat maintains,
Beset with watchful dogs, and shouting swains,

"expressed in noble terms, is more tolerable, than a noble thought expressed in mean ones. The reason whereof is, that all the world are not capable to judge of the justness and force of a thought; but there is scarce any man who cannot, especially in a living language, perceive the least meanness of words. Neverthelefs very few writers are free from this vice: Longinus accuses Herodotus, the most polite of all the Greek historians, of this defect; and Livy, Sallust, Virgil, have not escaped the same censure. Is it not then very surprizing, that no reproach on this account has been ever cast upon Homer? though he has composed two poems each more voluminous than the Æneid; and though no author whatever has descended more frequently than he into a detail of little particularities; yet he never uses terms which are not noble, or if he uses humble words or phrases, it is with so much art, that, as Dionysius observes, they become noble and harmonious. Undoubtedly, if there had been any cause to charge him with this fault, Longinus had spared him no more than Herodotus. We may learn from hence the ignorance of those modern critics, who resolving to judge of the Greek without the knowlege of it, and never reading Homer but in low and inelegant translations, impute the meannesses of his translators to the poet himself; and ridiculously blame a man who spoke in one language, for speaking what is not elegant in another. They ought to know that the words of different languages are not always exactly correspondent; that it may often happen that a word which is very noble in Greek, cannot be rendered in another tongue, but by one which is very mean. Thus the word *asinus* in Latin, and *ass* in English, are the vilest imaginable; but that which signifies the same animal

Repulſ'd by numbers from the nightly ſtalls,
Tho' rage impels him, and tho' hunger calls,
Long ſtands the ſhow'ring darts, and miſſile fires;
Then ſow'rly ſlow th' indignant beaſt retires.
So turn'd ſtern Ajax, by whole hoſts repell'd,
While his ſwoln heart at ev'ry ſtep rebell'd.

As the ſlow beaſt with heavy ſtrength indu'd,
In ſome wide field by troops of boys purſu'd,
Tho' round his ſides a wooden tempeſt rain,
Crops the tall harveſt, and lays waſte the plain;
Thick on his hide the hollow blows reſound,
The patient animal maintains his ground,
Scarce from the field with all their efforts chas'd,
And ſtirs but ſlowly when he ſtirs at laſt.
On Ajax thus a weight of Trojans hung,
The ſtrokes redoubled on his buckler rung;
Confiding now in bulky ſtrength he ſtands,
Now turns, and backward bears the yielding bands;
Now ſtiff recedes, yet hardly ſeems to fly,
And threats his followers with retorted eye.

" in Greek and Hebrew, is of dignity enough to be em-
" ployed on the moſt magnificent occaſions. In like
" manner the terms of *hog-herd* and *cow-keeper* in our
" language are inſufferable, but thoſe which anſwer to
" them in Greek, συβώτης and βουκόλος, are graceful and
" harmonious: and Virgil, who in his own tongue
" intitled his eclogues Bucolica, would have been a-
" ſhamed to have called them in ours, the *dialogues of*
" *cow-keepers*."

Fix'd

Fix'd as the bar between two warring pow'rs,
While hiſſing darts deſcend in iron ſhow'rs:
In his broad buckler many a weapon ſtood,
Its ſurface briſtled with a quiv'ring wood;
And many a jav'lin, guiltleſs on the plain,
Marks the dry duſt, and thirſts for blood in vain.
But bold Eurypylus his aid imparts,
And dauntleſs ſprings beneath a cloud of darts;
Whoſe eager jav'lin launch'd againſt the foe,
Great Apiſaon felt the fatal blow;
From his torn liver the red current flow'd,
And his ſlack knees deſert their dying load.
The victor ruſhing to deſpoil the dead,
From Paris' bow a vengeful arrow fled.
Fix'd in his nervous thigh the weapon ſtood,
Fix'd was the point, but broken was the wood.
Back to the lines the wounded Greek retir'd,
Yet thus, retreating, his aſſociates fir'd.

℣. 713. *Back to the lines the wounded Greek retir'd.*] We ſee here almoſt all the chiefs of the Grecian army withdrawn: Neſtor and Ulyſſes, the two great counſellors; Agamemnon, Diomed, and Eurypylus, the braveſt warriors; all retreated: ſo that now in this neceſſity of the Greeks, there was occaſion for the poet to open a new ſcene of action, or elſe the Trojans had been victorious, and the Grecians driven from the ſhores of Troy. To ſhew the diſtreſs of the Greeks at this period, from which the poem takes a new turn, it will be convenient to caſt a view on the poſture of their affairs: all human aid is cut off by the wounds of their heroes, and all aſſiſtance from the Gods forbid by Jupiter:

What God, O Grecians! has your hearts diſmay'd?
Oh, turn to arms; 'tis Ajax claims your aid.
This hour he ſtands the mark of hoſtile rage,
And this the laſt brave battel he ſhall wage;
Haſte, join your forces; from the gloomy grave
The warrior reſcue, and your country ſave.

Thus urg'd the chief; a gen'rous troop appears,
Who ſpread their bucklers, and advance their ſpears,
To guard their wounded friend: while thus they ſtand
With pious care, great Ajax joins the band:
Each takes new courage at the hero's ſight;
The hero rallies and renews the fight.

Thus rag'd both armies like conflicting fires,
While Neſtor's chariot far from fight retires:
His courſers ſteep'd in ſweat, and ſtain'd with gore,
The Greeks preſerver, great Machaon bore.
That hour, Achilles, from the topmoſt height
Of his proud fleet, o'erlook'd the fields of fight;

whereas the Trojans ſee their general at their head, and Jupiter himſelf fights on their ſide. Upon this hinge turns the whole poem; the diſtreſs of the Greeks occaſions firſt the aſſiſtance of Patroclus, and then the death of that hero draws on the return of Achilles. It is with great art that the poet conducts all theſe incidents: he lets Achilles have the pleaſure of ſeeing that the Greeks were no longer able to carry on the war without his aſſiſtance: and upon this depends the great cataſtrophe of the poem. Euſtathius.

℣. 731. *That hour, Achilles*, etc.] Though the reſentment of Achilles would not permit him to be an actor in the battel, yet his love of war inclines him to be a ſpectator: and as the poet did not intend to draw

His feafted eyes beheld around the plain
The Grecian rout, the flaying, and the flain.
His friend Machaon fingled from the reft,
A tranfient pity touch'd his vengeful breaft.
Strait to Menœtius' much-lov'd fon he fent;
Graceful as Mars, Patroclus quits his tent,
(In evil hour! then fate decreed his doom;
And fix'd the date of all his woes to come!)
Why calls my friend? thy lov'd injunctions lay,
Whate'er thy will Patroclus fhall obey.
O firft of friends! (Pelides thus reply'd)
Still at my heart, and ever at my fide!
The time is come, when yon' defpairing hoft
Shall learn the value of the man they loft:

the character of a perfect man in Achilles, he makes him delighted with the deftruction of the Greeks, becaufe it confpired with his revenge: that refentment which is the fubject of the poem, ftill prevails over all his other paffions, even the love of his country; for though he begins now to pity his countrymen, yet his anger ftifles thofe tender emotions, and he feems pleafed with their diftrefs, becaufe he judges it will contribute to his glory. Euftathius.

℣. 735. *His friend Machaon*, etc.] It may be afked why Machaon is the only perfon whom Achilles pities? Euftathius anfwers, that it was either becaufe he was his countryman, a Theffalian; or becaufe Æfculapius, the father of Machaon, prefided over phyfic, the profeffion of his preceptor Chiron. But perhaps it may be a better reafon to fay that a phyfician is a public good, and was valued by the whole army; and it is not improbable but he might have cured Achilles of a wound during the courfe of the Trojan wars.

Now at my knees the Greeks ſhall pour their moan,
And proud Atrides tremble on his throne.
Go now to Neſtor, and from him be taught
What wounded warrior late his chariot brought?
For ſeen at diſtance, and but ſeen behind,
His form recall'd Machaon to my mind;
Nor could I, thro' yon' cloud, diſcern his face,
The courſers paſt me with ſo ſwift a pace.

The hero ſaid. His friend obey'd with haſte,
Thro' intermingled ſhips and tents he paſt;
The chiefs deſcending from their car he found;
The panting ſteeds Eurymedon unbound.
The warriors ſtanding on the breezy ſhore,
To dry their ſweat, and waſh away the gore,
Here paus'd a moment, while the gentle gale
Convey'd that freſhneſs the cool ſeas exhale;

℣. 747. *Now at my knees the Greeks ſhall pour their moan.*] The poet, by putting theſe words into the mouth of Achilles, leaves room for a ſecond embaſſy, and (ſince Achilles himſelf mentions it) one may think it would not have been unſucceſsful: but the poet, by a more happy management, makes his friend Patroclus the advocate of the Greeks, and by that means his return becomes his own choice. This conduct admirably maintains the character of Achilles, who does not aſſiſt the Greeks through his kindneſs to them, but from a deſire of revenge upon the Trojans: his preſent anger for the death of his friend, blots out the former one for the injury of Agamemnon; and as he ſeparated from the army in a rage, ſo he joins it again in the like diſpoſition. Euſtathius.

Then to consult on farther methods went,
And took their seats beneath the shady tent.
The draught prescrib'd, fair Hecamede prepares,
Arsinous' daughter, grac'd with golden hairs:
(Whom to his aged arms, a royal slave,
Greece, as the prize of Nestor's wisdom, gave)
A table first with azure feet she plac'd;
Whose ample orb a brazen charger grac'd:
Honey new-press'd, the sacred flour of wheat,
And wholsome garlic crown'd the sav'ry treat.
Next her white hand an antique goblet brings,
A goblet sacred to the Pylian kings,

℣. 764. *And took their seats beneath the shady tent.*] The poet here steals away the reader from the battel, and relieves him by the description of Nestor's entertainment. I hope to be pardoned for having more than once repeated this observation, which extends to several passages of Homer. Without this piece of conduct, the frequency and length of his battels might fatigue the reader, who could not be so long delighted with continued scenes of blood.

℣. 774. *A goblet sacred to the Pylian kings.*] There are some who can find out a mystery in the plainest things; they can see what the author never meant, and explain him into the greatest obscurities. Eustathius here gives us a very extraordinary instance of this nature: the bowl by an allegory figures the world; the spherical form of it represents its roundness; the Greek word which signifies the Doves, being spelled almost like the Pleiades, is said to mean that constellation; and because the poet tells us the bowl was studded with gold, those studs must needs imply the stars.

From eldest times: emboss'd with studs of gold,
Two feet support it, and four handles hold;
On each bright handle, bending o'er the brink,
In sculptur'd gold, two turtles seem to drink:
A massy weight, yet heav'd with ease by him,
When the brisk Nectar overlook'd the brim.
Temper'd in this, the nymph of form divine
Pours a large potion of the Pramnian wine;

℣. 779. *Yet heav'd with ease by him.*] There has ever been a great dispute about this passage; nor is it apparent for what reason the poet should tell us that Nestor, even in his old age, could more easily lift this bowl than any other man. This has drawn a great deal of raillery upon the old man, as if he had learned to lift it by frequent use; an insinuation that Nestor was no enemy to wine. Others with more justice to his character, have put another construction upon the words, which solves the improbability very naturally. According to this opinion, the word which is usually supposed to signify *another man*, is rendered *another old man*, meaning Machaon, whose wound made him incapable to lift it. This would have taken away the difficulty without any violence to the construction. But Eustathius tells us, the propriety of speech would require the word to be, not ἄλλος but ἕτερος, when spoken but of two. But why then may it not signify any other *old man?*

℣. 782. *Pours a large potion.*] The potion which Hecamede here prepares for Machaon, has been thought a very extraordinary one in the case of a wounded person, and by some critics held in the same degree of repute with the balsam of Fierabras in Don Quixot. But it is rightly observed by the commentators, that Machaon was not so dangerously hurt, as to be obliged to a different regimen from what he might use at another time. Homer had just told us that he stayed on the

With goat's-milk cheese a flav'rous taste bestows,
And last with flour the smiling surface strows.
This for the wounded prince the dame prepares;
The cordial bev'rage rev'rend Nestor shares:
Salubrious draughts the warriors thirst allay,
And pleasing conference beguiles the day.
  Mean time Patroclus, by Achilles sent,
Unheard approach'd, and stood before the tent.
Old Nestor rising then, the hero led
To his high seat: the chief refus'd, and said,
  'Tis now no season for these kind delays;
The great Achilles with impatience stays.

sea-side to refresh himself, and he now enters into a long conversation with Nestor; neither of which would have been done by a man in any great pain or danger: his loss of blood and spirits might make him not so much in fear of a fever, as in want of a cordial; and accordingly this potion is rather alimentary than medicinal. If it had been directly improper in this case, I cannot help fancying that Homer would not have failed to tell us of Machaon's rejecting it. Yet after all, some answer may be made even to the grand objection, that wine was too inflammatory for a wounded man. Hippocrates allows wine in acute cases, and even without water in cases of indigestion. He says indeed in his book of ancient medicine, that the ancients were ignorant both of the good and bad qualities of wine: and yet the potion here prescribed will not be allowed by physicians to be an instance that they were so; for wine might be proper for Machaon, not only as a cordial, but as an *opiate*. Asclepiades, a physician, who flourished at Rome in the time of Pompey, prescribed wine in fevers, and even in phrensies to cause sleep. Cœlius Aurelianus, *lib.* 4. c. 14.

To great Achilles this respect I owe;
Who asks what hero, wounded by the foe,
Was born from combate by thy foaming steeds?
With grief I see the great Machaon bleeds.
This to report, my hasty course I bend;
Thou know'st the fiery temper of my friend.

Can then the sons of Greece (the sage rejoin'd)
Excite compassion in Achilles' mind?

℣. 801. *Can then the sons of Greece,* etc.] It is customary with those who translate or comment on an author, to use him as they do their mistress; they can see no faults, or convert his very faults into beauties; but I cannot be so partial to Homer, as to imagine that this speech of Nestor's is not greatly blameable for being too long: he crouds incident upon incident, and when he speaks of himself, he expatiates upon his own great actions, very naturally indeed to old age, but unreasonably in the present juncture. When he comes to speak of his killing the son of Augias, he is so pleased with himself, that he forgets the distress of the army, and cannot leave his favourite subject, until he has given us the pedigree of his relations, his wife's name, her excellence, the command he bore, and the fury with which he assaulted him. These and many other circumstances, as they have no visible allusion to the design of the speech, seem to be unfortunately introduced. In short, I think they are not so valuable upon any other account, as because they preserve a piece of ancient history, which had otherwise been lost.

What tends yet farther to make this story seem absurd, is what Patroclus said at the beginning of the speech, that he *had not leisure even to sit down:* so that Nestor detains him in the tent standing, during the whole narration.

They, that are of the contrary opinion, observe, that

Seeks he the ſorrows of our hoſt to know?
This is not half the ſtory of our woe.
Tell him, not great Machaon bleeds alone,
Our braveſt heroes in the navy groan,
Ulyſſes, Agamemnon, Diomed,
And ſtern Eurypylus, already bleed.

there is a great deal of art in ſome branches of the diſcourſe; that when Neſtor tells Patroclus how he had himſelf diſobeyed his father's commands for the ſake of his country; he ſays it to make Achilles reflect that he diſobeys his father by the contrary behaviour: that what he did himſelf was to retaliate a ſmall injury, but Achilles by fighting may ſave the Grecian army. He mentions the wound of Agamemnon at the very beginning, with an intent to give Achilles a little revenge, and that he may know how much his greateſt enemy has ſuffered by his abſence. There are many other arguments brought in the defence of particular parts; and it may not be from the purpoſe to obſerve, that Neſtor might deſignedly protract the ſpeech, that Patroclus might himſelf behold the diſtreſs of the army: thus every moment he detained him, enforced his arguments by the growing misfortunes of the Greeks. Whether this was the intention or not, it muſt be allowed that the ſtay of Patroclus was very happy for the Greeks; for by this means he met Eurypylus wounded, who confirmed him into a certainty that their affairs were deſperate without Achilles's aid.

As for Neſtor's ſecond ſtory, it is much eaſier to be defended; it tends directly to the matter in hand, and is told in ſuch a manner as to affect both Patroclus and Achilles; the circumſtances are well adapted to the perſon to whom they are ſpoken, and by repeating their fathers inſtructions, he, as it were, brings them in, ſeconding his admonitions.

But ah! what flatt'ring hopes I entertain!
Achilles heeds not, but derides our pain:
Ev'n 'till the flames conſume our fleet he ſtays,
And waits the riſing of the fatal blaze.
Chief after chief the raging foe deſtroys;
Calm he looks on, and ev'ry death enjoys.
Now the ſlow courſe of all-impairing time
Unſtrings my nerves, and ends my manly prime;
Oh! had I ſtill that ſtrength my youth poſſeſs'd,
When this bold arm th' Epeian pow'rs oppreſs'd,
The bulls of Elis in glad triumph led,
And ſtretch'd the great Itymonæus dead!
Then, from my fury fled the trembling ſwains,
And ours was all the plunder of the plains:
Fifty white flocks, full fifty herds of ſwine,
As many goats, as many lowing kine:
And thrice the number of unrival'd ſteeds,
All teeming females, and of gen'rous breeds.
Theſe, as my firſt eſſay of arms, I won;
Old Neleus glory'd in his conqu'ring ſon.
Thus Elis forc'd, her long arrears reſtor'd,
And ſhares were parted to each Pylian lord.

ỳ. 819. *The bulls of Elis in glad triumph led.*] Elis is the whole ſouthern part of Peloponneſus, between Achaia and Meſſenia; it was originally divided into ſeveral diſtricts or principalities, afterwards it was reduced to two; the one of the Elians, who were the ſame with the Epeians; the other of Neſtor. This remark is neceſſary for the underſtanding what follows. In Homer's time the city Elis was not built. Dacier.

The ſtate of Pyle was ſunk to laſt deſpair,
When the proud Elians firſt commenc'd the war.
For Neleus' ſons Alcides' rage had ſlain;
Of twelve bold brothers, I alone remain!
Oppreſs'd, we arm'd; and now this conqueſt gain'd,
My ſire three hundred choſen ſheep obtain'd.
(That large reprizal he might juſtly claim,
For prize defrauded, and inſulted fame,
When Elis' monarch at the public courſe
Detain'd his chariot, and victorious horſe.)
The reſt the people ſhar'd; myſelf ſurvey'd
The juſt partition, and due victims pay'd.
Three days were paſt, when Elis roſe to war,
With many a courſer, and with many a car;
The ſons of Actor at their army's head
(Young as they were) the vengeful ſquadrons led.

ỳ. 839. *At the public courſe Detain'd his chariot.*] It is ſaid that theſe were particular games, which Augias had eſtabliſhed in his own ſtate, and that the Olympic games cannot be here underſtood, becauſe Hercules did not inſtitute them until he had killed this king, and delivered his kingdom to Phyleus, whom his father Augias had baniſhed. The prizes of the games of Augias were prizes of wealth, as golden tripods *etc.* whereas the prizes of the Olympic games were only plain chaplets of leaves or branches: beſides, it is probable Homer knew nothing of theſe chaplets given at the games, nor of the triumphal crowns, nor of the garlands wore at feaſts; if he had, he would ſomewhere or other have mentioned them. Euſtathius.

ỳ. 845. *The ſons of Actor.*] Theſe are the ſame whom Homer calls the two Molions, namely, Eurytus

High on a rock fair Thryoeſſa ſtands,
Our outmoſt frontier on the Pylian lands;
Not far the ſtreams of fam'd Alphæus flow;
The ſtream they paſs'd, and pitch'd their tents below.
Pallas, deſcending in the ſhades of night,
Alarms the Pylians, and commands the fight.
Each burns for fame, and ſwells with martial pride;
Myſelf the foremoſt; but my ſire deny'd;
Fear'd for my youth, expos'd to ſtern alarms;
And ſtopp'd my chariot, and detain'd my arms.
My ſire deny'd in vain: on foot I fled
Amidſt our chariots: for the Goddeſs led.
  Along fair Arene's delightful plain,
Soft Minyas rolls his waters to the main.
There, horſe and foot, the Pylian troops unite,
And ſheath'd in arms, expect the dawning light.
Thence, ere the ſun advanc'd his noon-day flame,
To great Alpheus' ſacred ſource we came.
There firſt to Jove our ſolemn rites were paid;
An untam'd heifer pleas'd the blue-ey'd maid,
A bull Alphæus; and a bull was ſlain
To the blue monarch of the wat'ry main.

and Creatus. Thryoeſſa, in the lines following, is the ſame town which he calls Thryon in the catalogue.

The river Minyas is the ſame with Anygrus, about half way between Pylos and Thryoeſſa, called Minyas, from the Minyans who lived on the banks of it. It appears from what the poet ſays of the time of their march, that it is half a day's march between Pylos and Thryoeſſa. Euſtathius. Strabo, lib. 8.

In arms we ſlept, beſide the winding flood,
While round the town the fierce Epeians ſtood.
Soon as the ſun, with all revealing ray,
Flam'd in the front of heav'n, and gave the day;
Bright ſcenes of arms, and works of war appear;
The nations meet; there Pylos, Elis here.
The firſt who fell, beneath my jav'lin bled;
King Augias' ſon, and ſpouſe of Agamede:
(She that all ſimples healing virtues knew,
And ev'ry herb that drinks the morning dew.)
I ſeiz'd his car, the van of battel led;
Th' Epeians ſaw, they trembled, and they fled.
The foe diſpers'd, their braveſt warrior kill'd,
Fierce as a whirlwind now I ſwept the field:
Full fifty captive chariots grac'd my train;
Two chiefs from each, fell breathleſs to the plain.
Then Actor's ſons had dy'd, but Neptune ſhrouds
The youthful heroes in a veil of clouds.
O'er heapy ſhields, and o'er the proſtrate throng,
Collecting ſpoils, and ſlaught'ring all along,
Thro' wide Bupraſian fields we forc'd the foes,
Where o'er the vales th' Olenian rocks aroſe;
'Till Pallas ſtopp'd us where Aliſium flows.
Ev'n there, the hindmoſt of their rear I ſlay,
And the ſame arm that led, concludes the day;
Then back to Pyle triumphant take my way.

There to high Jove were public thanks aſſign'd,
As firſt of Gods, to Neſtor, of mankind.
Such then I was, impell'd by youthful blood;
So prov'd my valour for my country's good.
  Achilles with unactive fury glows,
And gives to paſſion what to Greece he owes.
How ſhall he grieve, when to th' eternal ſhade
Her hoſts ſhall ſink, nor his the pow'r to aid!
O friend! my memory recalls the day,
When gath'ring aids along the Grecian ſea,
I, and Ulyſſes, touch'd at Pthia's port,
And enter'd Peleus' hoſpitable court.
A bull to Jove he ſlew in ſacrifice,
And pour'd libations on the flaming thighs.
Thy ſelf, Achilles, and thy rev'rend ſire
Menœtius, turn'd the fragments on the fire.
Achilles ſees us, to the feaſt invites:
Social we ſit, and ſhare the genial rites.
We then explain'd the cauſe on which we came,
Urg'd you to arms, and found you fierce for fame.
Your ancient fathers gen'rous precepts gave;
Peleus ſaid only this——"My ſon! be brave.

℣. 895. *There to high Jove were public thanks aſſign'd,*
As firſt of Gods, to Neſtor, of mankind.] There is a reſemblance between this paſſage and one in the ſacred ſcripture, where all the congregation *bleſſed the Lord God of their fathers, and bowed down their heads, and worſhipped the Lord, and the king.* 1 Chron. 29, 20.

℣. 916. *Peleus ſaid only this——"My ſon! be brave.*] The conciſeneſs of this advice is very beauti-

Menœtius thus: "Tho' great Achilles shine
"In strength superior, and of race divine,
"Yet cooler thoughts thy elder years attend;
"Let thy just counsels aid, and rule thy friend.
Thus spoke your father at Thessalia's court;
Words now forgot, tho' now of vast import.
Ah! try the utmost that a friend can say,
Such gentle force the fiercest minds obey;
Some fav'ring God Achilles' heart may move;
Tho' deaf to glory, he may yield to love.

ful; Achilles being hasty, active and young, might not have burdened his memory with a long discourse, therefore Peleus comprehends all his instructions in one sentence. But Menœtius speaks more largely to Patroclus, he being more advanced in years, and mature in judgment; and we see by the manner of the expression, that he was sent with Achilles, not only as a companion, but as a monitor, of which Nestor puts him in mind, to shew that it is rather his duty to give good advice to Achilles, than to follow his caprice, and espouse his resentment. Eustathius.

ÿ. 923. *Ah! try the utmost*, etc.] It may not be ungrateful to the reader to see at one view the aim and design of Nestor's speech. By putting Patroclus in mind of his father's injunctions, he provokes him to obey him by a like zeal for his country: by the mention of the sacrifice, he reprimands him for a breach of those engagements to which the Gods were witnesses: by saying that the very arms of Achilles would restore the fortunes of Greece, he makes a high complement to that hero, and offers a powerful insinuation to Patroclus at the same time, by giving him to understand, that he may personate Achilles. Eustathius.

If some dire oracle his breast alarm,
If ought from heav'n with-hold his saving arm;
Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may shine,
If thou but lead the Myrmidonian line;
Clad in Achilles' arms, if thou appear,
Proud Troy may tremble, and desist from war;
Press'd by fresh forces her o'er-labour'd train
Shall seek their walls, and Greece respire again.

This touch'd his gen'rous heart, and from the tent
Along the shore with hasty strides he went;
Soon as he came, where, on the crouded strand,
The public mart and courts of justice stand,
Where the tall fleet of great Ulysses lies,
And altars to the guardian Gods arise;
There sad he met the brave Evæmon's son,
Large painful drops from all his members run,
An arrow's head yet rooted in his wound,
The sable blood in circles mark'd the ground,
As faintly reeling he confess'd the smart;
Weak was his pace, but dauntless was his heart.
Divine compassion touch'd Patroclus' breast,
Who sighing, thus his bleeding friend addrest.

℣. 928. *If ought from heav'n with-hold his saving arm.*] Nestor says this upon account of what Achilles himself spoke in the ninth book; and it is very much to the purpose, for nothing could sooner move Achilles, than to make him think it was the general report in the army, that he shut himself up in the tent, for no other reason but to escape death, with which his mother had threatened him in discovering to him the decrees of the destinies. Dacier.

Ah hapleſs leaders of the Grecian hoſt!
Thus muſt ye periſh on a barb'rous coaſt?
[illegible]e, to glut the dogs with gore,
Far [illegible]r friends, and from your native ſhore?
Say, great Eurypylus! ſhall Greece yet ſtand?
Reſiſts ſhe yet the raging Hector's hand?
Or are her heroes doom'd to die with ſhame,
And this the period of our wars and fame?
Eurypylus replies: No more (my friend)
Greece is no more! this day her glories end.
Ev'n to the ſhips victorious Troy purſues,
Her force encreaſing as her toil renews.
Thoſe chiefs, that us'd her utmoſt rage to meet,
Lie pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in the fleet.
But thou, Patroclus! act a friendly part,
Lead to my ſhips, and draw this deadly dart;
With lukewarm water waſh the gore away,
With healing balms the raging ſmart allay,
Such as ſage Chiron, ſire of pharmacy,
Once taught Achilles, and Achilles thee.
Of two fam'd ſurgeons, Podalirius ſtands
This hour ſurrounded by the Trojan bands;

ỳ. 969. *Of two fam'd ſurgeons.*] Though Podalirius is mentioned firſt for the ſake of the verſe, both here and in the catalogue, Machaon ſeems to be the perſon of the greateſt character upon many accounts; beſides, it is to him that Homer attributes the cure of Philoctetes, who was lame by having let an arrow, dipt in the gall of the Hydra of Lerna, fall upon his foot; a plain mark that Machaon was an abler phyſician than Chiron the

And great Machaon, wounded in his tent,
Now wants that ſuccour which ſo oft' he lent.
To him the chief. What then rem…
Th' event of things the Gods alone can v…
Charg'd by Achilles' great command I fly,
And bear with haſte the Pylian king's reply:
But thy diſtreſs this inſtant claims relief.
He ſaid, and in his arms upheld the chief.
The ſlaves their maſter's ſlow approach ſurvey'd,
And hides of oxen on the floor diſplay'd:
There ſtretch'd at length the wounded hero lay,
Patroclus cut the forky ſteel away.
Then in his hands a bitter root he bruis'd;
The wound he waſh'd, the ſtyptic juice infus'd.
The cloſing fleſh that inſtant ceas'd to glow,
The wound to torture, and the blood to flow.

centaur, who could not cure himſelf of ſuch a wound. Podalirius had a ſon named Hypolochus, from whom the famous Hippocrates was deſcended.

℣. 977. *But thy diſtreſs this inſtant claims relief.*] Euſtathius remarks, that Homer draws a great advantage for the conduct of his poem from this incident of the ſtay of Patroclus; for while he is employed in the friendly taſk of taking care of Eurypylus, he becomes an eye-witneſs of the attack upon the entrenchments, and finds the neceſſity of uſing his utmoſt efforts to move Achilles.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The battel at the Grecian wall.

THE Greeks being retired into their entrenchments, Hector attempts to force them; but it proving impossible to pass the ditch, Polydamas advises to quit their chariots, and manage the attack on foot. The Trojans follow his counsel, and having divided their army into five bodies of foot, begin the assault. But upon the signal of an eagle with a serpent in his talons, which appeared on the left hand of the Trojans, Polydamas endeavours to withdraw them again. This Hector opposes and continues the attack; in which, after many actions, Sarpedon makes the first breach in the wall: Hector also casting a stone of a vast size, forces open one of the gates, and enters at the head of his troops, who victoriously pursue the Grecians even to their ships.

WHILE thus the hero's pious cares attend
The cure and safety of his wounded friend,
Trojans and Greeks with clashing shields engage,
And mutual deaths are dealt with mutual rage.

It may be proper here to take a general view of the conduct of the Iliad: the whole design turns upon the wrath of Achilles: that wrath is not to be appeased

Nor long the trench or lofty walls oppoſe;
With Gods averſe th' ill-fated works aroſe;
Their pow'rs neglected, and no victim [illegible]
The walls were rais'd, the trenches ſunk [illegible]
  Without the Gods, how ſhort a period ſtands
The proudeſt monument of mortal hands!
This ſtood, while Hector and Achilles rag'd,
While ſacred Troy the warring hoſts engag'd;
But when her ſons were ſlain, her city burn'd,
And what ſurviv'd of Greece to Greece return'd;
Then Neptune and Apollo ſhook the ſhore,
Then Ida's ſummits pour'd their wat'ry ſtore;

but by the calamities of the Greeks, who are taught by their frequent defeats the importance of this hero: for in epic, as in tragic poetry, there ought to be ſome evident and neceſſary incident at the winding up of the cataſtrophe, and that ſhould be founded upon ſome viſible diſtreſs. This conduct has an admirable effect, not only as it gives an air of probability to the relation, by allowing leiſure to the wrath of Achilles to cool and die away by degrees, (who is every where deſcribed as a perſon of a ſtubborn reſentment, and conſequently ought not to be eaſily reconciled) but alſo as it highly contributes to the honour of Achilles, which was to be fully ſatisfied before he could relent.

ỳ. 9. *Without the Gods how ſhort a period*, etc.] Homer here teaches a truth conformable to ſacred ſcripture, and almoſt in the very words of the Pſalmiſt; *Unleſs the Lord build the houſe, they labour in vain that build it.*

ỳ. 15. *Then Neptune and Apollo*, etc.] This whole epiſode of the deſtruction of the wall is ſpoken as a kind of prophecy, where Homer in a poetical enthuſiaſm re-

Rhesus and Rhodius then unite their rills,
Caresus roaring down the stony hills,

[illegible] what was to happen in future ages. It has been conjectured from hence that our author flourished not long after the Trojan war; for had he lived at a greater distance, there had been no occasion to have recourse to such extraordinary means to destroy a wall, which would have been lost and worn away by time alone. Homer (says Aristotle) foresaw the question might be asked, how it came to pass that no ruins remained of so great a work? and therefore contrived to give his fiction the nearest resemblance to truth. Inundations and earthquakes are sufficient to abolish the strongest works of man, so as not to leave the least remains where they stood. But we are told this in a manner wonderfully noble and poetical: we see Apollo turning the course of the rivers against the wall, Jupiter opening the cataracts of heaven, and Neptune rending the foundations with his trident: that is, the sun exhales the vapours, which descend in rain from the air or æther; this rain causes an inundation, and that inundation overturns the wall. Thus the poetry of Homer, like magic, first raises a stupendous object, and then immediately causes it to vanish.

What farther strengthens the opinion that Homer was particularly careful to avoid the objection which those of his own age might raise against the probability of this fiction, is, that the verses which contain this account of the destruction of the wall seem to be added after the first writing of the Iliad, by Homer himself. I believe the reader will incline to my opinion, if he considers the manner in which they are introduced, both here and in the seventh book, where first this wall is mentioned. There describing how it was made, he ends with this line,

Ὣς οἱ μὲν πονέοντο καρηκομόωντες Ἀχαιοί.

Æsepus, Granicus, with mingled force,
And Xanthus foaming from his fruitful source: 21
And gulphy Simois, rolling to the main;
Helmets, and shields, and god-like heroes slain:
These turn'd by Phœbus from their wonted ways,
Delug'd the rampire nine continual days;

After which is inserted the debate of the Gods concerning the method of its destruction, at the conclusion whereof immediately follows a verse that seems exactly to connect with the former.

Δύσετο δ' ἠέλιος, τετέλεστο δὲ ἔργον Ἀχαιῶν,

In like manner in the present book, after the fourth verse,

Τάφρος ἔτι σχήσειν Δαναῶν καὶ τεῖχος ὕπερθεν.

That which is now the thirty sixth, seems originally to have followed.

Τεῖχος ἐΰδμητον, κανάχιζε δὲ δέρατα πύργων, etc.

And all the lines between (which break the course of narration, and are introduced in a manner not usual in Homer) seem to have been added for the reason abovesaid. I do not insist much upon this observation, but I doubt not several will agree to it upon a review of the passages.

ỿ. 24. *Nine continual days.*] Some of the ancients thought it incredible that a wall which was built in one day by the Greeks, should resist the joint efforts of three deities nine days: to solve this difficulty, Crates, the Mallesian, was of opinion, that it should be writ, ἐν ἦμαρ, *one day*. But there is no occasion to have recourse to so forced a solution; it being sufficient to observe, that nothing but such an extraordinary power could have so entirely ruined the wall, that not the least remains of it should appear; but such a one, as we have before said, Homer stood in need of. Eustathius.

The weight of waters ſaps the yielding wall,
And to the ſea the floating bulwarks fall.
Inceſſant cataracts the thund'rer pours,
And half the ſkies deſcend in ſluicy ſhow'rs,
The God of ocean, marching ſtern before,
With his huge trident wounds the trembling ſhore,
Vaſt ſtones and piles from their foundation heaves,
And whelms the ſmoky ruin in the waves.
Now ſmooth'd with ſand, and levell'd by the flood,
No fragment tells where once the wonder ſtood;
In their old bounds the rivers roll again,
Shine 'twixt the hills, or wander o'er the plain.
  But this the Gods in later times perform;
As yet the bulwark ſtood, and brav'd the ſtorm;
The ſtrokes yet echo'd of contending pow'rs;
War thunder'd at the gates, and blood diſtain'd the tow'rs.
Smote by the arm of Jove, and dire diſmay,
Cloſe by their hollow ſhips the Grecians lay:
Hector's approach in ev'ry wind they hear,
And Hector's fury ev'ry moment fear.
He like a whirlwind, toſs'd the ſcatt'ring throng,
Mingled the troops, and drove the field along.
So 'midſt the dogs and hunter's daring bands,
Fierce of his might, a boar or lion ſtands;
Arm'd foes around a dreadful circle form,
And hiſſing jav'lins rain an iron ſtorm:
His pow'rs untam'd their bold aſſault defy,
And where he turns, the rout diſperſe, or die:

He foams, he glares, he bounds againſt them all,
And if he falls, his courage makes him fall.
With equal rage encompaſs'd Hector glows;
Exhorts his armies, and the trenches ſhows.
The panting ſteeds impatient fury breathe,
But ſnort and tremble at the gulph beneath;
Juſt on the brink they neigh, and paw the ground,
And the turf trembles, and the ſkies reſound.
Eager they view'd the proſpect dark and deep,
Vaſt was the leap, and headlong hung the ſteep;
The bottom bare, (a formidable ſhow!)
And briſtled thick with ſharpen'd ſtakes below.
The foot alone this ſtrong defence could force,
And try the paſs impervious to the horſe.
This ſaw Polydamas; who, wiſely brave,
Reſtrain'd great Hector, and this counſel gave.
O thou! bold leader of our Trojan bands,
And you, confed'rate chiefs from foreign lands!
What entrance here can cumb'rous chariots find,
The ſtakes beneath, the Grecian walls behind?
No paſs thro' thoſe, without a thouſand wounds,
No ſpace for combat in yon' narrow bounds.
Proud of the favours mighty Jove has ſhown,
On certain dangers we too raſhly run:
If 'tis his will our haughty foes to tame,
Oh may this inſtant end the Grecian name!
Here, far from Argos, let their heroes fall,
And one great day deſtroy, and bury all!
But

But ſhould they turn, and here oppreſs our train,
What hopes, what methods of retreat remain?
Wedg'd in the trench, by our own troops confus'd,
In one promiſcuous carnage cruſh'd and bruis'd,
All Troy muſt periſh, if their arms prevail,
Nor ſhall a Trojan live to tell the tale.
Hear then ye warriors! and obey with ſpeed;
Back from the trenches let your ſteeds be led;
Then all alighting, wedg'd in firm array,
Proceed on foot, and Hector lead the way.
So Greece ſhall ſtoop before our conqu'ring pow'r,
And this (if Jove conſent) her fatal hour.

This counſel pleas'd: the god-like Hector ſprung
Swift from his ſeat; his clanging armour rung.
The chief's example follow'd by his train,
Each quits his car, and iſſues on the plain.
By orders ſtrict the charioteers enjoin'd,
Compel the courſers to their ranks behind.
The forces part in five diſtinguiſh'd bands,
And all obey their ſev'ral chief's commands.

℣. 99. *The forces part in five diſtinguiſh'd bands*] The Trojan army is divided into five parts, perhaps becauſe there were five gates in the wall, ſo that an attack might be made upon every gate at the ſame inſtant: by this means the Greeks would be obliged to diſunite, and form themſelves into as many bodies, to guard five places at the ſame time.

The poet here breaks the thread of his narration, and ſtops to give us the names of the leaders of every battalion: by this conduct he prepares us for an action entirely new, and different from any other in the poem. Euſtathius.

The best and bravest in the first conspire,
Pant for the fight, and threat the fleet with fire:
Great Hector glorious in the van of these,
Polydamas, and brave Cebriones.
Before the next the graceful Paris shines,
And bold Alcathous, and Agenor joins.
The sons of Priam with the third appear,
Deiphobus, and Helenus the seer;
In arms with these the mighty Asius stood,
Who drew from Hyrtacus his noble blood,
And whom Arisba's yellow coursers bore,
The coursers fed on Selle's winding shore.
Antenor's sons the fourth battalion guide,
And great Æneas, born on fount-full Ide.
Divine Sarpedon the last band obey'd,
Whom Glaucus and Asteropæus aid,
Next him, the bravest at their army's head,
But he more brave than all the hosts he led.
Now with compacted shields in close array,
The moving legions speed their headlong way:
Already in their hopes they fire the fleet,
And see the Grecians gasping at their feet.
While ev'ry Trojan thus, and ev'ry aid,
Th' advice of wise Polydamas obey'd;
Asius alone, confiding in his car,
His vaunted coursers urg'd to meet the war.

℣. 126. *Asius alone confiding in his car.*] It appears from hence that the three captains who commanded each battalion, were not subordinate one to the other, but

Unhappy hero! and adviſ'd in vain!
Thoſe wheels returning ne'er ſhall mark the plain;
No more thoſe courſers with triumphant joy
Reſtore their maſter to the gates of Troy!
Black death attends behind the Grecian wall,
And great Idomeneus ſhall boaſt thy fall!
Fierce to the left he drives, where from the plain,
The flying Grecians ſtrove their ſhips to gain;
Swift thro' the wall their horſe and chariots paſt,
The gates half-open'd to receive the laſt.
Thither, exulting in his force, he flies;
His following hoſt with clamours rend the ſkies;
To plunge the Grecians headlong in the main,
Such their proud hopes, but all their hopes were vain!
To guard the gates, two mighty chiefs attend,
Who from the Lapiths warlike race deſcend;

commanded ſeparately, each being empowered to order his own troop as he thought fit: for otherwiſe Aſius had not been permitted to keep his chariot when the reſt were on foot. One may obſerve from hence, that Homer does not attribute the ſame regular diſcipline in war to the barbarous nations, which he had given to his Grecians; and he makes ſome uſe too of this defect, to caſt the more variety over this part of the deſcription. Dacier.

ỽ. 127. *Unhappy hero!* etc.] Homer obſerves a poetical juſtice in relation to Aſius; he puniſhes his folly and impiety with death, and ſhews the danger of deſpiſing wiſe counſel, and blaſpheming the Gods. In purſuance of this prophecy, Aſius is killed in the thirteenth book by Idomeneus.

This Polypœtes, great Perithous' heir,
And that Leonteus, like the God of war.
As two tall oaks, before the wall they riſe;
Their roots in earth, their heads amidſt the ſkies
Whoſe ſpreading arms with leafy honours crown'd,
Forbid the tempeſt, and protect the ground;
High on the hills appears their ſtately form,
And their deep roots for ever brave the ſtorm.
So graceful theſe, and ſo the ſhock they ſtand
Of raging Aſius, and his furious band.
Oreſtes, Acamas in front appear,
And Oenomaus and Thoon cloſe the rear;
In vain their clamours ſhake the ambient fields,
In vain around them beat their hollow ſhields;
The fearleſs brothers on the Grecians call,
To guard their navies, and defend the wall.
Ev'n when they ſaw Troy's ſable troops impend,
And Greece tumultuous from her tow'rs deſcend,
Forth from the portals ruſh'd th' intrepid pair,
Oppos'd their breaſts, and ſtood themſelves the war.

℣. 143. *This Polypœtes—And that Leonteus*, etc.] Theſe heroes are the originals of Pandarus and Bitias in Virgil. We ſee two gallant officers exhorting their ſoldiers to act bravely; but being deſerted by them, they execute their own commands, and maintain the paſs againſt the united force of the battalions of Aſius. Nor does the poet tranſgreſs the bounds of probability in the ſtory: the Greeks from above beat off ſome of the Trojans with ſtones, and the gate-way being narrow, it was eaſy to be defended. Euſtathius.

So two wild boars ſpring furious from their den,
Rouz'd with the cries of dogs and voice of men;
On ev'ry ſide the crackling trees they tear,
And root the ſhrubs, and lay the foreſt bare;
They gnaſh their tuſks, with fire their eye-balls roll,
'Till ſome wide wound lets out their mighty ſoul.
Around their heads the whiſtling jav'lings ſung,
With ſounding ſtrokes their brazen targets rung;
Fierce was the fight, while yet the Grecian pow'rs
Maintain'd the walls, and mann'd the lofty tow'rs:
To ſave their fleet, the laſt efforts they try,
And ſtones and darts in mingled tempeſts fly.

As when ſharp Boreas blows abroad, and brings
The dreary winter on his frozen wings;
Beneath the low-hung clouds the ſheets of ſnow
Deſcend, and whiten all the fields below.
So faſt the darts on either army pour,
So down the rampires rolls the rocky ſhow'r;
Heavy, and thick, reſound the batter'd ſhields,
And the deaf echo rattles round the fields.

With ſhame repuls'd, with grief and fury driv'n,
The frantic Aſius thus accuſes heav'n:
In pow'rs immortal who ſhall now believe?
Can thoſe too flatter, and can Jove deceive?

ℽ. 185. *The ſpeech of Aſius.*] This ſpeech of Aſius is very extravagant: he exclaims againſt Jupiter for a breach of promiſe, not becauſe he had broken his word, but becauſe he had not fulfilled his own vain imaginations. This conduct, though very blameable in Aſius,

What man could doubt but Troy's victorious pow'r
Should humble Greece, and this her fatal hour?
But look how waſps from hollow crannies drive,
To guard the entrance of their common hive,
Dark'ning the rock, while with unweary'd wings
They ſtrike th' aſſailants, and infix their ſtings;
A race determin'd, that to death contend:
So fierce theſe Greeks their laſt retreats defend.
Gods! ſhall two warriors only guard their gates,
Repel an army, and defraud the fates?

These empty accents, mingled with the wind,
Nor mov'd great Jove's unalterable mind;
To God-like Hector and his matchleſs might
Was ow'd the glory of the deſtin'd fight.
Like deeds of arms thro' all the forts were try'd,
And all the gates ſuſtain'd an equal tide;
Thro' the long walls the ſtony ſhow'rs were heard,
The blaze of flames, the flaſh of arms appear'd.
The ſpirit of a God my breaſt inſpire,
To raiſe each act to life, and ſing with fire!
While Greece unconquer'd kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in deſpair;
And all her guardian Gods, in deep diſmay,
With unaſſiſting arms deplor'd the day.

Ev'n yet the dauntleſs Lapithæ maintain
The dreadful paſs, and round them heap the ſlain.

is very natural to perſons under a diſappointment, who are ever ready to blame heaven, and turn their misfortunes into a crime. Euſtathius.

First Damasus, by Polypœtes' steel,
Pierc'd thro' his helmet's brazen vizor, fell;
The weapon drank the mingled brains and gore;
The warrior sinks, tremendous now no more!
Next Ormenus and Pylon yield their breath:
Nor less Leonteus strows the field with death;
First thro' the belt Hippomachus he goar'd,
Then sudden wav'd his unresisted sword;
Antiphates, as thro' the ranks he broke,
The faulchion strook, and fate pursu'd the stroke;
Iamenus, Orestes, Menon, bled;
And round him rose a monument of dead.

Mean time the bravest of the Trojan crew
Bold Hector and Polydamas pursue;
Fierce with impatience on the works to fall,
And wrap in rowling flames the fleet and wall.
These on the farther bank now stood and gaz'd,
By heav'n alarm'd, by prodigies amaz'd:
A signal omen stopp'd the passing host,
Their martial fury in their wonder lost.
Jove's bird on sounding pinions beat the skies;
A bleeding serpent of enormous size,

℣. 233. *Jove's bird on sounding pinions*, etc.] Virgil has imitated this passage in the eleventh Æneid, ℣. 751.

Utque volans alte raptum cum fulva draconem
Fert aquila, implicuitque pedes, atque unguibus hæsit;
Saucius at serpens sinuosa volumina versat,
Arrectisque horret squamis, et sibilat ore

His talons truſs'd; alive, and curling round,
He ſtung the bird, whoſe throat receiv'd the wound:
Mad with the ſmart, he drops the fatal prey,
In airy circles wings his painful way,
Floats on the winds, and rends the heav'ns with cries:
Amidſt the hoſt the fallen ſerpent lies.
They, pale with terror, mark its ſpires unroll'd,
And Jove's portent with beating hearts behold.
Then firſt Polydamas the ſilence broke,
Long weigh'd the ſignal, and to Hector ſpoke.

How oft, my brother, thy reproach I bear,
For words well-meant, and ſentiments ſincere?

Arduus inſurgens; illa haud minus urget obunco
Luctantem roſtro; ſimul æthera verberat alis.

Which Macrobius compares with this of Homer, and gives the preference to the original, on account of Virgil's having neglected to ſpecify the Omen. *His prætermiſſis (quod ſiniſtra veniens vincentium prohibebat acceſſum, et accepto a ſerpente morſu prædam dolore dejecit; factoque Tripudio ſoliſtimo, cum clamore dolorem teſtante, prætervolat) quæ animam parabolæ dabant, velut exanime in latinis verſibus corpus remanſit.* Sat. l. 5. c. 14. But methinks this criticiſm might have been ſpared, had he conſidered that Virgil had no deſign, or occaſion to make an Omen of it; but took it only as a natural image, to paint the poſture of two warriors ſtruggling with each other.

℣. 245. *The ſpeech of Polydamas.*] The addreſs of Polydamas to Hector in this ſpeech is admirable: he knew that the daring ſpirit of that hero would not ſuffer him to liſten to any mention of a retreat: he had already ſtormed the walls in imagination, and conſequently the advice of Polydamas was ſure to meet with a bad

True to thoſe counſels which I judge the beſt,
I tell the faithful dictates of my breaſt.
To ſpeak his thought is ev'ry freeman's right,
In peace and war, in council and in fight;
And all I move, deferring to thy ſway,
But tends to raiſe that pow'r which I obey.
Then hear my words, nor may my words be vain;
Seek not, this day, the Grecian ſhips to gain;
For ſure to warn us Jove his omen ſent,
And thus my mind explains its clear event.
The victor eagle, whoſe ſiniſter flight
Retards our hoſt, and fills our hearts with fright,
Diſmiſs'd his conqueſt in the middle ſkies,
Allow'd to ſeize, but not poſſeſs the prize;
Thus tho' we gird with fires the Grecian fleet,
Tho' theſe proud bulwarks tumble at our feet,
Toils unforeſeen, and fiercer, are decreed;
More woes ſhall follow, and more heroes bleed.
So bodes my ſoul, and bids me thus adviſe:
For thus a ſkilful ſeer would read the ſkies.

reception. He therefore ſoftens every expreſſion, and endeavours to flatter Hector into an aſſent; and though he is aſſured he gives a true interpretation of the prodigy, he ſeems to be diffident: but that his perſonated diſtruſt may not prejudice the interpretation, he concludes with a plain declaration of his opinion, and tells him that what he delivers is not conjecture, but ſcience, and appeals for the truth of it to the augurs of the army. Euſtathius.

To him then Hector with diſdain return'd;
(Fierce as he ſpoke, his eyes with fury burn'd)
Are theſe the faithful counſels of thy tongue?
Thy will is partial, not thy reaſon wrong:
Or if the purpoſe of thy heart thou vent,
Sure heav'n reſumes the little ſenſe it lent.
What coward counſels would thy madneſs move,
Againſt the word, the will reveal'd of Jove?
The leading ſign, th' irrevocable nod,
And happy thunders of the fav'ring God,
Theſe ſhall I ſlight? and guide my wav'ring mind
By wand'ring birds, that flit with ev'ry wind?
Ye vagrants of the ſky! your wings extend,
Or where the ſuns ariſe, or where deſcend;

℣. 267. *The ſpeech of Hector.*] This ſpeech of Hector's is full of ſpirit: his valour is greater than the ſkill of Polydamas, and he is not to be argued into a retreat. There is ſomething very heroic in that line,

——His ſword the brave man draws,
And aſks no omen but his country's cauſe.

And if any thing can add to the beauty of it, it is in being ſo well adapted to the character of him who ſpeaks it, who is every where deſcribed as a great lover of his country.

It may ſeem at firſt view that Hector uſes Polydamas with too much ſeverity in the concluſion of his ſpeech: but he will be ſufficiently juſtified, if we conſider that the interpretation of the omen given by Polydamas might have diſcouraged the army; and this makes it neceſſary for him to decry the prediction, and inſinuate that the advice proceeded not from his ſkill but his cowardice. Euſtathius.

To right, to left, unheeded take your way,
While I the dictates of high heav'n obey.
Without a ſign his ſword the brave man draws,
And aſks no omen but his country's cauſe.
But why ſhould'ſt thou ſuſpect the war's ſucceſs?
None fears it more, as none promotes it leſs:
Tho' all our chiefs amid yon' ſhips expire,
Truſt thy own cowardice t' eſcape their fire.
Troy and her ſons may find a gen'ral grave,
But thou can'ſt live, for thou can'ſt be a ſlave.
Yet ſhould the fears that wary mind ſuggeſts
Spread their cold poiſon thro' our ſoldiers breaſts,
My jav'lin can revenge ſo baſe a part,
And free the ſoul that quivers in thy heart.
  Furious he ſpoke, and ruſhing to the wall,
Calls on his hoſt; his hoſt obey the call;
With ardour follow where their leader flies:
Redoubling clamours thunder in the ſkies.
Jove breathes a whirlwind from the hills of Ide,
And drifts of duſt the clouded navy hide:

℣. 281. *To right, to left, unheeded take your way.*] Euſtathius has found out four meanings in theſe two lines, and tells us that the words may ſignify eaſt, weſt, north, and ſouth. This is writ in the true ſpirit of a critic, who can find out a myſtery in the plaineſt words, and is ever learnedly obſcure: for my part, I cannot imagine how any thing can be more clearly expreſſed; I care not, ſays Hector, whether the eagle flew on the right towards the ſun-riſing, which was propitious, or on the left towards his ſetting, which was unlucky.

℣. 299. *Jove raiſ'd a whirlwind.*] It is worth our

He fills the Greeks with terror and diſmay,
And gives great Hector the predeſtin'd day.
Strong in themſelves, but ſtronger in their aid,
Cloſe to the works their rigid ſiege they laid.
In vain the mounds and maſſy beams defend,
While theſe they undermine, and thoſe they rend;
Upheave the piles that prop the ſolid wall;
And heaps on heaps the ſmoky ruins fall.
Greece on her rampart ſtands the fierce alarms;
The crouded bulwarks blaze with waving arms,
Shield touching ſhield, a long refulgent row;
Whence hiſſing darts, inceſſant, rain below.
The bold Ajaces fly from tow'r to tow'r,
And rouze, with flame divine, the Grecian pow'r.
The gen'rous impulſe ev'ry Greek obeys;
Threats urge the fearful, and the valiant, praiſe.

Fellows in arms! whoſe deeds are known to fame,
And you whoſe ardour hopes an equal name!
Since not alike endu'd with force or art,
Behold a day when each may act his part!
A day to fire the brave, and warm the cold,
To gain new glories, or augment the old.

notice to obſerve how the leaſt circumſtance grows in the hand of a great poet. In this battel it is to be ſuppoſed that the Trojans had got the advantage of the wind of the Grecians, ſo that a cloud of duſt was blown upon their army: this gave room for this fiction of Homer, which ſuppoſes that Jove, or the air, raiſed the duſt, and drove it in the face of the Grecians. Euſtathius.

Urge those who stand, and those who faint excite;
Drown Hector's vaunts in loud exhorts of fight;
Conquest, not safety, fill the thoughts of all;
Seek not your fleet, but sally from the wall;
So Jove once more may drive their routed train,
And Troy lie trembling in her walls again.

Their ardour kindles all the Grecian pow'rs;
And now the stones descend in heavier show'rs.
As when high Jove his sharp artillery forms,
And opes his cloudy magazine of storms;
In winter's bleak, uncomfortable reign,
A snowy inundation hides the plain;
He stills the winds, and bids the skies to sleep;
Then pours the silent tempest, thick and deep;
And first the mountain-tops are cover'd o'er,
Then the green fields, and then the sandy shore;
Bent with the weight the nodding woods are seen,
And one bright waste hides all the works of men:
The circling seas alone absorbing all,
Drink the dissolving fleeces as they fall.
So from each side increas'd the stony rain,
And the white ruin rises o'er the plain.

Thus God-like Hector and his troops contend
To force the ramparts, and the gates to rend;
Nor Troy could conquer, nor the Greeks would yield,
'Till great Sarpedon tow'r'd amid the field;

ỳ. 348. *'Till great Sarpedon,* etc.] The poet here ushers in Sarpedon with abundance of pomp: he forces him upon the observation of the reader by the greatness

For mighty Jove inspir'd with martial flame
His matchless son, and urg'd him on to fame.
In arms he shines, conspicuous from afar,
And bears aloft his ample shield in air;
Within whose orb the thick bull-hides were roll'd,
Pond'rous with brass, and bound with ductile gold:
And while two pointed jav'lins arm his hands,
Majestic moves along, and leads his Lycian bands.
So press'd with hunger, from the mountain's brow
Descends a lion on the flocks below;
So stalks the lordly savage o'er the plain,
In sullen majesty, and stern disdain:
In vain loud mastives bay him from afar,
And shepherds gaul him with an iron war;
Regardless, furious, he pursues his way;
He foams, he roars, he rends the panting prey.
Resolv'd alike, divine Sarpedon glows
With gen'rous rage that drives him on the foes.

of the description, and raises our expectations of him, intending to make him perform many remarkable actions in the sequel of the poem, and become worthy to fall by the hand of Patroclus. Eustathius.

℣. 357. *So press'd with hunger, from the mountain's brow, Descends a lion.*] This comparison very much resembles that of the prophet Isaiah, chap. 31. ℣. 4. where God himself is compared to a lion: *Like as the lion, and the young lion roaring on his prey, when a multitude of shepherds is called forth against him, he will not be afraid of their voice, nor abase himself for the noise of them: so shall the Lord of hosts come down, that he may fight upon mount Sion.* Dacier.

He views the tow'rs, and meditates their fall,
To ſure deſtruction dooms th' aſpiring wall;
Then caſting on his friend an ardent look,
Fir'd with the thirſt of glory, thus he ſpoke.

Why boaſt we, Glaucus! our extended reign,
Where Xanthus' ſtreams enrich the Lycian plain,
Our num'rous herds that range the fruitful field,
And hills where vines their purple harveſt yield,
Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd,
Our feaſts enhanc'd with muſic's ſprightly ſound?
Why on thoſe ſhores are we with joy ſurvey'd,
Admir'd as heroes, and as Gods obey'd?
Unleſs great acts ſuperior merit prove,
And vindicate the bounteous pow'rs above.
'Tis ours, the dignity they give, to grace;
The firſt in valour, as the firſt in place.

℣. 371. *The ſpeech of Sarpedon to Glaucus.*] In former times kings were looked upon as the generals of armies, who to return the honours that were done them, were obliged to expoſe themſelves firſt in the battel, and be an example to their ſoldiers. Upon this Sarpedon grounds his diſcourſe, which is full of generoſity and nobleneſs. We are, ſays he, honoured like Gods; and what can be more unjuſt, than not to behave ourſelves like men? he ought to be ſuperior in virtue, who is ſuperior in dignity. What ſtrength is there, and what greatneſs in that thought? it includes juſtice, gratitude, and magnanimity; juſtice, in that he ſcorns to enjoy what he does not merit; gratitude, becauſe he would endeavour to recompenſe his obligations to his ſubjects; and magnanimity, in that he deſpiſes death, thinks of nothing but glory. Euſtathius, Dacier.

That when with wond'ring eyes our martial bands
Behold our deeds tranſcending our commands,
Such, they may cry, deſerve the ſov'reign ſtate,
Whom thoſe that envy, dare not imitate!
Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
Which claims no leſs the fearful than the brave,
For luſt of fame I ſhould not vainly dare
In fighting fields, nor urge thy ſoul to war.
But ſince, alas! ignoble age muſt come,
Diſeaſe, and death's inexorable doom;
The life which others pay, let us beſtow,
And give to fame what we to nature owe;

℣. 387. *Could all our care, etc.*] There is not a more forcible argument than this, to make men contemn dangers, and ſeek glory by brave actions. Immortality with eternal youth, is certainly preferable to glory purchaſed with the loſs of life; but glory is certainly better than an ignominious life; which at laſt, though perhaps late, muſt end. It is ordained that all men ſhall die, nor can our eſcaping danger ſecure us immortality; it can only give us a longer continuance in diſgrace, and even that continuance will be but ſhort, though the infamy everlaſting. This is inconteſtable, and whoever weighs his actions in theſe ſcales, can never heſitate in his choice: but what is moſt worthy of remark, is, that Homer does not put this in the mouth of an ordinary perſon, but aſcribes it to the ſon of Jupiter. Euſtathius. Dacier.

I ought not to neglect putting the reader in mind, that this ſpeech of Sarpedon is excellently tranſlated by Sir John Denham, and if I have done it with any ſpirit, it is partly owing to him.

Brave tho' we fall, and honour'd if we live,
Or let us glory gain, or glory give!

He ſaid; his words the liſt'ning chief inſpire
With equal warmth, and rouze the warrior's fire;
The troops purſue their leaders with delight,
Ruſh to the foe, and claim the promis'd fight.
Meneſtheus from on high the ſtorm beheld,
Threat'ning the fort, and black'ning in the field;
Around the walls he gaz'd, to view from far
What aid appear'd t' avert th' approaching war,
And ſaw where Teucer with th' Ajaces ſtood,
Of fight inſatiate, prodigal of blood.
In vain he calls; the din of helms and ſhields
Rings to the ſkies, and echoes thro' the fields,
The brazen hinges fly, the walls reſound,
Heav'n trembles, roar the mountains, thunders all the ground.

Then thus to Thoos;—Hence with ſpeed, (he ſaid)
And urge the bold Ajaces to our aid;
Their ſtrength, united, beſt may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war:
Hither the Lycian princes bend their courſe,
The beſt and braveſt of the hoſtile force.
But if too fiercely there the foes contend,
Let Telamon, at leaſt, our tow'rs defend,
And Teucer haſte with his unerring bow,
To ſhare the danger, and repel the foe.

Swift as the word, the herald ſpeeds along
The lofty ramparts, through the martial throng;

And finds the heroes bath'd in ſweat and gore,
Oppos'd in combate on the duſty ſhore.
Ye valiant leaders of our warlike bands!
Your aid (ſaid Thoos) Peteus' ſon demands,
Your ſtrength, united, beſt may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war:
Thither the Lycian princes bend their courſe,
The beſt and braveſt of the hoſtile force.
But if too fiercely here, the foes contend,
At leaſt, let Telamon thoſe tow'rs defend,
And Teucer haſte with his unerring bow,
To ſhare the danger, and repel the foe.

Strait to the fort great Ajax turn'd his care,
And thus beſpoke his brothers of the war;
Now valiant Lycomede! exert your might,
And brave Oileus, prove your force in fight:
To you I truſt the fortune of the field,
'Till by this arm the foe ſhall be repell'd;
That done, expect me to compleat the day——
Then, with his ſev'nfold ſhield, he ſtrode away.
With equal ſteps bold Teucer preſs'd the ſhore,
Whoſe fatal bow the ſtrong Pandion bore.

℣. 444. *Whoſe fatal bow the ſtrong Pandion bore.*] It is remarkable that Teucer, who is excellent for his ſkill in archery, does not carry his own bow, but has it born after him by Pandion: I thought it not improper to take notice of this, by reaſon of its unuſualneſs. It may be ſuppoſed that Teucer had changed his arms in this fight, and complied with the exigence of the battel, which was about the wall; he might judge that ſome

High on the walls appear'd the Lycian pow'rs,
Like some black tempest gath'ring round the tow'rs;
The Greeks, oppress'd, their utmost force unite,
Prepar'd to labour in th' unequal fight;
The war renews, mix'd shouts and groans arise;
Tumultuous clamour mounts, and thickens in the skies.
Fierce Ajax first th' advancing host invades,
And sends the brave Epicles to the shades,
Sarpedon's friend; across the warrior's way,
Rent from the walls a rocky fragment lay;
In modern ages not the strongest swain
Could heave th' unwieldy burden from the plain.

other weapon might be more necessary upon this occasion, and therefore committed his bow to the care of Pandion. Eustathius.

℣. 454. *A rocky fragment*, etc.] In this book both Ajax and Hector are described throwing stones of a prodigious size. But the poet, who loves to give the preference to his countrymen, relates the action much to the advantage of Ajax: Ajax, by his natural strength, performs what Hector could not do without the assistance of Jupiter. Eustathius.

℣. 455. *In modern ages.*] The difference which our author makes between the heroes of his poem, and the men of his age, is so great, that some have made use of it as an argument that Homer lived many ages after the war of Troy: but this argument does not seem to be of any weight; for supposing Homer to have written two hundred and fifty, or two hundred and sixty years after the destruction of Troy, this space is long enough to make such a change as he speaks of; peace, luxury, or effeminacy would do it in a much less time. Dacier.

He pois'd, and ſwung it round; then toſs'd on high,
It flew with force, and labour'd up the ſky;
Full on the Lycian's helmet thund'ring down,
The pond'rous ruin cruſh'd his batter'd crown.
As ſkilful divers from ſome airy ſteep,
Headlong deſcend, and ſhoot into the deep,
So falls Epicles; then in groans expires,
And murm'ring to the ſhades the ſoul retires.
While to the ramparts daring Glaucus drew,
From Teucer's hand a winged arrow flew;
The bearded ſhaft the deſtin'd paſſage found,
And on his naked arm inflicts a wound.
The chief, who fear'd ſome foe's inſulting boaſt
Might ſtop the progreſs of his warlike hoſt,
Conceal'd the wound, and leaping from his height,
Retir'd reluctant from th' unfiniſh'd fight.
Divine Sarpedon with regret beheld
Diſabled Glaucus ſlowly quit the field;
His beating breaſt with gen'rous ardour glows,
He ſprings to fight, and flies upon the foes.
Alcmaon firſt was doom'd his force to feel;
Deep in his breaſt he plung'd the pointed ſteel;
Then, from the yawning wound with fury tore
The ſpear, purſu'd by guſhing ſtreams of gore;
Down ſinks the warrior with a thund'ring ſound,
His brazen armour rings againſt the ground.

Swift to the battlement the victor flies,
Tugs with full force, and ev'ry nerve applies;
It ſhakes; the pond'rous ſtones disjointed yield;
The rowling ruins ſmoak along the field.
A mighty breach appears; the walls lie bare;
And, like a deluge, ruſhes in the war.
At once bold Teucer draws the twanging bow,
And Ajax ſends his jav'lin at the foe;
Fix'd in his belt the feather'd weapon ſtood,
And thro' his buckler drove the trembling wood:
But Jove was preſent in the dire debate,
To ſhield his offspring, and avert his fate.
The prince gave back, not meditating flight,
But urging vengeance, and ſeverer fight;
Then rais'd with hope, and fir'd with glory's charms,
His fainting ſquadrons to new fury warms.
O where, ye Lycians! is the ſtrength you boaſt?
Your former fame, and ancient virtue loſt!
The breach lies open, but your chief in vain
Attempts alone the guarded paſs to gain:
Unite, and ſoon that hoſtile fleet ſhall fall;
The force of pow'rful union conquers all.

℣. 483. *Swift to the battlement the victor flies*] From what Sarpedon here performs, we may gather that this wall of the Greeks was not higher than a tall man; from the great depth and breadth of it, as it is deſcribed juſt before, one might have concluded that it had been much higher: but it appears to be otherwiſe from this paſſage; and conſequently the thickneſs of the wall was anſwerable to the wideneſs of the ditch. Euſtathius.

This juſt rebuke inflam'd the Lycian crew,
They join, they thicken, and th' aſſault renew;
Unmov'd th' embody'd Greeks their fury dare,
And fix'd ſupport the weight of all the war;
Nor could the Greeks repel the Lycian pow'rs,
Nor the bold Lycians force the Grecian tow'rs.
As on the confines of adjoining grounds,
Two ſtubborn ſwains with blows diſpute their bounds;
They tug, they ſweat; but neither gain, nor yield,
One foot, one inch, of the contended field:
Thus obſtinate to death, they fight, they fall;
Nor theſe can keep, nor thoſe can win the wall.
Their manly breaſts are pierc'd with many a wound,
Loud ſtrokes are heard, and rattling arms reſound,
The copious ſlaughter covers all the ſhore,
And the high ramparts drop with human gore.
As when two ſcales are charg'd with doubtful loads,
From ſide to ſide the trembling balance nods,

ℽ. 511. *As on the confines of adjoining grounds*] This ſimile, ſays Euſtathius, is wonderfully proper; it has one circumſtance that is ſeldom to be found in Homer's alluſions; it correſponds in every point with the ſubject it was intended to illuſtrate: the meaſures of the two neighbours repreſent the ſpears of the combatants: the confines of the field ſhew that they engaged hand to hand; and the wall which divides the armies gives us a lively idea of the large ſtones that were fixed to determine the bounds of adjoining fields.

ℽ. 521. *As when two ſcales*, etc.] This compariſon is excellent on account of its juſtneſs; for there is nothing better repreſents an exact equality than a balance:

(While ſome laborious matron, juſt and poor,
With nice exactneſs weighs her woolly ſtore)
'Till pois'd aloft, the reſting beam ſuſpends
Each equal weight; nor this, nor that, deſcends.
So ſtood the war, 'till Hector's matchleſs might,
With fates prevailing, turn'd the ſcale of fight.
Fierce as a whirlwind up the walls he flies.
And fires his hoſt with loud repeated cries.
Advance, ye Trojans! lend your valiant hands,
Haſte to the fleet, and toſs the blazing brands!
They hear, they run; and gath'ring at his call,
Raiſe ſcaling engines, and aſcend the wall:
Around the works a wood of glitt'ring ſpears
Shoots up, and all the riſing hoſt appears.
A pond'rous ſtone bold Hector heav'd to throw,
Pointed above, and rough and groſs below:

but Homer was particularly exact, in having neither deſcribed a woman of wealth and condition, for ſuch a one is never very exact, not valuing a ſmall inequality; nor a ſlave, for ſuch a one is ever regardleſs of her maſter's intereſt; but he ſpeaks of a poor woman that gains her livelihood by her labour, who is at the ſame time juſt and honeſt; for ſhe will neither defraud others nor be defrauded herſelf. She therefore takes care that the ſcales be exactly of the ſame weight.

It was an ancient tradition, (and is countenanced by the author of Homer's life aſcribed to Herodotus) that the poet drew this compariſon from his own family; being himſelf the ſon of a woman who maintained herſelf by her own induſtry; he therefore to extol her honeſty, (a qualification very rare in poverty) gives her a place in his poem. Euſtathius.

Not two ſtrong men th' enormous weight could raiſe,
Such men as live in theſe degen'rate days.
Yet this, as eaſy as a ſwain could bear
The ſnowy fleece, he toſs'd, and ſhook in air:
For Jove upheld, and lighten'd of its load
Th' unwieldy rock, the labour of a God.
Thus arm'd, before the folded gates he came,
Of maſſy ſubſtance, and ſtupendous frame;
With iron bars and brazen hinges ſtrong,
On lofty beams of ſolid timber hung.
Then thund'ring thro' the planks with forceful ſway,
Drives the ſharp rock; the ſolid beams give way,
The folds are ſhatter'd; from the crackling door
Leap the reſounding bars, the flying hinges roar.
Now ruſhing in, the furious chief appears,
Gloomy as night! and ſhakes two ſhining ſpears:
A dreadful gleam from his bright armour came,
And from his eye-balls flaſh'd the living flame.
He moves a God, reſiſtleſs in his courſe,
And ſeems a match for more than mortal force.
Then pouring after, thro' the gaping ſpace,
A tyde of Trojans flows, and fills the place;
The Greeks behold, they tremble, and they fly;
The ſhore is heap'd with death, and tumult rends the ſky.

The End of the Second Volume.